CLAN-ALBIN.

CLAN-ALBIN:

A NATIONAL TALE.

A nation fam'd for song and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

BEATTIE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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CLAN-ALBIN

A NATIONAL TALE.

CHAP. XLIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown.

SCOTT.

AFTER tossing about the coast for fourteen days, the troops were at last all landed in Mondego bay, by the 8th of August; and ready and impatient for action.

During the disembarkation, Norman found sufficient employment. Happy at all times to perform the meanest service that could promote the general welfare, from dawn to sunset he occupied the post assigned him by General ——, and for five successive days assisted in superintending the landing, which was rendered very troublesome by a heavy surf.

Macalbin had now the double duties of preceptor and soldier to fulfil,—for himself and

each of his pupils discharged the duties of lieutenant in General ——'s regiment, which now formed part of the brigade under Major-General Fergusson.

On the morning of the 9th, while buried in the deep sweet sleep which toil purchases, he was awaked by repeated strong embraces; and found himself in the arms of Craig-gillian, who was laughing, and shaking him into recollection. Craig-gillian's regiment, which was landing at this time, had embarked for Portugal a fortnight later than Macalbin; its destination for India being suddenly reversed.

The drum, which Norman was bound to obey, immediately beat *reveillé*: himself and his young friends flew to their respective posts; but he had just time to learn that Flora was in Portugal, and in good health and spirits. On the following day, they all met at Leiria; and Norman had at once the pleasure of embracing Flora, and receiving a packet from Lady Augusta, enclosing a letter from Monimia, written after his regiment was under orders for Spain.

The bustle of actual service, and the note of preparation sounding on every side, afforded little time for social indulgence. None longed more anxiously to press forward to

Lisbon than Macalbin; for, hoping against hope, he still flattered himself with discovering some trace of his father in that city.

The morning of the 21st, the memorable and glorious harbinger of a brilliant succession of victories, was now arrived; and, in the course of the day, the battle of Vimiera was gallantly won at the point of the Highland bayonet.

It was a day glorious to every individual of the army,—each outvied his fellow in the desire of honourable distinction. Victory was no doubt purchased; but not so dearly as to make feelings of regret outweigh the triumph of conquest. Among the wounded was Craiggillian;—his horse was killed under him, and his left arm shattered by the bursting of a random shell, as he led his men to a charge. It was near the close of the engagement, and several of his officers, and his Highland servant, came to his assistance.—"On! on!" cried he impatiently,—"why waste a thought on me! Hector will do all for me."—They sprung away, and, pursuing a flying enemy, soon left the spot on which he lay, deserted by all but Hector, who seemed to suffer more than his master.

"Hector, my good friend, take your own

horse, and gallop to your lady,—permit no person to see her till Mr Macalbin reaches you,—leave your horse at a distance, and do not see her yourself. Send the first idle person you meet to me,—and charge the second to bid Macalbin come to me when he has done his duty." The man dared not disobey; he mounted his horse, and took the road to a village about three miles in the rear of the army, where Flora had been left with some other ladies that had followed their husbands abroad.

Craig-gillian was soon surrounded by assistance; and Norman hearing of the accident, as he led off his little party from a sanguinary pursuit, was soon by his side,—yet not till he had run to poor Hugh; for the Piper was also severely wounded, and no prompt assistance had flown to him. Craig-gillian, tenderly alive to poor Hugh's misfortunes, ordered the spring-waggon which waited for himself, to be sent for the Piper.

Norman and his pupils escorted them to the village of Vimiera, where quarters were got ready for Craig-gillian, while Hugh was conveyed to an hospital.

Both Craig-gillian, and Hugh were seriously wounded, particularly the former, but when Macalbin heard that there was no present

danger, he was surprised, and even grieved, to feel how lightly he considered their sufferings. It was found necessary to amputate Craig-gillian's arm, and he urged the surgeon immediately to perform the operation. Macalbin then began to feel that he still possessed that heart, of which he feared horrible sights of carnage and blood had forever deprived him.

"We can easily manage all this, my dear friend," said Craig-gillian, speaking in Gaelic;—"you have another duty. I need not bid you be very tender with her."

His collected features for the first time suffered a slight change. Norman pressed his hand; and the anxious husband, fearing for a dearer self, and half-ashamed to express his fears, smiled on him, and said,—"I know you will manage it cleverly. Tell her how I long to return,—to keep herself happy, if she loves me:—tell her she pretends to be very brave. Pardon me, dear Macalbin, you know how soft-hearted and nervous her sex is.—Well, I will not detain you. Send Hector to tell me how you all get on.—I'll take care of our poor Piper."

"Colonel Monro, you exhaust your strength," said the principal surgeon. Norman seized

his bonnet, pressed the hand of Craig-gillian, and casting a hasty glance at the alarming instruments and dressings the attendants began to display, left the chamber. He ran to the hospital, and found Hugh under the hands of the surgeon—gave him one cheering smile, recommended him to every one round, and, mounting his horse, galloped to Flora.

He found her on her knees, pale and tearless. The house she inhabited did not command a view of the scene of the battle; but every explosion of the cannon, which was distinctly heard, during the long engagement, overcame her heart, like the chill sickness of death. She hastily rose as he entered. No! Hector was safe,—Norman's eye told her so; and she was satisfied.—" Flora, we are conquerors!" said he.—" I know that; but from you I love again to hear it; you durst not tell me so unless Hector were well." Her face was already embellished with smiles;—she had half forgotten the agonies of the day.

Craig-gillian sends you his love,—in a day or two—"

" Hector is wounded!"—she exclaimed, clasping her hands involuntary, and bitterly adding,—" Norman, Norman, can you wear that look!—No, tell me truly!"—" My belov-

ed Flora, so much glory is cheaply purchased by a *slight* wound."—"A slight wound!—tell me not of glory! tell me of Craig-gillian! O, what is glory to me!"

"Craig-gillian bade me remind you, that in Scotland you loved to call yourself a soldier's wife," said Norman, smiling.—"Craig-gillian bade you—alas, I am indeed a soldier's wife!"—All her pride in Craig-gillian's fame yielded at that moment to exquisite apprehension for his safety, and a general feeling of horror at war and its inseparable miseries. "Tell me the truth, Norman,—and you never spoke but truth,—I can trust *you*."

By gentle degrees he unfolded the truth, and she bore the intelligence with great apparent calmness,—shedding no tear,—uttering no complaint,—though a slight convulsive twitch sometimes contracted her features. After a pause of a minute, she hastily rose. "Now let us go, Norman!"—And in vain, by entreaty and persuasion, did he attempt to dissuade her from this design.

"I *will* go!—while he lives, his wife will be welcome to him;—do not fear me, Norman! I am weak in myself, but you will find me strong for Craig-gilllan!"—He begged of her at least to wait till next morning, that

he might have an opportunity of procuring some conveyance,—promising to return at midnight, and bring her news of Craig-gillian. She rose, and almost indignantly replied: "And why not to night?—Can I not walk? In Scotland I have walked much farther for pleasure:—Can I not walk to the bed-side of my wounded husband? O Norman!"—She looked at him reproachfully, and wrapping her shawl hastily round her, took his arm to drag him on. She walked so quick, as to be soon out of breath, and obliged to pause. "I am not used to this country," said she; "It crushes, it choaks me here!"—She pressed her hand upon her bosom.—"I was so proud, too, when Craig-gillian obtained this fatal promotion. Alas! alas! *war* is very dreadful!"

Norman's feelings were not in unison with despondency. His humanity, his affections, were interested in the sufferings of Flora; but not his sympathies;—still, in the intoxication of victory, he lightly turned his eyes from the dreadful price at which victory is too often obtained.

Flora, nothing intimidated by the dangers of a night march, would still have pressed on towards Vimiera, reckless of danger, and faster

than her strength would permit: But straggling parties of Portuguese peasants, fresh from massacre—from glutting their fury, by burying their long knives in the bodies of the neglected dead or abandoned wounded of the enemy,—continually crossed their path; and Norman compelled her to return, that the officer who had been left with the ladies might afford them the protection of a guard. They accordingly procured a pretty strong escort, and also a calash belonging to an officer, whose lady now kindly offered the use of it to Flora.

Guided in part by the blaze of the *bivouac* fires, round which the soldiers of Britain and peasants of the country were indiscriminately assembled, they reached Vimiera about midnight.

Flora had little strength of nerve or of mind; but her affections were all but invincible. They could impart that fortitude which would have enabled her to smile on the rack for the sake of Craig-gillian. Macalbin conducted her to the chamber-door of her husband; her late beautiful and blooming countenance exhibiting a pale, resolute composure, which astonished even him, much as he had seen of woman's passive courage. Hector, the *chaolt*

servant and namesake, stood guard by the door, which was left a-jar for a freer circulation of air, and that the noise of its opening might not disturb the patient.

"Tis all well over with us, Madam," whispered Hector; "my master is asleep."—Flora raised her eyes in gratitude to heaven; and, making a signal of silence, glided forward to look on Craig-gillian as he slept. As she advanced, a dreadful object met her eye;—with a convulsive start she turned shuddering round, but even then possessing an instinctive power of stillness, uttered no scream; and Norman, catching her tottering frame in his arms, bore her quickly away. It was the severed arm of Craig gillian, imperfectly covered—the arm which that morning had clasped her to his bosom when he blessed and left her.

Flora soon recovered.—"I have given poor proofs of my promised fortitude," said she, with a feeble smile. "I knew it must be so—yet I was not prepared—it was so sudden a shock. O my Hector, the dreadful pain!" She rose to return to the chamber. The object so terrible to her feelings had been removed; and on her spontaneous promise of fortitude and composure, Norman suffered

her to take her melancholy station by the bed-side of her husband.

Colonel Monro slept long and easily; and when he awoke smiled to see Norman, and immediately inquired for his wife;—but ere he was answered he heard the hurried and suppressed breathing of Flora, and with his right arm, the only part of his body he could now move, pulled aside the musquitoe curtain which divided her from him. She fell on her knees by the bedside, hiding her face in his extended hand.

"Her courage has been admirable hitherto," said Norman. "It will not fail while you have need of her."

"Yes, my love, you must be stout to nurse your wounded knight," said Hector, smiling, "since you are here:—Ah, little traitress, I fear you rejoice at an accident which must fasten me to a couch for some weeks, while my brethren in arms are exposed to all the dangers of an opening campaign."—This was the only tolerable view in which the present suffering of Craig-gillian could be presented to Flora. She repeatedly kissed his hand, and hastily rising, acquainted the surgeon that Colonel Monro was now awake. The visit was paid. The surgeon expressed satisfaction and hope;

and enjoining silence and perfect quiet, gave his directions to Norman, and for the first time left the house.

"Now, Flora, you must go to bed," said Craig-gillian. "I hope this house will afford you a chamber."

"This is my chamber," said Flora, quietly, but firmly. "If Hector can attend you more carefully than I can do, at least suffer me to look on you."—Her eyes filled with tears.

"Nay, Flora, you know it is against all the canons of romance for the *damsel* to watch during the *night*," said Craig-gailian, smiling.

"O Craig-gillian, this absurdity is cruel to me."—"Well, my dear love, you shall be indulged, till Norman write his letters. It is delightful to have you by me. But you must not play the *nurse-tender*, lest, like a little fondled child, I grow enamoured of sickness—though I feel quite strong." He smiled on them, and Flora's spirits revived more to the influence of that smile, than by all the soothing of Norman's consolations. Monro had exerted himself too much. Norman perceived his colour change, and begged him to be composed, and sat another hour by his bedside, finding it impossible to procure writing-

materials. Craig-gillian, though awake, lay perfectly still; yet Norman could perceive his eye lighted up with languid pleasure as the silent step of Flora stole over the chamber; and saw him smile when he witnessed the suppressed impatience with which she saw the Highland servant approach to do him any little service;—so loving jealous was she of all who came near him. But the attentions of his faithful servant were awkward and unendearing when contrasted with the gentle and caressing cares of Flora; and when she perceived that she had no rival as a nurse, she apologized to poor Hector for having called him out to scold his rough voice and heavy tread. This was the first time Flora had ever scolded a servant.

Craig-gillian's groom had now procured writing-materials; and Norman wrote a very few lines to the Lady, a longer epistle to old Craig-gillian, and a letter to the father of his pupils—those brave boys, whose conduct on the preceding day was his most grateful triumph. He then visited Hugh, who, reclining in state, was dictating to his Irish secretary, Serjeant Macdonald. As this despatch contains the only account of the battle preserved

among the papers of our group of heroes, we take the liberty to transcribe it.

" Dearest Aunt Unah,

" These few lines in all haste, from my bed, being to go home by Major Campbell, who takes over the other despatches to tell our good king and all the royal family how we beat the French to atoms yesterday the 21st. And am in good health at present, blessed be God for it, hoping this will find you in the same, with a confounded hole in the leg, and a cut in the cheek, honestly come by however. But what know you of wars and heroes, ould woman—the heights of Lourinha, and the bravest of the brave, General *Ranald* Fergusson—a true countryman—long life to him!—' Give them the bayonet in style,' says he, ' my lads,' speaking to myself, ould woman, our regiment being in his brigades:—And so we did—I defy them to deny it—charging up hill, full tilt; drums beating, flags flying in the *rere*, as I'm tould, not having a moment to look back; and the young Macalbin, and the brave young lords, all *swoord* in hand, pressing on before the foremost, warm and glowing, and their eyes flaming, as I'll shew you some night in Eleenalin—Myself now nailed to a

stone, with a confounded bullet in my leg, and the cut I spoke of in my *near* cheek,—playing, 'Give the rogues their fairing,' and giving a shout, to make our men lively. Confound their bullets, if I had my own Andrea Ferrara I'd have one hit at them yet. And so, when all was over, comes the young Macalbin, flying to myself, being lonely then, and putting me in a waggon by Craig-gillian himself, like any gentleman—and making the doctor dig out the ball. It was a countryman did me that good turn too, God bless him! But och, sister of my father! you never saw such a day—while our men mowed down the *cratures* as ever you saw flowers in the hay by Lochuan,—another and another row. My own heart sickens yet; though sure the devil himself was in it then—sitting on a stone, not able to crawl. But I did not go back at any rate; I defy them French or Lowlanders to say I did. But did I not tell you yet how Macalbin ran among the devils after the young lords—and the *fulosiphers* after him, for a rescue,—or if not had both been killed dead, if not taken prisoner itself,—and how he got a wound above the left wrist, and never let on, less or more, till this morning, saying to the doctor, 'You had no time for me—my own

dressing did till now;'—and shaking the hands of Ellis and Pat Leary, both wounded, too, 'Comrades,' says he, 'I hope those who have been together in battle, will one day live together in peace,' and with that the tear came in his eye, to my thinking, and he went away, knowing he had no place of peace for himself, poor fellow, let alone them; though who knows but God himself may do this for us, and more also. So don't be cast down about me, dear aunt Unah, seeing Leary lies in the next bed, and keeps me merry; his wife noticing both, and stealing in a drop of wine in the water canteen, unknown to the doctor, to comfort us;—a *handy crature* she is. Captain Allan Drummond Logievar also visiting me himself, 'Och, Piper,' says he, 'the French have stolen your beauty; what will *Mary-bane* say to this'—for somebody must tell him that foolish story:—'And your poor stump too!—the ladies like a man to have the use of all his members. You seem to have the use of your grinders, however, Pat Leary. Pray did the surgeon recommend so hearty a breakfast on cold pork?"

"'Sure he did, then, Captain,' says Leary. 'We shall see that,' says the Captain, going.—'Och, stay the moment,' cries Leary;

'Sure he did not just say, 'Paddy Leary, eat *could* pork.' But, says his young jantleman, 'You are in danger of a locked jaw;' which, your honour is *sinsible*, was as good as saying, " Pat Leary, lay in something beforehand."

"It defied the Captain to be angry then. But what should he spy but the canteen, Leary not having put the blanket fair over it. 'O ho!' says he,—for he has an eye like a hawk's,—'this to keep the jaws open, I presume;' and off he flies, and brings the doctor, in a passion. But the doctor allowed Leary a little drop; and Ellis and myself lying in the next bed, Leary made us share alike, in spite of our own and the doctor's teeth. 'Och, botheration,' says he, 'what's good for Peter is not bad for Paul;' and surely, Unah, that stands to reason. So we drank the health of our brave commander: 'Give them the bayonet in style!'—but sure I told you before. Long life to him! Drink his health yourself in your best, Unah Macalbin, with the cammomile steeped in it, that you keep for the good of the stomach.

"But no more at present of the battle of the 21st, Major Campbell being just going; only my heart grew great, when Norman read

in the letter how you all missed me, worthless as I was, and the Lady's love and commendation to her poor Piper. And hopes soon to meet, never to part again, having much to tell you; and humble duty to the Lady and family in Glen-gillian; and love to all countrymen that come the way. From your dutiful nephew till death,

"HUGH MACALBIN."

"P.S. If any of a *certain name* come the way of Eleenalin, push your thumb out between your two fore-fingers. That defies the evil eye over all Spain, I'm tould; and why not in Glen-Albin? And never mind the small trifle Craig-gillian will send, having paid it to Colonel Hector here; being only to buy you a shawl next fair, if you will condescend to wear it for my sake. "H. M."

The armistice and the convention of Cintra followed. What had been gained by courage was thrown away by mismanagement; and the soldiers murmured and reposed.—Meanwhile the wounded heroes did well. In a few days Craig-gillian was declared out of danger, which had been much greater, owing to the hot season, than his friends understood,

till this welcome declaration was made. But not yet did Flora's vigilance abate. Through the day her eye seldom wandered from her charge; and when exhausted nature lulled her into disturbed repose, she started at the slightest motion. Craig-gillian at last contrived to dismiss her from nocturnal attendance, under the pretext that he could not sleep while she watched by him.

She was accordingly forced to wait in the anti-room; but through a recovery, which proved lingering, still

> "*Flora* was ready ere he named her name,
> And, though he called another, *Flora* came."

Macalbin's regiment now marched for Lisbon, which had just been evacuated by the French, in terms of the convention. Before he left Vimiera, he had the happiness to see Hugh out of the hospital, and lodged in Craig-gillian's quarters; still limping a little, and wearing a patch on his cheek, but otherwise quite brave, expecting to join the regiment in less than a week. Leary was able to march along with it, having happily recovered, notwithstanding what Drummond called his unwonted foresight, in laying up pro-

visions in case of a blockade of his jaw-port.

Till the month of October the troops remained inactive. General Moore then arrived; and life and motion were again communicated to this torpid and repining body.

While his regiment was quartered in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, Norman had spared no labour in tracing the relations and connexions of Don Ignacio du Rocha. This gentleman was a very rich banker, connected with the court, which he had followed, and well known to the whole city, though no one knew any thing of the commission entrusted to him so many years ago. Again the oft-inserted advertisement was repeated in the Lisbon gazettes. Norman, sickening at its appearance, and almost ashamed of the necessity which compelled him to blazon his misfortune, and hear it babbled in his ears by the cold, the curious, and the suspicious, endeavoured to banish his sanguine and hitherto illusive hopes, feeling that, what may never bestow the sober certainty of happiness, ought not to be allowed the power of inflicting disappointment so bitter as that which he now experienced.

The army was now to march, under its new

commander, for the north of Spain. Before the last orders were issued, Norman was permitted to visit his friend in Vimiera, who was now almost convalescent. Craig-gillian was by this time able to ride out in the mornings, and to read to Flora in the evenings, while she tore down the bridal finery old Craig-gillian had lavished on her in the preceding year, and made up a baby wardrobe for the expected *heir* of Craig-gillian; feeling that nothing could be too grand for so *distinguished* a personage,—nothing too humble for herself. Colonel Monro was much disappointed that the positive injunction of his physician forbade him to march with the troops; but he hoped to overtake them. Meanwhile, the condition of Flora gave him considerable anxiety. Contented to be with him, happy to see him well, she seemed to have no future care for herself.

Macalbin's pupils had now been presented with commissions by the commander-in-chief, accompanied with high encomiums on their conduct at Vimiera. Another light and soldier-like farewell was taken of the beautiful banks of the Tagus and the hospitalities of Belem, where they had been quartered, and again they marched on foot with the troops,

participating in that unmeasured confidence of triumph, which, in a powerful enemy, saw only a baffled and beaten invader. A spirit of enthusiastic resistance, they were assured, had broken out in every province of Spain. They loved to give it credence. They perceived, after the lapse of so many ages, the devoted heroism of Numantia and Saguntum rekindled in Saragossa and Gerona, and thought their confidence just.

The regiment to which Macalbin was attached, formed part of the advanced guard. It was not till it reached Salamanca, that the 'bubble burst;' and the British commander, indignant at the culpable misrepresentations, if not treacherous design, which had allured the army onward to almost certain destruction, found that they must immediately fall back on the coast. While the embarrassing events which rapidly followed were in progress, Craig-gillian, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Salamanca. Money had hitherto smoothed their path; but now that Craig-gillian learned the real situation of affairs,—the storm gathering deeper and deeper in front, —retreat, or rather flight, undertaken in the depth of winter, on the other hand,—with the complicated disasters experience taught him

to anticipate,—he thought on the condition of his wife with apprehension which amounted to agony. Again, and again, he consulted with Norman; execrating the facility which had yielded to her entreaties, instead of leaving her in Lisbon. But even now, when the period of her confinement was fast approaching, she remained insensible to all personal danger, congratulating herself on sharing the fortunes of her friends, and fearing nothing for herself while they were around her. The army left Salamanca. It was now the depth of winter,—the weather severe,—roads, at all times wretched, now covered with snows. Every accommodation that could be procured in such a situation was still provided for Flora, not more from tenderness to her sex and condition than the universal regard felt for her husband. Still she necessarily endured hardships which wrung the heart that agonised over her, in looking forward to evils of incalculably greater magnitude.

Disaster and distraction rapidly followed each other: every fresh courier brought an account contradictory to the last, but the danger was evidently great and pressing; and certain intelligence of the French advancing from Madrid in great force, made that retreat

be suddenly recommenced, the details of which exhibit so dark a picture of wild despair, desperate courage, ferocious despondency, and horrors from which the human heart revolts, which are too shocking for the contemplation of pity. The route lay through a mountainous country, covered with snows, broken with torrents, destitute of provisions: the retreating army were also exposed to continual rain and tempests, embarrassed by numerous sick and wounded, by miserable women, and children still more wretched. In the progress of this retreat, Macalbin had abundant reason to bless the hardy education which enabled him, not only to bear up against his individual share of its calamities, but also to succour his sinking friends; and by unremitted vigilance, to restrain, in some degree, in his own men, those abominable outrages which disgraced their reckless companions, and threw so foul a stain on the fair fame of British soldiers.

Before the army reached Benevente, a calasine, which Craig-gillian had procured for his wife, broke down on the impracticable roads over which it was dragged, and she was compelled to ride on one of the baggage-waggons. Overcome with fatigue and half fro-

zen with cold,—still seeking change, and finding every new mode of conveyance worse than the last,—by the time they arrived at Astorga, she was so seriously indisposed, that Norman entreated her, in pity to herself and all that loved her, to remain here if she would avoid certain destruction by continuing with the retreating army. As the wife of an English officer of rank, should she have the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy, even they would protect her,—he was confident they would. To the principal inhabitants of the town and its neighbourhood she would be specially recommended; and in a convent, now half deserted by its trembling inmates, she might find a temporary asylum. Macalbin had many other resources, but time was short. He embraced her hastily, and leaving her drowned in tears, flew to find Craig-gillian, who was pacing before the door of his quarters, in a state bordering on frenzy.

He unfolded his plan.—Craig-gillian hesitated for a moment, then wrung his hand. "Yes, Macalbin, God bless you; this must do, though it is like tearing my heart-strings to leave her thus."

They entered the house. Craig-gillian could not speak; but Norman renewed the

pleading, which was sanctioned by his presence. "My dearest Flora," said he, "have the courage to save yourself,—your infant,—your husband. We may struggle manfully for ourselves, if you do not add to other miseries the torture of seeing you perish without being able to give you aid. As lieutenant-colonel of a regiment, Craig-gillian has, in this crisis, duties that demand all his attention, which may force him to abandon all but honour,—to risk life,—even your life,—dearer I am sure than his own."

"O God! O God!" cried Craig-gillian.

"Hector, I am prepared for every thing. I will remain. My presence shall not add to your other miseries," said Flora; "too, too happy, if without me you reach—England."

"Nay, dearest Flora, that is too much," said Norman.—"Duty may forbid the return of Craig-gillian; but I will never leave Spain alive without you. When we reach our ships, I am a free man."

Craig-gillian could only look his thanks, and again whisper,—"God bless you, Norman!"

"Till then you will remain here in safety. The civil authorities, while they have any influence, will extend their cares to you. The

sick officers of Romana's army, who are here, will also protect you," continued Norman.—"But, in case safety and concealment be found incompatible, the Colonel of the Imperial Guard, whom we yesterday made prisoner, will give you letters to the French Marshal, advancing this way, and *he* will protect you. O do not fear it; the whole of our staff, if necessary, will assist in these measures for your safety."—"I do not fear," exclaimed Flora, "for myself I have no fear; waste no more thought or speech on me,—command, and I will obey you."

Craig-gillian thanked her for this gentle acquiescence; and repaired with Norman to head-quarters, to take measures for ensuring her safety, as far as it was possible. Several of the staff-officers, with the kindest alacrity, promoted the scheme; and the French officer wrote—rose from bed and wrote—the desired letters, with the gracious cordiality of ancient French politeness, which doubled a kindness by the manner of bestowing it.—Macalbin ran to Flora with these letters while Craig-gillian visited the convent which was to afford her temporary shelter. The nuns were in their chapel, at midnight mass;—but in this extraordinary time every thing gave

way ;—the abbess came to him at the parlour grate, and renewed the promise she had given of affording protection to an English lady, the wife of a *Catholic*, while her sacred sanctuary afforded refuge to her own timid community. He hurried back with this intelligence. The troops were to march by day-break ; and Flora would not permit her husband to rouse his toil-worn domestics from their short sleep to arrange her baggage.—" Let me work to-night," said she ; " I shall have time enough to sleep."

At Toro, Craig-gillian had abandoned the most of his baggage. He thought it cruel and unjust to occupy space, which might be devoted to carrying food or clothing for his famished men, with what his wife and himself might for a few weeks go without. With a womanish mixture of vanity and tenderness, Flora had pleaded for the preservation of a basket, containing the wardrobe of her expected infant. It was all that she meant to keep ; and whilst Norman and Hugh awkwardly folded her scanty raiment, she busied herself in selecting what linen, flannel, and shoes, she could find among the remaining baggage, and in tying them up for the march.

" Yes I saved that volume," said Flora,

now on her knees, fixing her parcels in a wallet. Norman was turning over its leaves. It was a small copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," which had belonged to Monimia. "It is all that is left me now," said she; "I must keep it till I see you again."—Norman carefully placed this treasure in the trunk Hugh was packing.

Macalbin and the Piper accompanied Craiggillian and his wife to the convent. Till now, earnest employment had supported her spirits. It was about three o'clock, in a dark and dismal morning, blowing rain and sleet,—the last day of December. At this time there was no night in Astorga, or rather none of the refreshing repose which nights of peace bestow. The inhabitants, alarmed and incommoded by the army, and still more appalled by the dread of that which was rapidly advancing, were running about, half-distracted with their fears and sufferings. Weather-worn soldiers, intoxicated and riotous, were pouring to and from the wine-houses,—baggage-waggons, horses and bullocks, stopping up the miry streets,—flambeaux, tossing round, suddenly flashing a strong light on this scene of disorder and misery, and as suddenly leaving it involved in thick darkness; while the

firing of a signal-gun, the abrupt roll of a drum, and the voices of the Spanish women imploring the Virgin, as they mingled with the murmurs and imprecations of the soldiery, produced sounds as discordant as the sights were dismal. Flora's friends hurried her forward; but by the time they reached the great square, in which stood the convent, her clothes were drenched with moisture.

"Ah, Finagalla, how light and happy *we* feel in leaving you here. This little march is far enough for you," said Norman, screening her from the wet with his arm. Flora could not reply. She leaned more heavily on Craig-gillian's *single* arm, with that confiding pressure which seems to repose the load of sorrow, as well as the weakness of frame, on a beloved being. He whispered, "Yes, my love, I am indeed contented to leave you. Bear up a little while, and all will be well with us." Flora restrained her tears; yet she trembled in every limb from excess of emotion, while frequent shivering sighs burst from her bosom; and she imputed to the chill damp air, emotion which owned another cause.

Before they reached the convent gate, they were overtaken by Captain Drummond, seve-

ral of Craig-gillian's officers, and some other gentlemen, who came to bid Mrs Monro farewell, each carrying the slender remains of the slender stock of English luxuries, which had been saved for want of opportunity to consume them,—tea, coffee, sugar, wine,—whatever he happened to possess, likely to add to the comfort of a female, in a place destitute of every comfort, and indeed of every convenience. These little marks of kindness, at a time like this, acted as potent cordials to the fainting spirits of Flora. She burst into a flood of kindly tears, as those gay young men, whom she had so often seen round Craig-gillian's board in happier times, respectfully bade her adieu; and when Drummond assured her, that by next grouse season, in her own drawing-room, he would remind her of the elegant piece of sugar presented to her in the great square of Astorga, she smiled through her tears, and her heart clung to ever-springing hope.

At five in the morning the drum beat. Norman reiterated his promise, and clasped her in a parting embrace; while Hugh pressed her hand between both his own, and, in his native language, fervently recommended her to the protection of heaven.

At nine o'clock the last of the rear-guard left the town. Craig-gillian committed his beloved wife, now sunk into insensibility, to the care of the lay sister appointed to attend her; and, pressing her death-cold lips with a long, lingering, farewell kiss, tore himself away.

CHAP. XLIV.

Merciful God! how horrible is night
Upon the plain of Atzlan! There the shout
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continuous din,
Shake the still air.

SOUTHEY.

THE army reached Villa Franca before Macalbin heard any tidings of Craig-gillian. Every passing hour increased the miseries of the troops. They were now labouring through a tract of mountain-country, naked, open, covered with snows, but of unequalled wildness and sublimity. The road cut in the side of the mountain, following all its windings and defiles, often stretched along a chain of frightful precipices, or overhung some winter torrent. An imagination at ease

might have loved to picture the beauty and variety of this scenery, when

> "Peace was on the cottage and the fold :"

when the groves of hazel, poplar, and chesnut, which girdled the base of the mountain, were in verdure; when the blossoms of the wild apple, the wild olive, the cherry, and the mulberry, adorned its ledges and cliffs; and when the tender buds of the vineyards, that hung on its sunward slopes and cultivated terraces, expanded into foliage. How appalling was the contrast it now displayed! Norman could never recollect the scene he witnessed here without a shuddering sensation of indefinable horror.

After toiling many miles up the mountain,—now wading knee-deep in half-melted snow—now climbing over steeps exposed to bitter and suffocating showers of mingled sleet and snow-drift—he halted on the heights, to look back for a moment on the Golgotha stretching far behind. He saw the last division of the army slowly ascending the dismal road he had passed, their route tracked by dead bodies, "reddening the snow in spots ;" or by those who, abandoned of hope and help, had stretched themselves out to die. He saw

the animals which dragged the baggage-waggons, dropping down at every step; and the miserable load they carried—famished and frozen women and children, the sick and the wounded—given up by their wretched companions to the death they almost envied.— "Would that all the lovers of war stood here!" thought Norman, closing his eyes in torpid despair. Happily the incessant care necessary for individual preservation, by fixing the attention of the most disinterested nature upon *self* alone, blunted that sensibility which, at another time, might have tempted a man, surrounded by such objects, and exposed to such suffering, to curse existence, and long for madness or death to snatch him from evils incomparably greater.

About this time Macalbin was informed by a Glen-gillian Highlander, that Colonel Monro's horse had dropped, and that, fatigued and indisposed, without the prospect of getting to quarters for that night, he seemed ready to yield to despair. Macalbin instantly turned back, and, after walking above a mile, found Craig-gillian, who had turned off the road, and was resting beneath some trees; that fatal torpor stealing over his mind and senses which is the fore-runner of death, as

he reposed his benumbed frame in a kind of tranquil listlessness, from which he seemed unwilling to be recalled. With a constitution somewhat enervated by long residence in India, recent indisposition, and a mind bowed down by many cares, he was peculiarly susceptible of the hardships to which every soldier was now exposed.

With great difficulty, Norman procured him a small quantity of wine, and persuaded him to enter a waggon, drawn by some of the few bullocks that still remained. Much time was lost, and night had now set in,—a night of tempests and thick darkness. Macalbin, with a miserable woman hanging on his arm, and her child on his back,—creatures that he had snatched from death,—again waded through the snows, stumbling over the dead bodies of men and horses at every step, but still endeavouring to keep pace with the waggon, and to cheer his drooping friend with the sound of his friendly voice. And this generous effort was twice blest;—it supported his own spirits, while it communicated comfort. Yet dreadful was that night; and long, long did Norman remember it. As the breeze howled among the leafless trees, and whistled through the overhanging cliffs,

it fell on the ear of gloomy fancy like the moanings of damned spirits; and the darkness, which veiled shapes of horror, made him listen more intently to the groans of the dying, and the curses of the desperate, which were heard in its pause. This was a night to quell the stoutest heart,—to wean the wildest enthusiast from war and glory.

Macalbin contrived to place the miserable female he had dragged on in a bullock-waggon, which they overtook; and not without great difficulty was this accomplished; but it was not till he reached Lugo that he discovered this frozen creature to be that Maria Gordon, whom, two years before, he had seen at Dunalbin, in all the elegance of modern fashion. She was now the wife of a poor lieutenant, disowned by her family, without energy, and without recourse, vainly clinging to what she had been, and disguising what she was. Lady Gordon rigidly persisted in leaving her "to the fate she had chosen;"—her sister was equally inflexible; and Sir Archibald, a moralist as stern as either, left her "to the fortune she had made for herself." Mansel alone was her *anonymous* friend. When he was plenty of cash, and when she came into his *head*, he, from time to time, sent

her a twenty-pound note. Whatever defect of prudence was in her character, she evinced no want of gratitude, either for the kindness Macalbin had displayed, or the attentions he still paid to her condition and her sex, and, perhaps, to herself—a forlorn creature, nursed in the lap of luxury, with the helpless habits of high life, and the misery of the lowest.

While they halted at Lugo, offering battle to the enemy,—finding courage and comfort in the hope of vengeance,—Craig-gillian recovered strength, and again assumed the command of his regiment.

During the halt, numerous friends crowded to the same house; a dismal and dismantled place, which to them wore the air of a palace. Maria Gordon and her child occupied the corner of a fire-place, from which green wood emitted more smoke than heat. Drummond, Macalbin, and his pupils, ran now to their posts, and now to superintend the culinary operations of the poor, bewildered, and heart-broken Piper,—in which a long fast made them take peculiar interest;—while their surly Ellis stormed the wine-houses, his musquet on his shoulder in case of a sudden surprise. Though poor Hugh was skilled in every man-

ly art, he had no science in cookery. In vain Drummond quickened his operations.—"Never mind, don't be nice, Piper," said he, "I can eat any thing if it be clean, and if not, I can take it dirty. Let us have it. Hunger is good sauce."

Flora's parcel of linen had long been lost; and, during the hours allotted to sleep, poor Hugh washed, or at least thought he washed, the last remaining shirts of his friends, while they slept; and as these dried, he diligently mended various pairs of boots and shoes. Even this was a luxury denied to many officers of the highest rank.

It was the wish of the Commander-in-chief to force the enemy to action; but they shrunk from a conflict with the desperate valour of the English. During the succeeding night, therefore, the latter kindled fires along the line to deceive the enemy, and resumed their march to Corunna.

On many occasions it was found necessary to enforce the temporary requisitions made by the commissariat; for the people of the country, fearful alike of friend and foe, and suffering equally from the outrages of both, were found most tardy in bringing forward their slender supplies.

The humanity and moderation of Macalbin, his conciliatory disposition, and the knowledge which he had now gained of the Spanish language, peculiarly fitted him for services of this nature; and he was often employed to accompany foraging parties, by orders of General ——; and also on more delicate occasions, when accuracy of observation, fidelity of report, and the keen vision of an eye accustomed to expatiate among wild and wide scenes, enabled him to advance the interests of the service to which he was devoted, and to gain the esteem of his officers.

On an expedition of this latter kind, Macalbin was dispatched to some heights on the banks of the Minho, the same morning that the troops left Lugo. He rode,—and Pat Leary, generally a straggler, wandered after him, espying a cottage smoke, round which cottage some fowls might be straying. At this period, Leary was by no means delicate or confined in his notions of property: he had no scruple in thrusting into his pouch whatever *ammunition* he could find,—fowls,—bread,—indeed food of any kind,—clothing,—or even money. Macalbin said *stealing*;—Leary said *lifting*;—and on this point they differed, about terms, like other philosophers.

"Sure we came to *sarve* them, the souls," said Pat, indignantly. "And if we did, shall we rob them," said Macalbin: "I command you not to approach that house."—Macalbin had gained the heights, and Leary was scrambling after him, when both were suddenly alarmed by a party of the enemy's cavalry dashing down the opposite heights, while, before the rest, one man furiously pursued an English officer. He soon far outstripped the speed of his fellows, and gained fast on the man he pursued.

"That is Colonel Gordon, I have *knowed* him by that stump of an ostrich feather ever since we left Salamanca. The Frenchman will give his plumes a *tussel* any way." Careless of personal safety, Leary, with delight he sought neither to suppress nor conceal, enjoyed the probability of Sir Archibald's being made prisoner, while Norman eagerly looked round for some bridge, some ford on the rapid river; but seeing no marks of either, spurred down the steeps, and plunged into the stream, struggled with its violence,—and, at the risk of life, reached the opposite bank,—saw the sabre of the French officer descending on the head of Gordon, and joined the cry he set up for quarter—mercy. That voice seemed

to arrest the death-stroke that hung over Gordon. The Frenchman, however, unhorsed him, tossed his sword into the river, and exclaimed, "You are the prisoner of France." All this passed in the twinkling of an eye, and before Norman, recollecting for the first time that he was in danger of being surrounded by a party of French dragoons, knew which way to turn. Yet, to his prostrate countryman he instinctively turned and alighted. At the moment the officer, on whom he had not yet looked, sprung from his horse, dashed sabre and helmet on the frozen snow, and leaped forward, exclaiming—

"*Embrace me, Macalbin! I am* BOURKE! *I am a man again!*"

"Gracious God!" cried Norman, receding one step, overcome with astonishment to find, not only in life, but in an officer of the French Imperial Guard, apparently of high rank, and decorated with the splendid insignia of the Legion of Honour, his lamented comrade "Phelim Bourke."

"Yes, I am that Bourke whom the English,—for whom I fought and bled,—insulted, degraded, mangled with brutal stripes. Coward and slave," and he turned fiercely to Gordon, "you shrink beneath me now! I am that

Bourke, whose country, kindred, family, and faith, have for six hundred years suffered at the hands of the English every species of cruelty, indignity, and oppression; massacred in hot, murdered in cold blood,—proscribed,—exiled,—tortured! I am that Bourke who shed my blood for the destroyers of my race! whose heart lacked gall to make oppression bitter, till their chains corroded my individual soul!"

Norman looked on this *traitor*, with a mixture of vexation, pity, and astonishment; his heart recoiling, and yet drawn towards him by the force of sympathies which were felt before man knew political duties, or lapsed into political sins. Their eyes met momentarily, and each suffered a slight feeling of embarrassment; but Bourke, as if eager to preserve a friend, and to vindicate his honour, again resumed discourse. It would neither be agreeable, nor perhaps very prudent to relate that story of country and family which Bourke rapidly and vehemently sketched; and still less so to detail all those motives and imaginary necessities by which he lulled his better genius to sleep, and fortified himself in error. Yet, let it not be imagined that he thought himself a traitor. He said, he

vowed, that his heart glowed with love to Ireland, of which those who live in her bosom can but have a faint perception; and perverted as was that love, Norman could not doubt of its existence. This passion seemed even more ardent than the burning hatred which made him pant to avenge his own and her wrongs on those whom, in bitterness of soul, he termed "*the English.*"

A thousand feelings and ideas filled the mind and heart of Macalbin, as Bourke, with impetuous eloquence, poured his confidence into a bosom in which he wished to find sympathy, and feared to meet aversion. It was the confidence of a pent-up, corroded, miserable heart. Bourke, become a reckless man, had fallen into desperate courses.

Macalbin had much to say, and to inquire; but the trampling of the horses' feet of that party whom Bourke had out-rode, were now heard rapidly advancing, though the steep banks of the river still screened them from view. "Hark!" cried Bourke,—"Fly, Macalbin!—cross the river!—It will not be known that it is practicable. Fly! or I cannot save you!" He eagerly waved his hand. Norman leaped on horseback, exclaiming as he went—"I have left a friend in Astorga, the

wife of Colonel Monro, in the convent of——. See her, protect her,—tell her that her husband is well. She will tell you who I am, the claims I have on your family."—" I will, —I swear I will. Fly, Macalbin!—that is a vile word,—gallop though."

Macalbin plunged into the stream, and got over before the party came up.

The whole interview had not occupied ten minutes. Yet in that short space Bourke had spoken volumes. When he saw Norman safely over, he turned for the first time to his prisoner, who stood at a little distance, sullen, and apparently abashed. The dragoons came up. They would now have fired their pistols across the river they believed it impossible to cross. Bourke ordered them to desist,—to secure their prisoner, and resume the route from which they had diverged in pursuit. His orders met with prompt obedience. Sir Archibald was ordered to mount behind one of the soldiers, and forming a circle round him, they galloped off, leaving Bourke by the river's brink, and Macalbin on the opposite bank. Bourke twisted his hand into the flowing mane of his beautiful and high-bred Andalusian war-horse, as if about to vault into the saddle. Macalbin held

up his hand imploringly, and repeated the charges he had given ;—the roaring of the waters drowned the tones of his voice. Bourke replied, but he could not distinguish his words. —He placed his hand on his bosom, and Bourke repeated the action,—and, for the space of a minute, they gazed on each other. As Bourke, in the attitude of deep and bitter thought, leaned his head on the neck of his horse, Macalbin fancied that he had never seen features, or form, or manner, which denoted so rare a union of intellectual energy with physical strength and manly beauty.— Lines of deep thought and stern decision now contracted his capacious forehead, and stole over the gay open countenance of that gallant and light-hearted soldier, who had been every man's delight and every woman's love. Pride, and scorn, and painful jealousy, now curled and compressed the bland lip round which love and mirth had once sported in wreathed smiles. The roving vivacity of his brilliant eye was exchanged for the watchful scrutinizing glance of anxious penetration,—or that abstracted gaze, straining on an imaginary point, which seems, in indifference or contempt, to withdraw from surrounding objects, to fix its contemplation more keenly on the

mightier world within. It was a powerful, and to Norman it was a painful physiognomy. He sighed more in sorrow than in anger; and when those strong features underwent a sudden change, cleared, brightened, smiled, as the echoes, in a genuine Connaught brogue, rung the name of Macalbin, Norman, with a thrill of delight, exclaimed,—"Ah, this is Phelim!"

Leary still came whooping on, though unseen by both. Macalbin could hear Bourke cry,—"Ha! Pat Leary!" He threw his purse across the stream,—perceived that picquet of cavalry, which Leary, with running, and bawlings, and signals, had drawn to this spot,—and vaulting into the saddle, waved his sabre to Macalbin in farewell, and was instantly over the steeps. Norman reached the heights where he had originally stood, and saw him overtake his party.

Sir Archibald Gordon was then a prisoner; and Macalbin was congratulated on his narrow escape, as Leary had bawled, and truly, that, in dashing forward to assist Gordon, he had himself been surrounded. Norman said, that he owed his liberty to the generosity of the officer into whose power he had so imprudently thrown himself, without the small-

est means of defence,—without even a sword; for that he had lost when, in danger of drowning, he had caught by some bushes as he forded the river.

"Long life to him who let you go, Sir, and kept ——! He is a gay fellow, I warrant him," cried Leary, as the picquet scoured off in another direction, and left him alone with Macalbin. "Now, Sir, I must make *bould* to say, you went much out of your way in running after Colonel Gordon. Why not let him be *recoinnoitring?* Sure he knows better about it than you,—aye, or the Commander-in-chief himself, as he does, with his defensible positions."

It is well known that great discontents prevailed in this army. Sir Archibald Gordon, among others, assumed to himself the right of censuring every measure adopted by his commanding officer. He took *notes;* he compared them with those taken by others, as ignorant and assuming as himself, and he *reconnoitred.* Among the growlers was Colonel Grant; but his strict notions of discipline made him only grumble in his gizzard, or at most in the ear of his nephew. His deference to military authority, indeed, cost him dear; but he contrived to indemnify himself by unstinted

abuse and execration of the civil power, whether in Spain or elsewhere. Drummond almost worshipped the Commander-in-chief; and, during the whole march, he was engaged in a succession of quarrels about the propriety of his measures. He could have fought with the Spaniards,—with the wind,—and with his discontented brother officers all round. In vain Macalbin represented to him the indelicacy, the shocking impropriety, of acting as if his feeble sword was needed to defend the character of the Commander-in-chief. For a few days this restrained his violence; but on the night they left Lugo, he swore, "that if General Moore could tolerate such abominable insolence he could not—that he would fight Gordon the moment they reached the coast, and there was the end on't." He accordingly challenged this champion of the discontented. Macalbin remonstrated,—he became sulky, and "would not be treated like a boy." Fortunately for Drummond, Sir Archibald fell a victim to his own foolish presumption before they reached the coast.

Though Macalbin was uniformly silent, respectfully silent, on the measures which occasioned so much impertinent discussion, violence, and ill blood among his companions,

he could keenly sympathize with that great mind who thought and felt for all;—who, spite of themselves, preserved those violent and refractory spirits, and with sublime magnanimity forgave their irritation; feeling that, like angry children, they knew not what they did.

As the troops approached the coast, Macalbin and Craig-gillian began to concert future measures. Norman, devoted to a higher duty, gave up the charge of his beloved pupils—endeared by mutual sufferings nobly supported—to General ——; and the General, expressing a fervent hope of yet calling him his officer, released him from every species of engagement.

It was settled, that an Irish priest, educated at the Irish college of Salamanca, and well acquainted with the country, should accompany Norman back to Astorga. This priest, partly spy and partly guide, had been with the army for three months; Craig-gillian fancied he might depend on his fidelity. It was also deemed expedient for them, if they succeeded in their mission, to pass, if possible, into the Austurias. That province was still comparatively quiet; and Craig-gillian hoped that they might find some English vessel ho-

vering off the coast to convey them to a friendly port, however distant.

It was now the 16th of January, that ever-memorable day, when the British army, goaded to, desperation, like a lion at bay, turned on its fierce pursuers. It would be waste of words to attempt any record of the triumphs of that day, when General Moore, by a death of glory, closed a life of honour and virtue.

Macalbin's regiment, forming part of the brigade of Lord William Bentinck, performed prodigies of valour. On the courage and steadiness of this brigade, the fortune of the day depended; and the meanest soldier was inspired with the soul of a hero. It may naturally be supposed that they greatly suffered; but every expression of private sorrow was hushed in that irreparable loss, which each man felt as a citizen, and wept as a soldier.

The shattered remains of the regiment to which Norman was attached, and in which he still had a lieutenant's command, were retiring from the sharp trial it had been honoured to sustain, when the soldiers received the heart-striking intelligence, that he, whose voice had a few hours before sent them on to victory, was no more. They had already heard that the Commander-in-chief was wounded; but

they hoped, because they wished, that his wound was not mortal. While Norman's spirit still trembled beneath the stroke which laid low the object of his earliest and fondest enthusiasm,—that great captain and gallant soldier, whose brilliant career had first awakened his ambition, and given aim and value to the ennobling impulse,—he was met by Craig-gillian's servant.

"O, Sir, my master!" cried the apparently distracted Hector, wringing his hands.

"Is Craig-gillian dead?" said Norman, with the calmness of one familiar with death.

"Alas, Sir, no,—I hope—I fear—O my poor master!—How shall I return to Glen-gillian without my master!"

Norman found it necessary to command coherence. He learned that Craig-gillian had been severely wounded in the beginning of the action by a grape-shot. He had fallen from his horse; and the soldiers had carried him out of the way of the cavalry, and left him by the side of a dike, till assistance could be procured. It was a critical moment. He was left alone; and when Hector returned with a spring-waggon, his master was gone. Some soldiers said the English had carried him off; and others,—wounded men, scattered

over the field, and some of them near to the spot,—affirmed, that he had been carried off by a party of the enemy's cavalry. Unwilling to admit this belief, Hector, neglectful of his duty, had run to Corunna, inquiring at every one he met for Colonel Monro. Silence confirmed the testimony of the wounded soldiers. This had happened about five o'clock in the afternoon; it was now between ten and eleven. The embarkation of the troops had commenced; and the town exhibited such a scene of tumult, confusion, and misery, as has seldom been witnessed. Norman's duty was now at an end;—he embraced his pupils,—and those brave boys, boys only in years, who had so nobly borne up against danger and hardship, for the first time melted into tears as he held them to his warm heart. He took a short, kind farewell of the soldiers that gathered around,—gave Pat Leary the Napoleon d'ors Bourke had thrown to that "gay fellow," and told him they were a countryman's gift. Leary had time for thanks, but no time for conjecture. Dora was missing; and, like many other half-distracted men, who ran about looking for wives and children, he was forced to run, exclaiming, "God bless your honour, and be *wid* you till I see you again

myself! If I should have lost the *cratur* now, and little Paddy, after dragging them this length."

Macalbin next repaired to Craig-gillian's quarters. The short conversations he held with different officers he met on the way confirmed his worst fears. His friend, if alive, was certainly in the hands of the enemy. At Craig-gillian's quarters he found Hugh, and also the Irish priest, who had been diligently employed all day in procuring equipments for the projected journey to Astorga.

Overcome by the complicated miseries which gathered round him, for a few minutes he leaned on Craig-gillian's bed. But this was no time for the indulgence of grief, however justifiable its motive. He must act as well as feel. He listened to the detail of arrangements made by the priest, and gave what farther directions were necessary. He received from Craig-gillian's servant a card, which his master had written before he went to battle. It contained a short adieu,—Craig-gillian foreseeing the probability of duty preventing a future meeting,—an earnest recommendation of caution, and care of the health valuable to so many. Craig-gillian did not need to recommend Flora and her infant,—if she

had lived to see her child,—to the kindness of Norman. He farther gave Norman directions where he might find his pistols, his watch, his purse, and a will written on this same morning. He entreated him to sell the watch whenever sale was practicable. Craig-gillian's purse was almost exhausted,—Macalbin's did not contain a single sixpence,—but they had left a considerable sum with Flora; as much as would perform the purposes for which it was required. Craig-gillian farther begged of Norman to preserve this *will*: he said, that, at the time of his marriage, they were all too happy to think of settlements,—but now, whatever might occur, he wished to secure an independent provision for his wife and his aunt Margaret,—and also to secure the little annuities he gave to many poor and almost incalculably distant relatives. His father would fulfil his wishes.

When Macalbin had ended reading Craig-gillian's card, he went into the streets. Many straggling soldiers and some officers gathered round him, inquiring tidings of his deservedly popular friend. "Who with me will volunteer a forlorn hope for Colonel Monro," cried Norman. "I will," cried every soldier. "Och and myself too: I *seen* a Connaught

man of the 50th, says Dora and Paddy the rogue is embarked already."

This forlorn hope, led by Craig-gillian's faithful Hector, marched for the spot where his master had been left. It was almost a league from Corunna. The English picquets which kept the ground, challenged this party, and they declared their business. "Then God bless you, you may go home," replied a shaking voice: "A deserter came over to us a little ago, who says the wounded English Colonel died before he reached the French head-quarters. We have sent him—the deserter—to head-quarters; you may question him yourself, Mr Macalbin."—"Ellis! is it you, Ellis?" cried Norman.—"It is, Sir; I was permitted to take this picquet for a poor fellow who has lost his wife somewhere. In England I can easily find our regiment."

"Long life to you, Ellis, English though you be!" cried Paddy Leary.

Macalbin could not at this moment speak, even to the surly, generous Ellis. He turned aside to the spot bathed in the blood of Monro, and hung over it in agony, to which all former feelings were blessedness. Death had never yet shut out hope.

The soldiers and Norman returned to Co-

runna. They were told that the Commander-in-chief had been buried in the citadel two hours before. Macalbin gathered voice sufficient to exhort Leary to get on board of any vessel as quickly as possible. He begged him to share his gold with Colonel Monro's servant, assuring him of ample remuneration.

"Is it myself you ask a second time," said Leary, reproachfully. "Not half, but whole; for sure from yourself I got it all."

The soldiers ran to the boats; and Norman, unseen, glided to the citadel. The grave he sought was already solitary. He stretched himself on the cold wet earth, and at that moment felt that it would have been happiness to have died there. A figure approached, and he started up to retire.

"Macalbin! my dear young friend."

It was the voice of General ——, always gracious when addressing those he liked, but now tender and thrilling. Norman felt all its power. The General, closely engaged in superintending the embarkation, had stolen unobserved to pour the tribute of deep—deep unavailing sorrow, over the grave of his bosom-friend—over that last home,

> "A cold, a silent, and a lone,
> Where kings have little power."

He bore ordinary losses with a soldier's spirit, though his was the softest of brave hearts; but this, alas, was no common loss.

Macalbin never even attempted to answer; he bowed, and moved away.

"Meet me an hour hence," said the General. "I am with the embarking troops. We have lost Craig-gillian," continued he, in a softer tone. "But in the greatness of our country's loss,—yet why should our tears dim the brightness of his triumph: He died as heroes love to die!"

Norman seized the short interval to visit his friend Drummond, who early in the action had been carried from the field severely, but not dangerously wounded. Severe but not dangerous wounds met but slight attention, and excited no sympathy. Drummond's chief distress seemed to be impatience—impatience to see Macalbin, after whom he sent every body who looked near him—though none thought it necessary to fulfil the promise made of finding his friend.

"I was afraid I was never to see you," said Drummond. "Aye, it is an ugly wound—but never mind that. Poor Craig-gillian! I feel it, Norman, like a brother's loss!—Poor, poor Mrs Monro! I fear it will be very hard

on her, so devotedly she appeared to love him."

Drummond was groping below the pillow. ' Yes, Norman,—it was this I sought, my ancient heir-loom,—some Jew will take it off your hands.' It was his favourite watch. " You don't know what's before you; better be provided."—Norman absolutely refused this generous gift.—" Pray now, don't fret me, 'tis bad for my wound. Surely you don't think me so selfish a scoundrel, as to balance betwixt a bauble like that, and a friend exposed to want in a strange land." Macalbin still refused, and Drummond became so angry, that he thought it best to accept of the watch, which he gave to the care of Drummond's attendant, to be restored after they reached England. He, however, gratified his friend, by accepting a few of his very few remaining dollars. Norman had yet another duty. The husband of Maria Gordon had gone to Vigo, —she was here alone and in want. Norman's party had succoured her all along. By Drummond's bed-side, he now wrote an order on the agent of the regiment, for a small sum indeed,—yet it was great for him,—and, when landed in England, it might enable her to reach some friends in the Highlands, who

were not too great to be kind, nor too moral to be unrelenting to the imprudent sufferer.

At the appointed minute, Macalbin, having taken a sad farewell of his friend Drummond, went to the General.

"These are for you, Mr Macalbin," said the General, giving him a parcel of letters,—brief letters of introduction to various Spaniards in Gallicia, Zamora, and the Austurias, through which provinces he had lately travelled.—"My name is known in Spain: wherever it can be of use, employ it, I beseech you. In every Englishman and true Spaniard you will find a friend. Think of yourself alone—of your poor friend's widow. The sooner you leave this the better. It shall be my care to write to Glen-gillian, to Lady Augusta;—her address is—"

Norman mentioned it, and the General wrote it down with a pencil.—"On shipboard I shall have abundant leisure for these melancholy duties. Time presses now. But I shall remember all you ought to perform, and cannot. Lord Glanville's family will be glad to hear of your safety."

Norman's eyes spoke his gratitude. He would now have gone away.—"Stay one moment.—Yes, I have some gold left. I am go-

ing to England—no refusal. It is for another, not for you. Old Craig-gillian will ten times repay me." Norman took the money without farther resistance. They shook hands.—"God bless you. See, the day dawns. Heaven prosper your enterprise!" They parted. Norman returned to Craig-gillian's quarters. Hugh, *Luath*, the Irish priest, all were ready. The latter had provided a sort of ecclesiastic habit for Norman, to be worn above his weather-beaten uniform; and for Hugh, the dress of a Gallician peasant. He had procured a large leathern bottle of wine, some linen of a very coarse sort, a couple of pairs of common soldiers' shoes, and a small quantity of English ship-biscuit. Such were their preparations. Norman secured his papers, fastened Craig-gillian's pistols in his girdle, gave his companions a cup of wine, and, taking Hugh's arm, whistled his wolf-dog, and wandered from Corunna.

The priest was well acquainted with the different roads. They took a circuitous route to avoid the out-posts of the enemy, and, as far as possible, those picquets of cavalry, which, in every direction, were scouring the already exhausted country. About ten o'clock they gained some heights three leagues south

of Corunna, which commanded an extensive view of the bay and the ocean. Macalbin paused a little while, and his companions passed on. Those transports were now getting under weigh which bore home the most wretched freight that ever touched on a land of liberty. Yet, to a soldier, there was triumph in that sight. The army had retired to their ships unmolested, and in the teeth of a thwarted and beaten foe.

He stretched his clasped hands towards the sea, now mottled by the sails of England, the only object that spoke of *home*.—"God be with the remnant of my countrymen," was his fervent ejaculation,—"though the best and bravest sleep in Corunna!"

The priest advised that they should make one day's march due south,—to the people of the country declare themselves pilgrims going to the shrine of St Jago de Compostella; and to the French, should they have the misfortune to meet any straggling party, boldly proclaim themselves spies,—demand assistance, and produce despatches with which they were charged from Marshal Soult. With these despatches the priest was already furnished. Indeed he did not appear new to such adventures.

His counsel was implicitly followed, for his companions knew no better plan; and though doubts of his good faith sometimes darkened the mind of Norman, he was aware of the imprudence of betraying any symptom of mistrust. The first day passed on, heavy and cheerless. They made a long march, though they had all more need of repose from severe fatigue than a renewal of toil. Fortunately they met with no interruption, though in the course of the day they occasionally encountered wandering houseless peasants, eagerly inquiring after the fortunes of that war which had produced all their calamities.

In the evening, the travellers were received, in their alleged character of pilgrims, at the house of a substantial peasant. They were invited to partake of the family supper,—a mess stewed in rancid oil, and poisoned with garlic, which hunger made delicious. There are situations in which Lochiel's pillow of snow becomes luxury. The priest was lively and voluble; he chaunted Ave Marias, and then sung tiranas; and their host in return played some provincial tunes on the sort of bag-pipe known in Gallicia. Macalbin's mind was neither attuned to mirth nor music, nor could he tell the news of the war. But the priest

was *apropos* to every thing. Yet the night was not without its pleasures to Norman. The good woman brought water to bathe the feet of her pilgrim guests. It is a Highland custom, and led to his cherished home,—that home from which he had not heard for five long months. He also saw the little children kiss the hands of their parents, and repeat their prayers before they retired to sleep. Many travellers have been struck with little traits of resemblance between the Scots and the Spaniards. It was long since Norman's heart had been refreshed by the contemplation of quiet domestic affections and duties. He drew his hand fondly over the little heads:

'God bless their happy faces, smiling in the light
'Of their own cottage hearth:—O fair subduing sight.'

This combination of words did not then exist, but the sentiment was Norman's.

The family gave up their own beds to accommodate their guests; and, more generous still, concealed a sacrifice which Norman would not have permitted. On this night, after many nights of watching and days of toil, he slept long and profoundly, and awoke refreshed and invigorated. He offered payment to his good hosts, but their feelings of honour seemed hurt by the proposal. "I

cannot offend these good people," said he to the priest. "No, sure, besides it would be quite out of character."

At Salamanca, Norman had bought two of those *charms* called in Spain *manezuela*,—the miniature model of a hand, made of jet, with the thumb thurst out between the fingers, which mothers in Spain tie round the wrists of their little children, for the same purpose that Moome had tied a *charmed* thread round Norman's wrist to ward off the bad effects of the *evil eye*. He bound these pretty toys round the wrists of the two younger children as he kissed them. He knew that this *charmed* attention would gratify their parents, and it could harm no one. They were indeed highly pleased and gratified; and they took leave of each other with mutual kindness and civility.

It would be tedious to dwell on the adventures of the travellers, by flood and fell, during the succeeding days. They struck into a new route, carefully avoiding the few towns on the way, till at Villa Franca they were compelled to halt, to procure new shoes, and also to fabricate fresh passports and despatches, at which the priest was wonderfully dexterous. Their situation here was extremely hazardous,—the

town was completely under French influence, and filled with sick French soldiers. During the evening of their stay, while the priest was abroad in search of provisions, a large parcel was brought to their quarters in the outskirts of the town, addressed to the youngest of the three travellers bearers of despatches. This was Norman. "Hugh, we are discovered!" cried he, opening the parcel. It contained some clothes, linen, shoes, and a billet, in which was written, "By the Bierzo, without the loss of a moment."

It was the warning of friendship,—of Bourke. Norman would not avail himself of all his kindness,—he left every thing as he found it; but he lost not a moment in flying, with Hugh and Luath only, leaving some money for the priest, and a message bidding him pursue the route he thought safest. They were somewhat acquainted with this part of the road, but entire strangers in the Bierzo, a beautiful and romantic tract of country, but now exhibiting many of the ravages of war,—vineyards destroyed,—houses and villages burnt in every direction. Still they got on; faint and weary sometimes, and sometimes thinking of the olla podrida of their good Gallician peasant as very delicate fare.

Hugh was pleased that they had got rid of their travelling companion, as his presence was a continual restraint on confidential conversation. Norman was indeed little inclined to talk even to Hugh; yet he told the Piper the story of Bourke, whom he fancied dead, having escaped from prison by the aid of a priest, whom Norman imagined to be Father Ullic, though, in the abrupt narrative of Bourke, no name had been mentioned: That he had gone to France, having relatives,—exiled relatives,—in that service: That he had been received with great kindness, distinguished and promoted. Those interested in the discovery had found, that the strength and decision of his character, when developed by favouring circumstances, equalled the flexibility of his universal genius; and that the soldier, who excelled all his companions in the ranks, was likely to surpass all rivals in the field. Promotion, to a certain extent, he rapidly acquired.—It was the policy of the person at the head of the French government, to conciliate those discontented Irish gentlemen, who retain great family influence among the lower Irish. Bourke was *honoured*, but not *trusted*; the eye of suspicion was upon him; and he felt it,—baleful and blighting to his

open and generous, though perverted nature; he feared that he seemed an object of suspicion, and was miserable. He had the firmest conviction of his own integrity; yet he never heard the words *traitor*, *deserter*, *rebel*, pronounced, without mingled shame and bitterness.

All this had Norman gathered from the broken conversation he had with Bourke,—Bourke whom he loved, and pitied, and condemned.

Hugh was all amazement; and for some hours permitted his generally-silent companion to sigh in silence, without using any of the kindly, soothing arts he employed to banish sorrow, and which Norman valued for their innocent motive. Norman could not do less than listen when Hugh sung him doleful Gaelic ditties, and told him the long tale of Cean O'Cathan: But when he simply talked of home, and the young lady of Dunalbin, and good things to come, Norman *loved* to listen; to hear, from the lips of another, fond follies with which he durst not trust his own imagination. But still he sighed.—"Then, dear, don't," would Hugh sometimes say. "You know yourself, for Moome has often told you, a drop of blood falls from the heart at

every sigh. I heard her once say so to the lady Monimia herself, and to poor Flora, once she rode over to see us, few weeks after Major Hector came home, and would be sighing every minute without thinking. Alas, its not yet two years."

"O Hugh, how can we announce his loss to our poor Flora;—this is the hardest pull,—yet for that we must prepare. To-morrow, I hope, we shall reach Astorga."

Towards sunset on the following day the worn travellers perceived the castle and towers of Astorga, which formed a striking object in the distance.

It was dark before they ventured to approach the town, which was at this time the head-quarters of the French Emperor. With some difficulty, they escaped the military patroles. Norman left Hugh and poor Luath in an obscure street, and glided to the great square with the swiftness of a spirit. A blaze of torches round the quarters of the Emperor discovered the convent centinelled! It was now partly an hospital, and partly military quarters. Norman looked round in anguish! Whither was he now to turn? His distinguished figure, and natural air of superiority, accoutred as he was in the motely garb of

wretchedness, only rendered him more obvious to suspicion. He ventured to that quarter of the town in which a gentleman dwelt to whom Flora had been recommended. Again the blaze of lights and the figures of soldiers met his eye.—The dwelling of Flora's protector was now occupied by an officer of Bonaparte's staff, and he had himself fled to join the Junta, to which assembly he was a deputy. This, Norman learned from a Spaniard, a man of a gentlemanlike figure, whom in these desperate circumstances he ventured to interrogate.—"The Carmelite nuns?—They had been permitted to retire to Navarre, by special favour of the Emperor. A Spanish nobleman of the highest rank, who had embraced the interest of the usurper, being nephew to the abbess.—"Navarre," repeated Norman. The Spaniard turned quickly on him: "You are English, Sir!"—"Alas, I am."—"Follow me,—with confidence,—I am a Spaniard." Norman obeyed, glided after his conductor through several bye-streets; and entered a lone house in a deserted quarter of the town. It was now too late for partial confidence. He told his story. His unknown friend placed some bread and wine before him, and left him without saying one word.

Before Norman had time to arrange his scattered thoughts, or to form any plan for the future, his conductor returned with Hugh and Luath, and he was convinced that his confidence was not misplaced. It appeared that this gentleman recollected seeing him with Craig-gillian, and an officer of General Moore's staff, soliciting the Spaniard who had now fled, to protect the deserted wife of an English colonel. By an artifice which the situation of his country alone could palliate, this gentleman affected to be a zealous friend of the French interests, that he might the better serve his native land.

This generous Spaniard had sufficient address and influence to obtain all the intelligence the wanderers needed. On the day the English left Astorga, the English lady had born a son; two weeks afterwards, when the religious community with whom she found refuge retired to Navarre, she had been earnestly urged to accompany them by those Spaniards who had pledged themselves to afford her that protection they could no longer extend even to their own female relatives. The English lady, and those of the nuns who remained with the abbess, were accordingly accompanied to Pampeluna by several French

officers returning home in bad health; so that there was no doubt of their safety.

This information was to a certain degree consoling. The Spaniard was not kind by halves:—for a week, the longest period they would remain, he, with infinite hazard to himself, concealed his English guests. This was a most seasonable repose. They recovered strength to prosecute their journey to Navarre. By means of their kind host, they also procured clothes, necessaries of various kinds, and *one* mule. Wrapped up in his *capa*, somewhat like his Highland plaid, Norman now looked like a young and noble Castilian; and his host assured him, that he might, with all Frenchmen, very safely report himself to be what his forged passports bore,—a Castilian gentleman, accompanied by his servant, an Austurian,—travelling to Pampeluna from Astorga, on business for the Emperor. This was a bold measure, and, as Norman felt, a base resource, which he hoped never to employ.

At midnight their host led them through the same labyrinth by which they had entered his house. They passed the patroles,—found their solitary mule beyond the town on the road to Leon,—took leave of their generous

host, and again set out in dread of adventures, —the squire and the baggage mounted, and the wandering knight on foot, followed by his dog.

It was now the middle of February. The snows were fast melting on the lower chains of the mountains. The rains were violent, the roads wretched, the rivers swollen, and every circumstance was so adverse, that when, to add to their misfortunes, poor Hugh was attacked by a violent fit of rheumatism, Norman was compelled to wait for a more favourable season.

Between Leon and Manchilla they had the good fortune to fall in with several stragglers from Romana's broken army, who were returning to Biscay, their native province, to wait a more favourable opportunity of rejoining their respective corps. As they had a common enemy to avoid, and a common interest to pursue, they agreed to travel together for greater security and comfort. By the representations of these soldiers, and from invincible dislike to stratagem, Norman was induced to change the plan of his route, and to reach Pampeluna, the town nearest the point of his destination, through the mountainous parts of the Austurias and Biscay. This route was no doubt

circuitous, but it was safe. The open country was on all sides over-run by the invader, who, like a repelled wave, now rolled on with accumulated force; but the mountaineers of Biscay and the Austurias still cherished the hope of mountain liberty.

At a mountain-village, near one of the sources of the Ebro, the whole party waited the recovery of the Piper, and more favourable weather. In the meanwhile, Norman made the requisite preparations for their future pilgrimage. He had hitherto minuted down every observation on the country through which he passed, which he hoped might one day be of use to the cause of Spain,—at this dark moment abandoned of all but hope, and honour, and a generous ally. By means of a peasant, he procured from ——— powder and shot, writing paper and pencils. Here he also bought some skins, for a shelter in those nights when he expected to sleep wherever Heaven directed,—in the cabin of a shepherd, or under the friendly shade of a pine-tree or a rock. Thus, in preparing for the future, and striving to make the best of the present, passed an irksome fortnight.

This was the first winter that Norman had ever passed without the pale of a domestic hearth. Now cut off from all intelli-

gence with *home*; smarting under the recent loss of a very dear friend; far as ever from accomplishing the object of his hazardous journey; and but too much under the influence of an imagination haunted by desponding images,—the fortnight in which he watched by his sick friend, comprehended an age of misery.

But this season was not gloomy to him alone. Winter is also come in Eleenalin, and winter is gone,—the dreadful winter of 1808-9. Yet Monimia was there, though Norman had not the happiness to know it.

The preceding winter, which he had passed in Ireland, was one of great hardship over all the Highlands and Isles of Scotland. The crop had been scanty, the season wet, and the harvest very late. Lady Augusta had made many exertions of forethought and wisdom to aid the few poor families remaining within her reach. As spring advanced, the poor Highlanders, having almost everywhere consumed the seed which was to sow the ground, began to destroy their famished cattle, for want of fodder to keep them alive. Young Craiggillian had early foreseen these hardships, and consulted with his father. They had no command of money, as they had builded,

planted, and improved, to the utmost extent of their capital. They, however, contrived to raise cash for a purpose so necessary; and the produce of the *Transatlantic Glen-Albin* wheat, and Indian corn, sent down the Mohawk and Hudson rivers, re-shipped at New York, landed at Fort-William early in spring, and conveyed across the country by long trains of panniered little horses, nourished the people of Glengillian and the surrounding districts, while too many Highlanders suffered all the miseries of famine. Craig-gillian's was a cheap but most useful charity. These poor people had all money, hard saved money, but they could not convert it into bread: But, "while the famine was sore in the land," his people had bread, and blessed him.

But the miseries of the desolating winter of 1808-9, no foresight could avert, no kindness alleviate:—they were those of war.

There is no family in the Highlands of Scotland which is not closely connected with the army, generally by the nearest and dearest of all ties, and always by those of remote kindred, and ancient and friendly neighbourhood. In that country, after a severe campaign, in every glen, and in every dwelling, is heard

"the voice of weeping and great lamentation." To them every occasion of national triumph is accompanied by a visitation of the severest domestic affliction. There is something in triumph and victory which has power to assuage or suspend the sorrows of the stronger sex; but what can console the tender heart, whose agony is increased by the shout of patriotic exultation, who "refuses to be comforted," bitterly reflecting, that "it is purchased by the blood which was dearest to me."

The experience of twenty years of warfare, will unhappily have taught too many to sympathise in those feelings of anxious suspense with which the inhabitants of Glen-gillian, and the lonely dwellers in Eleenalin, expected the arrival of the post in the depth of this sad winter. Too many can still recollect those dreadful days when the mere colour of a seal had power to raise the soul to momentary bliss, or to overwhelm it with despair:—too many can understand the dreadful hope with which this insulated people tore open their long-delayed letters and newspapers,—compelled, by their situation, to apply the poisoned chalice to their own lips,—to read first with their own eyes what might prove the death-warrant of their dearest hopes. The si-

tuation of the army had excited great anxiety, which the long absence of intelligence did not tend to lessen. In those days, Lady Augusta would fix her powerful eyes on Monimia, who read their letters and newspapers, as if, in the countenance of the reader, she looked for life or death.—"Thank heaven!" would Monimia say, sitting down, and fetching her breath with a long sigh: "Thank heaven! we may still hope,—there is no news." In the mere and momentary absence of confirmed misfortune, she felt something like reviving hope. The Lady never spoke; but Moome would reply, "Blessed be the HIGHEST for this one day, darling. No news is good news now."

"Ah, Moome, how miserable are those days when no news is good news." Monimia was already dissatisfied with what had just excited her gratitude,—anxious, and almost as unhappy as ever. During this winter, poor Moome had many things to tell to the "*stones*."

The battle of Corunna was at length fought: Craig-gillian had fallen;—and Norman had gone to poor Flora,—with what hope of success no one could tell. The General, from time to time, till he again left England, sent the kindest letters, and forwarded in the safest

manner all that they sent to him,—but he could give no intelligence of the wanderers. Spring, summer, autumn, passed away, and still no intelligence. Not one of the many notes Norman had written in *Gaelic*, and entrusted to peasants, muleteers, Guerillas, and spies of the Spanish government, ever reached Scotland.

While Norman is still seated by the sick-bed of the Piper, reading and re-reading the minutes of his journey, and revolving bitter fancies, we will return to Monimia, and account for her present residence in Eleenalin, which she said she was never more to leave.

When Lord Glanville went from Ireland to attend his duty in parliament, the ministry, having floundered on from blunder to blunder, were at a *dead-set;* clinging to the frailest reed for support, and almost without a reed to which they could cling. Some question connected with Ireland was to be agitated, in which the countenance of a nobleman, interested in the fortunes of that country, was peculiarly desirable. Lord Glanville, at this time sorely pinched by poverty, talked more than ever of the *depreciated currency.* His lady said, "Nonsense!—the persons who played at her concerts took a fifty-pound note for fifty pounds,

and thanked the Swiss who paid them; unless they happened to be very fashionable, in which case they still took the note at its nominal value, but omitted the thanks. For a fifty-pound note," she said, "her people could buy fifty pounds worth of exotics,—artificial flowers,—lights, &c. &c.;—and she had no doubt but the butcher, mercer, and upholsterer, would be equally complaisant, though, she owned, they had not for some time back been tried. It was nonsense to talk more."

His lordship *explained*, and her ladyship asserted. He quoted his big books, and she brought her little instance.

Something, strongly resembling a quarrel, often ensued, and Monimia withdrew; but in vain; both parties appealed to her as a last resort. "My dear Monimia, you have some understanding,—Lady Glanville is as obstinate as a pig;"—and his Lordship entered into such a labyrinth of currency, credit, and national wealth, that the share of understanding he allowed Monimia became completely bewildered.

"My dear Mrs Montague, I'll give you a case in point. Last night I lost fifty guineas at picquet to that Lady Gordon—you'll see if she refuse a bank of England note for that

sum,—which I hope your Lordship has to spare; it is little I lose in this way. I hate play. I can't indeed be troubled with it."

"If your ladyship lost fifty guineas last night, you must find them, if you can, this morning—I have *no* money."

"Is this well-bred, Mrs Montague? I refer it to you."

Mrs Montague played with her tea-spoon for a half-minute, and then said, "Will your Lordship permit me to be your banker on this occasion?"—"Faith, with all my heart," replied the smiling Lord, who formerly used to assure Monimia that he would ruin her, but now laboured to allay all pecuniary fears, if she had any.—"I'm sure you are a dear, good creature," said Lady Glanville, "and I don't know how much I'm obliged to you. I'm sure I shall never know how to live without you."—"You must, though," said Lord Glanville, sitting down again. "Monimia, I must scold *you* now, for persisting in the cold, reserved manners you carry into public;—believe me, it won't do. Thank God, Lady Glanville has no daughters; *she* could do nothing for them; and till you give up that *mortified* air, you can do nothing for yourself. Every body says, Lord Glanville's niece is

charming, fascinating;—but so proud, so cold. Believe me, I know the world,—the modern, *masculine* world: The tables are fairly turned on the sex;—men don't fall in love, now-a-days, *will she, nill she*,—especially in the bustle of London. Dr Johnson remarks, that no man is apt to fall foolishly in love in London:—variety, distraction, give the coolness necessary to weigh all the *pros* and *cons* of fortune, connection, family interest, &c. &c."—"Every thing but the qualities of the lady, and I don't wish it otherwise," replied Monimia, smiling; "I have no ambition to inspire a *foolish* love."

"O, an understood thing!" cried Lord Glanville:—"You must pardon the *foolishly*, however; I should have said *desperately*. However, you must look about,—not anxiously, not eagerly, but with a certain disengaged air. There is that girl Lady Gordon has produced this season,—since I am forced into these matters;—see you how flourishing a game they play, without your beauty, talents, or accomplishments;—she *takes* prodigiously;—in the lobby of the House I have heard her name."

"Indeed, my Lord, I have no desire to be brought before the House in any shape," said

Monimia, smiling.—"Poh, nonsense! in the shape of a rich commoner's wife it might do very well; but as a peer's, admirable!"

"Yes, indeed, admirable!" repeated Lady Glanville. "I'm sure I would be so happy to see you handsomely established, my dear!" Monimia, as became her, was all gratitude.

Indolence prevented Lady Glanville from having any enjoyment in the expensive crowds assembled round her; for the gratification of her personal tastes, she would far rather have lain *en dishabille* on her lounge, sipping her chocolate, and seeing wave, 'before the half-shut eye,' the plates of the dresses for the month, and the pages of the *almanachs des gourmands*, the only work she ever read; though as all the world *now* reads, when asked if she had seen such fashionable poems and novels as obtained notoriety,—"She had of course seen them."

Nature had fitted her for the indolent sultana queen of a Turkish harem; but habit made her consider minute attention to every part of her establishment, dress, equipages, and entertainments, as her bounden duty. To be without any expensive luxury possessed by persons of a certain rank, seemed a crime against her family; for she was noble

and *English.* Thus a mind, languidly revolving round the *decencies* of station, without the ambition of notoriety, or the love of fashion, rendered her as expensive as their most enthusiastic votaries.

The wasteful habits, rather than the expensive tastes of Lady Glanville, combined, with slighter causes, to throw her lord into very serious embarrassments in the course of this season. He often appeared anxious, and sometimes miserable; while his lady, serenely slothful, increased every day in beauty and *embonpoint.*

Her fine complexion became more brilliantly transparent. The exquisite proportions of her form expanded into that voluptuous luxuriousness which high modern taste has declared the perfection of female loveliness. When this mature, sleepy, and luxurious beauty, decorated by the hands of graceful negligence in the tempting demi-exposure of fashionable matronly costume, appeared in public, leaning in helpless elegance on a pale but lovely girl, with a face all *mind,* and that mind all care, it is not wonderful that the latter was often overlooked, while the former was declared a Barri, a Montespan, a ——.

About the close of the session, Lord Glanville's affairs, more and more involved, were, by the accelerated motion of compound interest, hastening to a crisis. The ministry were also becoming more and more odious and alarmed; and a circle of clever young men, attached to Lord Glanville's party, were (in private) laughing more than ever at those long, lean, pedantic, set speeches, larded with scraps of Greek and Latin, which evidently were not his own, and at whose skip-hop-and-jump *replies*, which as certainly were the undoubted offspring of his own brain. Lord Glanville's *principles* might have withstood the temptations of poverty, but wounded vanity was a sorer evil. Lady Gordon, upon this, contrived to let him hear many of the sayings, and much of the ridicule of the young protegés of his party, and even produced a written document,—an epigram. There was no standing this. At her parties, to which he now occasionally went, he met with a certain Secretary ——, a Scotchman, and her relation. These gentlemen sometimes conversed together; and by and by Lord Glanville began to talk *at* Monimia, about something he chose to call the *hereditary Toryism* of their family.

The great question was now to be discussed. Solicitation, flattery, and promises on the one hand, wounded vanity, neglect, and poverty on the other, produced the desired effect. Yet it was not Lord Glanville that swerved an inch from the faith he had ever followed in public life. The situation and interests of the country,—any thing,—every thing, was altered, except Lord Glanville, whose consistency remained unshaken. Even when he went over to *the other side of the house* on the important day, with the exact air and manner of Mr Mathews in Sir Fretful Plagiary, restless and conscience-smit,—sending round a fearful scanning glance, for censure and suffrage, afraid to look manfully round,—even then, vanity found it more easy to affirm that the great sun revolved round this little O, the earth, than to admit that the splendid, life-giving luminary stood firm, the centre of revolving worlds. The state of the country was totally changed,—Lord Glanville stood immoveable.

This wonderful revolution broke upon Monimia one evening as she entered the drawing-room of Glanville-house, where a small party of gentlemen were waiting the summons to dinner. She was in succession pre-

sented to Mr Secretary ——, Mr ——, an envoy, and half a dozen noblemen and gentlemen, all statesmen and courtiers. Monimia quickly perceived her country,—and the end of all Lord Glanville's endless speeches and prophecies, while struggling with a sense of right, yet submitting to act against his conscience,—bribed and betrayed by vanity.

Her first feeling was surprise; and while under its influence, from a convenient distance, she examined the *distinguished* personages with whom she had the honour to be thus unexpectedly associated. They were wonderfully like other *walking* gentlemen—a little more pompous, and a good deal more formal perhaps, yet every one completely his own man—except the new-made courtier, whose honours appeared most irksome to the wearer. Poor Lord Glanville fidgeted about, blew his nose, rubbed his hands, stirred the fire, pulled the bell-rope, and in his heart cursed the cook for prolonging this awkward and nearly silent meeting. There is some pivot in the neck of an Irishman, which the gentlemen of Great Britain appear to be constructed without, and which is in perpetual

motion when his spirits are agitated, whether by gaiety or anxiety. Lord Glanville could neither look to the right nor the left, nor straight forward; but his head following the motion of his eyes, he snatched little startling glances in every direction, and could nowhere fix his eye. Vanity, which in all cases ultimately bore him out, had not yet triumphed over sensibility. The stolen glances he turned on Monimia, whom his own feelings erected into a judge and condemner of his conduct, were as distressing to her as mortifying to himself. His conduct had been contemptible, his distress was almost ludicrous; and yet Monimia, without any esteem for his character, or much affection for his person, felt that he was her father's brother; and, with a mixture of chagrin and sorrow, viewed the pitiful figure he now made, destitute alike of the dignity of fair principle, or the *collected effrontery* which supplies its place, so far as to give at least the imposing semblance of a man.

A splendid cage in this drawing-room happened to be inhabited by a large and beautiful grey parrot, which, in the days of other years, Lady Glanville's Swiss had most un-

luckily instructed in politics, about the same time that his lord was pompously announcing to the world that he was initiating the heir of the house of Glanville into the principles of the illustrious man he affectedly called his "illustrious friend Charles James Fox." The bust of that illustrious friend, and some others, Monimia perceived had this morning been removed from their places, to prevent all *awkward* meetings or recollections. Unluckily, the same care had not been taken to remove the pet-parrot; and still more unluckily, the parrot, unacquainted with the late change of affairs, saw no necessity for renouncing old principles and practices. When Mr Secretary —— approached, therefore, with the manifest design of making its acquaintance, it croaked proud disdain; and in an evil hour, Monimia drew near for the amicable purpose of negociating a peace. At sight of her—a great favourite—in the loudest and most discordant tones it screamed forth its usual political creed, throwing a bold defiance in the teeth of statesman and courtier, squalling, "*Rope for Pitt,*"—"*Walk rogues,*" "*Coach for Fox:*" and over and over, with might and main, like other good patriots, it

screamed the eternal sum of its political opinions, in defiance of threats and remonstrances.

The group in the drawing-room might, at this moment, have furnished a subject worthy the pencil of Hogarth. An old courtier, stately, and half affronted, affecting not to hear;—a statesman, and ci-devant lawyer, looking as if he was hesitating whether or not to have an *ex officio* information filed forthwith;—while arch humour and official gravity struggled in the countenance of the elder secretary,—and the younger, with his handkerchief, strangled a burst of laughter, which at last proved unconquerable. Poor Lord Glanville, affecting, like his guests, to hear nothing, exhibited twenty varying faces and positions in as many half-seconds; while Monimia, crimsoned to the temples, her cheeks tingling with shame, in vain tried to allay the patriotic fervour of the parrot, with all the eloquence of gestures and inarticulate sounds. Lady Glanville, exhibiting a picture of mawkish distress, raised herself upright in the sofa, exclaiming, "La! Poll, be quiet; will you?" and as the Swiss entered to trim the lamps, "Le Brun, how shall we quiet that screaming thing?"—"*Give him one sop, mi ladi;*—give him one sop," cried the Swiss,

darting to his lamps. Though provoked with herself for not sooner thinking of this *natural* remedy, Monimia could not now heighten the ridicule of the scene by giving that *sop*, at the mention of which Lord Glanville had become black in the face; but the politeness of the young secretary, who, by a strong effort, recovered composure of countenance, spared her farther pain. He fed the parrot; and practically found that the politician had his price.

The vanity of Lord Glanville, which taught him to believe every part of his conduct an object of infinite importance to the world, made him suffer martyrdom for a few days; for, in spite of his incessant affirmations of the change being none of his, he was conscious that the fact remained exactly as before. In due time, however, these first agonies were overcome; the parrot, persisting in opposition principles, was presented to Monimia's maid, who sent it *to board* in the country till Williams opened the inn on the Inverness road. Lord Glanville attended the levees;—Charles James, with the first part of his baptismal name, dropt those *constitutional principles*, which his father used to say, "had grown with his growth, and strengthened

with his strength." Lady Glanville was ordered to christen her French grey satin dress by the more courtly name of Windsor grey, and to change her Chronicle for the Post. Such were the radical changes of opinions and measures in this noble family.

The combined influence of vanity and novelty for a short time supported the spirits of Lord Glanville; but he soon became small and insignificant with his new associates; and his former friends did not even do him the honour to resent his desertion. That indulgence which habits of social intimacy and respect for good intentions had hitherto procured for his weakness, and vanity, and impertinent activity, was displaced by cold contempt for a character too feeble to be dangerous, too insignificant to be dreaded. Lord Glanville had a tolerable share of feeling—for himself. He smarted under the sense of the littleness into which he had now crept. Vanity may endure, nay, find gratification in all things but *neglect*:—Censure or praise,—hatred or amity,—from sentiments the most opposite, its alchymy can extract pleasure: under neglect alone,—though slow to believe in neglect,—like an animal in an exhausted receiver, it languishes, gasps, and dies,—but

happily revives again with the faintest breath of notoriety.

Lord Glanville had done his *job*. There was no probability of his small talents being required for some time. He was offered the government of one of the colonies, and gladly accepted of this honourable kind of banishment, pleased with the idea of sway, and of acting the monarch in little. Lady Glanville was by no means so fond of leaving England, even to be created a vice-queen and supreme arbitress of fashions in ——. Yet rich variety of tropical fruits, to be carried on peoples shoulders,—fanned by black servants in fine embroidered dresses,—wear a great many diamonds,—and have her train borne up;—all this superadded to English luxury and comfort,—and it never came into her head to doubt, that English people of fortune, in tropical countries, have not the same enjoyments as at home,—atoned for a removal from London: And when solemnly assured, by a fashionable physician, that she would not be sick at sea, she agreed to accompany her husband.

Lord and Lady Glanville had never doubted but Monimia, principal lady of honour, was to follow in the wake of the demi-royal

train. Her decided refusal stood all the variations of surprise, anger, and sorrow; and though Lady Glanville "really did not know how she could get on without her; and Lord Glanville was "infinitely astonished,—excessively sorry,—quite at a loss to guess her motive,"—her resolution to return to Eleenalin remained unshaken.

In the month of August, Lord Glanville and his suit embarked for India; and Monimia, attended by her late servants, Williams and Sarah, now become husband and wife, set out for Eleenalin. Lord Glanville found it impossible to restore that part of her little fortune which he had applied to his own uses; but he assured her that the interest would be punctually paid; yet how she was to live he could not devise, as that Highland Lady, though wonderfully respectable, he understood was excessively poor. Monimia said she had no fears, and he was glad to hear it;—told her, that though he died to-morrow, James could not be such a wretch as not to consider this debt as a claim of honour; on the contrary, he hoped to live to bestow on her a handsome fortune. The insignificant Glanville,—he had not for months called himself by this favourite appellation,—might yet become somebody. Native princes,

guards of Seapoys, elephants, palanquins, treaties of alliance, lacks of rupees, and bulses of diamonds, danced before his eyes in brilliant confusion; and in high spirits he left England. The last words of Lady Glanville were,—"Mrs Montague, I'll send you a couple of shawls; don't mope yourself, my dear."

Monimia resolved to profit by this good-natured advice,—to be perfectly happy, as her uncle ordered her,—if possible.

At Edinburgh she stopped a few days, for the sake of poor Montague. She had been in the habit of writing to him frequently; but as his letters only contained the *needful*, and had long been submitted to the revisal of his high-blooded dame, she was not in the least prepared for the unpleasant change visible in his person and manners.

His plump person was become thin and flabby; the rosy hue of temperate maturity had completely vanished; he looked very old and care-worn. To use his own phrase, "he had fallen quite out of his clothes;" and to use Hugh's, "he looked like a beaten cur *conjured*, but feeling submission galling. Instead of his former vulgar facetious familiarity,—proud of his tradesmen-like independence, and shewing it with ill-bred, obtrusive eager-

ness,—he never now hazarded a sentence without stealing a look at his wife, as degrading to himself as vexatious and provoking to Monimia. "How can the pride of human nature endure those abject crouching looks?" thought she. "I would not have a domestic slave study my eye, consult my smile, bow the pride of reason and of manhood beneath my frown, for all the sway that woman ever coveted. Is it possible to love the thing on which we wish to trample?" It is not altogether impossible, certainly;—but this inconsistency had nothing to do with the present case.

Monimia had not been ten minutes in the house of her brother-in-law, when Mrs Miles Montague began to expatiate on the "infinite absurdity of a young woman withdrawing herself from the protection of her family, to throw herself into the bosom of strangers. She was astonished that Lord Glanville should have permitted so extraordinary an arrangement. Briefly, Mrs Miles used and exhausted all her rhetoric to persuade Monimia to follow her family to India, in which case,—she did not commit herself, but she insinuated, that Mr Montague, or, more properly, Mrs Miles Montague, would contribute handsomely to her *out-fit*. Monimia begged to be excused

on this topic: What had been refused to Lord and Lady Glanville, could not be yielded to any other person, would not be expected, she trusted, when this refusal was known. Rage unrepressed now swelled every feature of Mrs Miles. "Did Mrs Edward Montague imagine that she possessed *any fortune* which entitled her to the indulgence of those extravagant caprices?" Monimia, with admirable temper, replied: "That whatever her *real* fortune was, her plan of life was for the present fixed rather below than beyond what she *already* possessed; for she held that it was easier to extend than to retrench."

"Aye, right, right, that it is, Monimia," escaped poor Montague, ere he was aware. "Extend! 'Tis probable that trouble may be spared," said Mrs Miles.—"We shall see, Ma'am," replied Monimia, calmly.

"See,—see!" repeated Mrs Miles, quickly and violently, and with a very peculiar expression of countenance,—"May I beg to know what you mean by seeing,—what, I presume, is very evident already."

"I mean that I shall know the precise extent of my fortune, when the legal period arrives for ascertaining that and other points."

"Legal period!—But I am glad to find you have such expectations. I had no notion of them till now—Had you, Mr Montague?"

"*Me*, why *me*, Ma'am? I am sure you know best: What notions should I have? I assure you I have no notions about any thing."

Here the conversation dropped.—Mrs Miles seemed fearful that her husband should be left alone with his young sister, for whom all his affection revived the moment he again beheld her. Stratagem, as usual, defeated tyranny. Monimia had some business to do in the Old Town, and went out unattended. She was way-laid by poor Montague, who urged her so earnestly to accompany him on his walk round the Calton-hill, that she complied. An awkward silence on the part of Montague followed;—he wished to complain, and feared to begin. At last he abruptly broke forth:

"To be sure *she* has blood, high blood,—nobody can doubt that;—but what's that to me, if my substance is to be consumed by her tribe of poor relations, and the life of me fretted out with her temper. I can trust you, Monimia; I know this will go no farther; God forbid it should.—A dog in my own house,—a stranger at my own table,—laughed

at to my face by those who eat my bread. Do they think me blind? do they think me deaf? But what care they. I have no blood, I'm not of the 'lordly line of high St. Clair:' —If it had been God's will that I had never heard of it! But for heaven's sake don't let this go farther, Monimia,—should it come to Mrs Miles' ears. O Monimia, what had I to do, to—. Fat and fair, and at my ease, worth half a plum of as well told money as in Britain—might have walked about with my cane in my hand for the rest of my life. But it is all along of you, Monimia, and that is all my comfort. Had you not gone to your quality friends, I never would have thought of marrying, and that you know."

Monimia could see no necessary connexion between the alleged cause and effect; but she was not so harsh as to deprive her poor brother-in-law of this slender source of consolation.

"A cook! she is no cook now, Monimia," resumed the distressed husband. "Not a morsel that I can taste with comfort;—all my hours reversed, up late and down early; not a soul I can speak to—to tradesfolk, if there were any in this town, but there are none,—all blood,—I durst not look—a pretty word

for a free-born Englishman, Monimia. If it were not for one or two reasons, I'm sure I would not care to hang myself."

Besides the pleasure of complaining, Montague had another aim in view, namely, to induce Monimia to advise him to elope with herself to Glenalbin. But this she would not understand,—and he became exceedingly angry. He had set his heart on escaping; but to venture alone he durst not. Now, "all women were alike—after she had left him, and given him up to Miss Sinclair; and it was all her blame, yet she would not *think it best to advise him* to go with her." Monimia remained inflexible on this point, and Montague became sullen and *dogged.*

At last, when about to part, he said, with more feeling and less humour, "I did not think *you* would have given me up, Monimia; *you*, whom I have known since you were fourteen years of age, and loved better than any other creature, and you know it;—but to be sure I'm *vulgar*, I don't deny it. I have no blood: I may be an honest man for all that, thank God; and I hope you will one day see it. Mrs Miles can't make me a gentleman, to be sure: She says she can't.—I hope she can't make me a rogue either. I'll do jus-

tice to you, Monimia, and to all the world. She may consume my substance in part, and no doubt she will; but sign these papers I will not."

Monimia did not inquire what papers; and since she had withstood all Montague's entreaties when pleading in his own behalf, she would understand no hint that leaving him in the power of his wife might prove dangerous to her pecuniary interests. She therefore left him with the shrew who had proved the bane of his life, and the destroyer of his *comforts*; who daily inflicted on him the misery of seeing his fortune squandered, without even permitting him to share in the short-lived glories attending this unprofitable waste.

Two days afterwards, Monimia saw the consequential Mrs Williams called to the bar of the Northern Inn; and, still attended by Williams, at the end of the fourth day, she was folded in the embrace of Lady Augusta.

"Never to leave you more, dearest Lady," said she, her fine eyes gleaming through joyful tears.—"Daughter of my affections, be it as you say," replied the Lady.—"Never," cried Mary Fitzconnal: "Never, never." And already she was flying over the little in-

sulated territory,—every slope and bay so well remembered,—so joyously greeted,—wild with the delight felt by that happy childhood whose first ideas have been rural, when it escapes from towns and tasks to native woods and native liberty.

CHAP. XLV.

No life to ours!
Up to the mountains! he that strikes
The venison first shall be lord o' the feast.
Come, our stomachs will make
What's homely savoury.—Weariness can snore upon
the flint,
When resty sloth finds the down pillow hard.
Now, peace be here!
Poor house, thou keep'st thyself.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE beginning of March found Norman still watching by the sick couch of the Piper, whose health was now, however, tolerably re-established. The uncomfortable season was now also gone, and the weather become not merely good but delightful; the most pleasant time of the year in Spain. A speckless expanse of sky, deeply and brilliantly blue, and the green earth, her verdant glories still unswarthed by the heats of summer, were the grand features of a rapid spring. The

activity of hope succeeding the torpor of lassitude,—the *springy* feeling of universal nature at this fresh, young, enchanting season, were the emotions of Norman, when, followed by his straggling party, he traversed the mountains of Biscay. Escaped from a suffocating narrow hut, he bounded along, revelling in the sweets of the mountain breeze and mountain liberty; gay as a school-boy in the first of his holidays. There was no enemy, no danger here, nothing to suspect or dread; and he felt, in the expansive lightness of his heart, that he had reached a Highland country, and experienced a temporary rapture from the mere force of contrasted local circumstances, aided by the capricious undulation of youthful spirits; for, as Hugh, on the first day of the march, sagaciously remarked, "We are just as we were before, darling." Worse in some respects,—for news of the surrender of Saragossa had reached them; and also a report, that the French interest being everywhere predominant, Bonaparte was returned to Paris. Many other contradictory rumours were afloat; and the absence of all intelligence on which reliance could be placed, was not the lightest evil of their situation. The only printed papers they saw were false and flatter-

ing proclamations of the French government, which, by the uncommon address and activity of its agents, had found a way into these solitudes.

Bearing towards Navarre, they still slowly proceeded,—their roving company from time to time increasing, till it amounted to twenty-five effective soldiers, inured to toil, and of tried courage and fidelity. This little band of humble patriots paid the young Englishman the compliment of chusing him for their temporary leader. It was the object of most of these stragglers to join some one of the Guerilla corps, which were now forming in Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia: In the meantime, it was the general wish to render every possible service to the common cause, by intercepting couriers, cutting off supplies, and otherwise harassing the enemy, as far as their slender means permitted. It was the wish of their young commander to inspire his companions with that noble enthusiasm which identifies the patriot with his country, and places its salvation in the strength of every single arm; and the genius of Spaniards rendered this no difficult task.

At this, the season of returning plenty, any cottage in a mountain village afforded the

hardy band an occasional draught of milk, and sometimes, though more rarely, a crust of brown bread; and when a clear stream promised fish, or game of any kind sprung in view, a sumptuous repast was provided, without consulting either the game laws or the lord of the manor.

By the first fine spring Hugh kindled his fire, and produced his bag of skin, filled with barley-meal, and his rude earthen cooking utensils. His fellow travellers collected fuel; and, though their sylvan cheer was not dressed with the delicacy and variety of a city feast, good spirits gave zest to the short repast, which hunger often rendered delicious. Supper over, another blazing fire was heaped, when the common safety permitted such an indulgence; and the warriors, gathering round, devoted a few hours to social relaxation; at the same time repairing their arms and dress, and holding a council of war, at which every one freely delivered his opinion; and the whole was summed up and weighed by the chief, and adopted or rejected as the merit of the counsel appeared to deserve. When the council closed, the *bivouac* fire was largely heaped, and the watch of the night appointed. The Spaniards muttered their

prayers, beat their breasts, and crossed themselves to a man, with equal fervency and despatch, and were asleep in five minutes afterwards: Nor were the Higlanders less prompt. Norman and Hugh, stretched side by side on their friendly bear-skins, Craig-gillian's pistols for their pillow, and Luath for a cumbrous coverlet, slept in peace, Providence their protection, and the wide heaven their canopy,—slept in bliss, for they sometimes dreamed of their home, of their friends, of Eleenalin, where sleeping fancy treasured all that was loved. O softly may the dews of night, and the visions of slumber, descend on the unpillowed head of a wandering soldier!

In the mountains of Biscay they continually obtained views of manners and society, which to them as Highlanders were highly pleasing. They again heard the music of the bag pipe; they saw the women in a sort of dark Celtic costume, spinning with the truly primitive distaff and spindle, or churning their milk in skins, as they walked about in pastoral ease, conversing with their neighbours. Every where, they encountered wandering Merino flocks, straying through those Alpine solitudes, in their way to the higher mountains;—driven from the plains in this sad year, before the stated

period of their annual journies, by those wolves, from which their defenders could neither protect their flocks nor their country.

The imagination of the Piper was most agreeably excited by objects a-kin to all that was best known and most prized.—"It puts home in my own head, dear," would he say.—"In the heart, Hugh," replied Norman, whose cultivated and enriched fancy was still more powerfully awakened by the contemplation of this fine scenery, and its various *home-like* accompaniments. Its suggesting charms set free his imagination to range in unrestrained pleasure, amid the fondly recollected images of early delight, and beauty, and sublimity; and the associated feelings of early days imparted to the surrounding manners and scenes their own peculiar character of joy and purity.

His little corps had hitherto no opportunity of performing any very important service. They had, indeed, wherever they came, destroyed all vestiges of French proclamations, and prevented the itinerant agents of that active government from disseminating in those regions that subtle poison, destructive of every principle of loyalty and patriotism, which had proved but too deleterious in other

countries. They had also, on several occasions, intercepted provisions, as well as small herds of cattle; and liberally distributed, among the half-famished inhabitants of Spain, what was intended to sustain her triumphant invaders.

But the time now arrived, when this band was compelled to divide. They had reached the open country; all the surrounding towns and villages were garrisoned by French soldiers, and every advancing step was pregnant with danger. The Spanish soldiers, who, during their rambling sojourn, had formed a strong attachment to their chief, took an affectionate leave of him, about twelve leagues in the rear of Pampeluna, some of them expressing a fervent wish that he might yet join the standards of Spain, and lead them to victory. They now advanced with increased vigilance and circumspection; and on the same evening Hugh spread the last contents of his scrip by the side of one of those fountains which, in warm climates, the traveller finds so delightful.

"If we are as near Flora as you say, Sir, we may now reach her without entering house or hold; and then God help us; though if ever we leave Spain, it is more than I think."

Norman endeavoured to inspire better hopes; and when they had ended their seasonable refreshment, they retired into one of those woods of evergreen oak which cover so much of Spain, and slept by turns, till the lengthening shades of the succeeding evening, checquered by the moon-beams, permitted them to proceed with safety. Their exhausted condition prevented them from making so much progress on this night; and when they halted next day, no table sprung up in the wilderness to furnish the refreshment they so much wanted.

Imperious necessity now compelled them to seek the aid of their fellow-creatures, to procure food, and information concerning their route. From inscriptions on monumental crosses, several of which they had seen that morning, Norman, indeed, guessed where they were; but this was not an affair to be left longer to conjecture. It so happened, that Hugh, like some other English travellers, while abroad, never could understand a sentence of any foreign language; though, when he returned home, he contrived to insult with impunity the ignorance of his neighbours, and excite the admiration of Moome, by calling her *senŏra*; addressing her with

the salutation common to Spain, and pompously repeating the celebrated couplet,

> "Con todo el mundo guerra,
> Y paz con Inglaterra."

But these fine acquirements were entirely nugatory where he now stood; and generally when any thing was to be done, and always when any thing was to be said, the wandering knight was compelled to take upon himself the duties of the squire.

So well in the present instance did he acquit himself, that several peasants, whom he met returning from a *fair*, without being directly questioned, announced that the dark towers, which rose in fine relief on the glowing horizon of midsummer's eve, were those of Pampeluna; and that the chateau on the brow of the neighbouring hill, was the residence of the fugitive nuns from Astorga

CHAP. XLVI.

——————— Be thou her comforter,
Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back,
When first she heard the tidings of the fight:
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listen'd to the names of those who died:
Man does not know, or, knowing, will not heed,
With what an agony of tenderness
She gazed upon her children, and beheld
His image who was gone.—Oh, God! be thou,
Who art the widow's friend, her comforter!
SOUTHEY.

IT was as dark as a midsummer eve ever becomes, before Norman, who had hovered for two hours round the high wall which inclosed the gloomy abode that he hoped was Flora's, ventured to knock at a wicket door.

The English lady dwelt there!—she was well—she longed for her friends! The throbbing bosom of Norman, till now agitated by indefinable fears for her safety, felt momentary lightness. The fearful joy thus snatch-

ed, was short-lived indeed. By the direction of the abbess, the travellers were admitted into the outer-court of the chateau. Here he paused for a few minutes, to summon that fortitude which must enable him to appear the messenger of irreparable misfortune. As he stood with Hugh, beneath the grated casement of Flora, who inhabited a detached tower that flanked the building, they could hear the subdued melody of her soft and flexible voice, while, in stilling her infant, she breathed forth the air of the sweetest lullaby of Burns. No word was articulated; but Normon could well understand those feelings of shadowy unconscious association, which suggested the beautiful air to which those enchantingly tender lines are appropriated :—

"My blessing upon that sweet wee lippie;
My blessing upon that bonny ee-bree:
Thy smile is sae like my dear soldier-laddie,
Thou'rt ay the langer the dearer to me."

Surely there was never any combination of mere English words half so expressive of lisping endearment. As the sweet, low, liquid tones, languished, into the wild symphony of a Highland nurse, poor Hugh looked so wofully in the face of his companion.

The porteress, who stood sheltering her open lamp, was impatient of further delay; and they followed her up the narrow, spiral stair-case of the turret. Flora had a pretty little dog, called *Mimi*, which Craig-gillian had brought from abroad, and presented to her in the days of their early loves. It had been the cherished, though troublesome companion of her hasty flight. *Mimi* set up a joyful bark; and the ear of Flora, morbidly intent on every sound, caught the noise of advancing footsteps. Her door,—her welcoming arms, flew open; for Norman, the earnest of all good, stood before her.

"O, Norman, my heart's best brother! you are come at last!"—She threw herself into his arms, in the boundless confidence of happiness.—"You are come to take us to Craig-gillian: And see, here, dear uncle Hugh," added she, lightly throwing down the mantle that shrouded the sleeping innocent,—"Here is his little son."

Norman hastily knelt down beside the cradle, and buried his face in the lap of the babe, glad for one moment to spare its wretched mother this bright and farewell gleam of joy, and himself the pang of bidding it set in the blackness of darkness for ever.

It was with tender jealousy that Flora saw Norman, dearly as she loved him, gather from the lip of her babe the little kiss she treasured for Hector: yet now that the deed was done, she, too, kneeled down beside him, carefully shading the lamp, that he might see how beautiful, beyond all infant loveliness, was that dear little one, and then, for so her heart whispered, he would tell her how closely it resembled Craig-gillian. *Mimi* also stood up on its hinder legs, and leaned against the cradle, claiming share in that joy and triumph which Norman durst not confirm,—could not destroy.

Poor Flora believed that Colonel Monro's son, and Craig-gillian's heir, was an object of very great importance to all her countrymen; and she felt that her first-born child must be a creature very precious indeed to Norman. Her feelings were also in a wild tumult of pride, hope, and delight: but when a minute had elapsed, and Norman did not raise his head to look on her, to speak to her, a sudden chill struck to her heart, and arrested its gladsome bounding: She turned her eager gaze on the wo-struck countenance of Hugh, crying, "You do not speak; you do not tell

me —— ?" Her quick ear caught the suppressed and convulsive breathing of Norman, and, clasping her hands, she sunk upon the floor, exclaiming, "Oh, I am a wretch indeed!"

No answer could have been so dreadful as the deep and solemn silence that followed. With supernatural energy she sprung up, wildly exclaiming, as she clasped the arm of Norman, "Is it then—O where is—where is my husband?—Is he not gone home? Is he not in Scotland with his father?"

"With his heavenly Father, dearest of creatures!" said Hugh, in Gaelic, "in whose hands you are also."

With a deep, shuddering groan, she fell into the arms of Norman, seized with something that seemed to fluctuate between violent convulsive spasms and mental distraction. A physician from the adjacent town, who had already attended the infant Hector, was immediately summoned to the bed-side of his unhappy mother.

There is a horrid and an unnamed state, when hideous sensation combines with mental agony,—when sudden expansion of intellect, and preternatural strength of frame, deepen the struggle that alike involves both,—

when one overpowering idea, wild and indistinct, yet intense and absorbing, throbs in the brain, flashes before the eyes, sings in the ears,—while the heart is alternately compressed with a sick, sick crushing load, or palpitating with a thousand lives, and tortured in them all. To the very verge of this indescribable condition,—which probably realises whatever superstition has feigned or fancied of demoniacal possession,—sleepless nights, and anxious days, irritated nerves, high-wrought hopes, and the imprudent announcement of a dreadful catastrophe, had urged a nature too gentle to combat with such horrors. Exhausted, however, by this struggle, and the feverous irritation of her frame somewhat subdued by the judicious management of the physician, she at length sunk into the torpor of that dumb inflated sorrow, which finds no outlet. The sickness of her child, which was seized with fits, in consequence of the morbid nourishment it imbibed, while the attendants imprudently permitted it to rest on the bosom of its unconscious mother, first recalled her to a sense of the few, but tender ties, that still bound her to an almost insupportable existence. In the first moments of alarm, she clasped

the infant to her bosom, with a desperate joy, whispering to herself,—"We will die together."—But the continued contemplation of its sufferings, soon had a natural and happy effect on her overstrained feelings; and the floods of tears that fell on its little bosom, assuaged the labouring heart, and cooled the burning brain from which they sprung.

The etiquette of the convent had torn Norman from her side in the first period of her misery; and together with Hugh, he found a heaven-provided refuge in the house of the benevolent physician who attended her. He instantly recognised those friends for whose appearance his patient had so long pined;—and felt that the calamity in which they were involved gave them a claim on the kindness of every Spaniard.

The first inquiry that Flora made, was for their safety; that ascertained, she appeared to dismiss them from her mind: and even when Norman visited her, her eye, rivetted on her sick infant, took no cognisance of his presence. His soothings were received with cold silence,—his tears flowed unnoticed,—for she felt that his sorrow "was not like unto her sorrow." The finer joys of life had blazed

upon the orphan youth of Flora, like the sudden and resistless effulgence of a tropical sun; more rapidly still had their splendours been swallowed up, and all around consigned to chilling solitude and blackness. He rose to withdraw. Her heavy eye was then first slowly lifted to his face. Those dear and familiar features produced a sudden revulsion at her heart. A thousand soft images crowded through her fancy: Exclaiming,—"O Norman!"—she dropt her head on his bosom, and wept for a little while in tender agony.

Several interviews followed of nearly similar consequence. The grief of her hopeless and bereaved heart was soon subdued in every visible expression, and struck the more deeply for this fatal struggle to conceal from every human eye its rancorous activity. Ever regretting that abrupt communication, which had nearly broken the heart of the repentant Piper, Norman tenderly, and without solicitation, unfolded the story of that memorable day, so glorious to her country, and fatal to herself. Flora had not yet reached that point, when a gentle sorrow loves to linger on every minute circumstance connect. with a sad event. It was enough that *he*

was gone, and her fate sealed. She, therefore, made no comment on this mournful narrative, though the shivering, stifled sigh, evinced the deep interest she already took in its details. But when Norman adverted to the brave men who had so gallantly volunteered to rescue the living, or seek the departed Craig-gillian, she burst into tears at a testimony so welcome of that matchless worth which, living or dead, was embalmed in the heart of every soldier who had the happiness to know its beloved possessor. "O Norman," cried she, "and this Craig-gillian was mine; and I was so proud, so happy, so beloved! I thought no ill could reach me; and of life itself I saw no end. O! I was a presumptuous creature; and the hand of God hath fallen heavily upon me, humbling and chastening. Still I live—and that brave and manly heart—that heart that never beat but for those it loved, and for honourable fame—has for ever stilled its beatings."

These were among the first sentences that Flora addressed to her friend; and they were the last on that melancholy subject. Her's was a grief to be felt, not talked of. He lamented the gloomy turn which her embittered mind had taken; yet he hoped that the same

pious self-distrust which deepened her recent and bleeding wounds, would lead her to the Fountain of all Consolation, there to seek the only healing balm for the bereaved and broken heart.

In the first moments of powerful sorrow, the sympathy of friendship does too often only exasperate the sufferings that, in a subsequent period, it might share or mitigate. Still more irritating is the composure affliction must assume, to receive the cold commonplace condolements which the usages of life exact from strangers. To poor Flora, 'a widow indeed, and desolate,' the formally announced visit of the abbess, on the second week of her distress, was as annoying as any thing now could be. From this lady she had received great attention, and all the scrupulous regards of a hostess, but little heart-reaching kindness. Descended of a noble family, and educated in all the pride of Spanish nobility, and the rigours of monastic seclusion,—cold, stately, and severe,—her mind revolving in tedious monotony round the ceremonial of her station, and her heart untouched by the sweet charities of domestic life—Flora felt that she could have no community of sentiment with her, who had never

joyed nor sorrowed, nor wept nor smiled, like devoted and endearing woman.

Delicately alive, however, to all the necessary and graceful, though sometimes painful proprieties of life, Flora, even at this season, was far from expecting 'pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;' and the effort was made.

What was her remorse, when the woman who looked so frigidly, and moved so statelily, embraced her with maternal tenderness, saying, "Weep, my daughter! these walls have been taught to listen to the groans which misery extorts from nature. Weep, my daughter!—it is your privilege—*weep and pray!*" By a strong effort of self-control, the abbess banished the traces of human sensibility that played round her lips, resumed the wonted severe dignity of her demeanour, and, kissing the pale brow of her guest, pronounced a solemn benediction over the meekly-bended head, and slowly withdrew.

Though nunneries had been formally suppressed by an act of the new government, the ladies who inhabited this dwelling still followed the routine of recluse life, and became even more zealous in the discharge of their vowed duties, since they had been, as they imagined, sacrilegiously absolved from

their observance. As a high mark of respect and regard, the abbess wished to have mass celebrated in the chapel of the chateau for him who had died in the bosom of the true church. She had, however, the delicacy to request the consent of the fair heretic to whom he had been allied. This was gladly given; and Flora expressed a desire to attend the ceremony, which was as willingly complied with. After the strictest sect of presbyterianism she had been educated a presbyterian; but, in the present state of her feelings, she pined for the soothing comfort of social worship. There is a grief which heaven alone can assuage, as there is a virtue which heaven only can reward. In a sanctuary, consecrated by the prayers of those who, like her, once helpless and desolate, were now removed to the abodes where all tears are wiped from all eyes, Flora longed to commend herself to the mercy of the Divinity.

She entered the chapel, supporting her tottering frame on the arm of her attendant; and approaching the outer railing of the altar, knelt on the steps, and, with a broken and contrite heart, poured forth to the *Friend of the friendless, the Hope of the desolate, the*

Husband of the Widow, the silent prayer of faith and humiliation.

It is to be feared, that strong sensibility and a glowing imagination may, at particular seasons, become daring rebels against some of those tenets with which Buchanan had imbued the mind of his daughter. Flora was at first hardly conscious of the ceremonial that was going forward; and when attention was awakened, she could only conjecture its nature from the scope and intent of so solemn an institution. She thought of the state of the dead as fixed, unalterable; of a destiny, sudden and overwhelming, which men, nor saints, nor angels, could neither change nor mitigate. She doubted, shuddered at her doubts, and doubted still.

To meet the community in the chapel was the only social intercourse to which the spirits of Flora were equal; and, without daring to scrutinize her motives, still, as the hour of vespers came round, she glided into this sanctuary, and took her silent station in a retired spot, evidently wishing to remain unnoticed, and indulged in that wish. She could not join in a ceremonial she did not even understand; but, with increasing resignation, and hallowed submission, she here breathed the hidden de-

votion of her heart to the God who seeth in secret, and looked with complacency on beings of a kindred nature kneeling around her, all met together to worship in his name. There was, however, a part of the service at once impressive and grateful to her feelings,—the sweet expressive music and accordant voices of the nuns, which dissolved, in a rapture of holy love, the soul it stole from earth to heaven. To those celestial strains her purified tears flowed more softly; and the dying and tremulous close of the anthem descended on her soul like the sweet influences of the benediction for which she prayed.

Except the stolen visits of Norman, this was the only intercourse that Flora now maintained with the living world. Her delicate health, and the wavering and enfeebled state of her mind, made her at this crisis peculiarly susceptible of all, in the imposing ritual of the catholic church, that touches the heart or awakens the fancy; and this little chapel, and its congregation of vestals,—beautiful forms kneeling in meek devotion,—were even more attractive and dangerous than the gorgeous solemnities of cathedral worship.

About this time she found several books of devotion in the French language quietly pla-

ced on her table, and from an observer she became an inquirer. Reflection loudly suggested how inferior was this system of blended superstition and dogmatism, to the vigorous and intellectual reformed faith in which she had been so sedulously nurtured. But to her the fair side only was presented. She saw that many of the abominations she had been taught to impute to the catholic religion were as false as injurious. In the present overawed and gloomy state of her mind, that bold spirit of respectful inquiry, which forms one of the best distinctions of the protestant religion, and which is indeed its very essence, seemed to border on unhallowed daringness and presumption. Thus a contrariety of opinions divided her mind, till the vesper hour came round; and then, stealing into the chapel, she felt that those varying modes of faith were all instituted for the same divine purpose,—that they all tended to the same grand end, the honour of God and the salvation of man: And her widowed heart warmed and clung to *Craig-gillian's faith*,—that faith so tender and beautiful!—so congenial, and, as she now thought, so necessary to all the soft affections of the female heart,—that faith which lulls the God of mercy as a little child

upon the bosom of a virgin mother! This seemed the most exquisite medium through which human weakness could unfold the wants and implore the blessings needful to humanity. Flora no longer doubted.

Norman could not fail to perceive whither her devotional feelings tended; but he knew that her heart alone had betrayed her understanding, and hoped that, as soon as her feelings recovered their tone, her principles would regain their original firmness. In the meanwhile, he was almost rejoiced to find that her fancy was touched by any thing beyond the gloomy circle misery had drawn round her heart. It was indeed in a catholic chapel, and among the votaries of a different religion, that she found the only earthly consolation she could now receive; but rugged indeed must that heart have been, who, in this the season of deep unutterable sorrow, could have denied the bruised spirit the comfort of hearing another say, Amen, when we do say, God bless us!

It was absolutely necessary that the strength of Flora should be somewhat recruited before a long and hazardous journey through Arragon and part of Catalonia was attempted; for by this route Norman hoped to reach one

of those English vessels which were cruising off Barcelona, Rosas, Gerona, and other ports in the Mediterranean. On his arrival he had written several letters, which his protector engaged to forward by a safe channel; and he had also apprized some of the persons whom the General pointed out as mediums of communication, of the place of his present residence. But three weeks elapsed, and brought no intelligence to Norman, and no accession of strength to his drooping friend. Every day left her more languidly delicate than the former. On the least exertion of mind or body, the wan hue of settled grief was displaced by a bright pink spot burning fitfully on the top of her cheek,—that baleful bloom, which, like roses around a sepulchre, veils the deadly decay that lurks beneath.

Norman had fortunately little experience in the symptoms of disease; but the tenderness that rendered him watchful, soon made him perceive that Flora had the same uneasiness in her bosom of which he had heard her complain during the heats of the months they had passed in Portugal. But now she never complained. While he nursed the little child, or read, or talked, and endeavoured, by every method affection inspires, to sooth or amuse

her mind, she sat in perfect stillness and silence:

> Patient as the brooding dove
> Ere yet her golden couplets are disclosed;

or, at most, acknowledging his kindness with a sad smile. The health of her child, and the safety of her friends, could still, however, rouse her affections, and summon back her mind from the rapt visionary musings she loved to indulge,—on death, the grave, immortality, and those mysterious ties that connect the visible with the invisible world.

The extreme anxiety, which daily grew upon Flora, to see her child, and her friends in Scotland, combined with indifference to every other object that usually engages the cares of the living, and entire neglect of her own health, suggested the most distressing ideas to Hugh.

" O Norman," said he, one evening that he had been permitted to visit the serene mourner, " I could not, to-night, look on our poor Flora. She is become the living image of her mother,—a young dying creature;—yes, to die at home is all her wish,—I see it, Norman: Alas, alas, she knows, she hopes, that she is going to those who can never come to her." Inexpressibly alarmed and

shocked, Norman immediately communicated these fears to the friendly physician, whom he remembered to have seen bestowing silent scrutinizing looks on poor Flora, when her cheeks glowed with feverish bloom, and her eyes shone with delusive brilliancy; and when, as he thought, she looked so much better, indeed, so uncommonly well,—till the wan visage, and hollow cheeks, and languid air of the succeeding day, baffled his calculations, without, however, awakening his fears.

The Spanish physician frankly acknowledged, that he was not sufficiently skilled in the peculiar delicacies of the insular constitution, to pronounce with certainty on the event he anticipated. He, however, prescribed the usual simple remedies, contriving to fasten some slight complaints on the patient, and concealing his serious fears; and as her only wish was to reach her home, he hoped that the journey, if undertaken by easy stages, and still more the voyage, might have a beneficial influence on her health. The journey, so long deferred, was, therefore, hastily agreed on. And now the cares of Norman were fast multiplying. Day followed day, and brought no intelligence of his friends. His money, as well as that which

Flora had saved, was now nearly exhausted; and as an Englishman, he was exposed to hourly danger, that might even extend to those who had so generously protected him. But he had youth, health, character, prospects, resources; and though those who greatly love, must greatly fear, he was blest with that delightful hope, which soothes in the present, and charms in the future. Thus, temporary ills, though often felt as vexatious and irritating, dwindled into insignificance before the steady eye of reason, and the animating confidence of youth; till the anguish of witnessing the gradual decay of a creature entwined with every fibre that affection had wound round his heart, excited those feelings of unappeasable regret, which the mind can at best oppose only by sad, if not sullen resignation.

Those only can conceive his feelings of alarm, who have seen the insidious foe steal on, ambushed in smiles and roses,—who have hung in unavailing tenderness over the loved, the young, the ardent, the amiable,—who have cherished the hope they felt to be fallacious,—inspired the confidence in which they could not participate,—smiled even in agony over the thousand projects formed for long life and returning health, to which the unsubdued spirit ever sanguinely clings:—Those

who have done all this, and have then turned the eye to weep, can well conceive the feelings of Norman, when the symptoms of disease became more decided; and when he felt almost assured, that the period was not far distant, when no living voice would ever again claim his fraternal kindness, and repay it with the endeared and familiar greeting of "*Noraman, ma braithar.*"

It was the end of July when Flora quitted the place of her refuge, and Norman bade his generous friend farewell. They parted with a mutual promise of future correspondence; and the physician most reluctantly accepted that slender remuneration for his disbursements and professional attendance, which his will disdained, and his poverty made necessary; for medicine, in this part of the world, was by no means that lucrative and honourable profession which in refined and enlightened society it ever becomes. This good friend had procured passports for the travellers under an assumed character. He had also hired for them a couple of stout mules. The finances of Norman could have reached no other conveyance, though the town had afforded it; and the habits of Highland life made Flora an excellent horsewoman. The other mule

served to carry the baggage and a female attendant, who had agreed, for a high reward, to attend the English lady to the coast.

The weather, which at this season was extremely sultry and oppressive, and the delicate habit of Flora, necessarily rendered their progress as tedious as hazardous.

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"— they wandered through Navarre, and entered Arragon on the first week of August. They followed an upland track, led by a guide, who, till the late disturbances had broken up all regular intercourse, had been a carrier between Pampeluna and Saragossa, though his journies had sometimes been extended to the Basque sea, and sometimes to the opposite coast, in a more equivocal character. On these occasions he had found it prudent to take the route of other smugglers, and his acquaintance with this wild and unfrequented road proved of singular service to them he now conducted. Wherever the brown hills opened their bosoms they found a little hamlet; and the introduction of the well-known Pedilla never failed to procure a gracious reception; and not seldom, as natives of England, their arrival was hailed with all the fire of the Spanish character, and the enthusiasm

of patriotic sympathy. Travelling proved a grateful vicissitude to Norman; and he sometimes flattered himself, that since Flora endured the exercise, which his tenderness made very gentle, she also profited by it. Their daily progress seldom indeed exceeded eight leagues; the greater part of which was accomplished before the intense heats of noon enjoined and promoted repose.

They entered on wide-spreading downs; and the country which had gradually become more lonely, was now almost a solitude,—a lovely wilderness. Flora seemed invigorated while inhaling a pure and balmy air, perfumed with the delicate sweets of innumerable wild flowers that inlaid the short elastic turf. Here the vagrant breeze scattered the fresh fragrance of thyme, spike-lavender, sage, rosemary, and great variety of other aromatic plants, the culled darlings of the English garden, which nature spreads over these wilds in a wasteful profusion, that regales the sense and charms the fancy. Here and there, too, a grove of chestnuts, mingled with ever-green oaks, relieved the loneliness of a prospect that gave no token of human inhabitation, save the rude cabin of the roaming shepherds, who were sometimes discerned at a

distance, stealing timidly across those open downs, as they guided their flocks to richer pastures or a clearer brook.

At noon the travellers usually made a slight repast under the refreshing shade of the intervening thickets; and while Flora and her little child rested on skins, and Hugh and the muleteer slept soundly on *guard*, Norman, like a true knight, in this the region of romance, retired deeper into the grove, sighed, and mused on his *lady*, or spoiled his penknife in engraving her name on many a fine tree, where, of course it remains to this day, a monument of love or idleness, as the young or the old traveller shall please to decide.

From these aromatic pastures, and this dry and balsamic air, they passed into a higher range of hills, where no view of life cheered the weary traveller, or beckoned him onward in hope. The far-off baying of the watch-dog, the sheep-bell, or the chime of the convent, was never heard here. No flocks were straying through the steep interposing valleys, whose rugged sides were gloomily shaded with juniper, savin, and a dingy and stunted species of cedar. In plunging into these ingulphing hollows, Flora often started, and her blood ran cold, at the appalling sight of

a monumental cross, and a gathered heap, marking the spot where some unhappy traveller had met his fate from the banditti that haunted these mountains. The presbyterian Piper never failed, on such occasions, to follow the example of the muleteer, and the custom of his own country. He threw a stone on the cairn of the murdered man, whispering, "God rest him!"—The marvellous stories of the loquacious guide, who was familiar with all the bloody tragedies these monuments recorded, deepened their effect on the unnerved mind of Flora. The image of death was to her become almost welcome. She was in that state "when worn-out hope reposes on the tomb." Yet she recoiled with constitutional and instinctive horror from a death of violence extending to her infant and her friends.

Too inconsiderable to excite alarm, and in far too sad a plight to tempt avarice, the prayers of their muleteer, fervently put up at every cross and convent, or some higher cause, had hitherto warded off the dangers he so unceasingly prognosticated; and instead of French soldiers and Spanish banditti, they had encountered no greater evil than a swoln flood or a lack of provisions. But fortune was at length ashamed of thwarting the prophecies

of Pedilla. A shrill whistle rung among the crags that overhung the path, and Flora looked round for the lurking murderers, shrieking with agony as powerful as could have agitated the being most attached to life. Her maid raised a loud accompaniment, and down on his knees fell Pedilla, in the very middle of a humourous story. Norman sprung back to support Flora on her mule, not without his own share of apprehension, though he soothed her with the belief that this was the whistle of a hunter or a mountain shepherd. He, however, gave the child, which he often carried, to the maid, and walked by the side of Flora.

"Would that these wilds were past," said Flora, looking sadly on the declining sun.

"In my own life I never longed to see the Lowlands," replied Hugh, in a tone of half-affected cheerfulness; but at the same time falling back a pace, to adjust a famous *Doune* pistol which he had lugged to the wars, though somewhat in the condition of his countryman's gun, which required the repairs of a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel. Hugh possessed, however, another weapon, of proof, a *skien* or dirk, of the workmanship of that well-known Highland family in Glen ——, in

which this *craft* has been hereditary for many real and perchance for some fabled ages. This blade, in the course of the last thirty years, had often done Hugh yeoman's service. It was consequently somewhat roughish in the edge; but let the foe look to that: to him its *hacks* and venerable rust were far more precious than the highest polish of Birmingham: for be it known, that this was the most celebrated *skien* of modern times, and had performed one of the latest exploits which Lowland whigs and Lowland laws permitted a Highland blade to atchieve. It were long to tell "the adventures of a dirk," and how it passed into the hands of the Piper, though unquestionably that identical *skien* which, when

> Rob Roy from the Highlands came,
> Unto the Lowland border,
> And all to steal a lady fair,
> To *haud* his house in order,—"

Ronald, an elder brother of the unfortunate freebooter, and the wily instigator of his fatal enterprise, coolly employed to cut off the ruffled cuffs of the lady mother, while the young heiress, shrieking in despair, clung to that piece of ancient garniture. The dirk was not the less precious on that account; nor did

Hugh hold up his shoe to polish into sharpness, without remembering that it had been stained with other blood than that of sheep and of goats.

A few minutes elapsed, and the whistle was not repeated. Pedilla, who shrouded his cowardice under the ample cloak of religion, made several hemming attempts to resume the narrative, to which, sooth to say, Norman had given little attention, though it related to the frolics of the mules, and levity of conduct, of which no man, from their staid demeanour, could ever have suspected them, unless Pedilla had made the charge himself.

Meanwhile Norman was pondering his plan of defence ; but his calculations, though provident, were unhappily useless. He now led the van of his party, and consequently, on rounding a projecting bank, was the first to discover a long train of soldiers in the uniform of France. By an involuntary motion, his figure towered into prouder strength ; his brows knit, his lips closed, his sinews stiffened, his eye kindled, yet its look became intensely fixed ; and even when quick thought reverted to the impossibility of defence, his hand instinctively grasped his arms. He receded one step, as if to plant himself more firmly ; and

Hugh and *Luath*, comprehending the danger, and in the same mood for battle, were instantly by his side.

The officer who headed the French party, was already advanced. He saluted Norman with military frankness. "It was understood that Monsieur and Madame had the honour to be of England. Apparently they intended to make the tour of Spain. The new government had a particular wish that they should do the same honour to France. Such was the fortune of war; now Monsieur's turn, next mine."—The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and put up his lip *à la Francois*. If eager attitudes could comprehend unknown tongues, the Piper bending earnestly forward would have understood all that was now said. As it was, he consulted by a glance the countenance of Norman. It expressed haughty composure, mingled with disdain. They were then prisoners of war!

No demand was made for Norman's arms; but Hugh's *Doune* pistol, and the bloodless stiletto of the poor, shivering Pedilla, were ordered to be surrendered. Hugh again consulted the eye of Norman. It rapidly glanced from the array before them to Flora and her infant, and expressed sullen acquiescence.

Hugh would not yield; but he passionately threw down his arms, muttering,—"It would ill become me to say nay to you or yours: but had I that little gentleman where the black-cock is laird, we should see which is the best man;—that's all. Fifty of them to us two! No doubt their masters thought the very sight of two Highlanders would frighten them out of their wits."

Norman returned to where Pedilla held Flora's mule. He walked with a step more measured and stately than usual, and folding his arm round her and her child, drew them gently towards him. "We are prisoners, it seems, Flora:—Well, a certain danger will at least cure us of dismal apprehensions. We are fallen into the hands of 'gallant men and cavaliers.'"—He smiled, but there was bitterness, and even wrath in his smile.

"O Norman, but for you, how light an evil were this!" cried Flora. This brief speech went far to restore his mind to its natural tone; he led forward her mule, and with cold civility complied with the wish of the French officer, who, with characteristic importunity, craved to be introduced to the fair prisoner.

From the conversation of this most communicative M. Duval, captain in the 2d divi-

sion, Norman learned that he had been traced all the way from Astorga. It was, however, surmised, that his mission was of a more important kind; and he was suffered to proceed—the *evil eye* continually upon him. But even if his business were no other than that alleged, the papers he had transmitted from Pampeluna shewed how dangerous it was to have so quick-sighted an Englishman roaming at large in Spain. If he could do little, he could see much; and it appeared that he well knew what to look for, and what to report. M. Duval, with a party of fifty soldiers, was therefore despatched to bring this couple of Scotish Highlanders into Saragossa.

The curious and disjointed conversation, (during which the Frenchmen had rather betrayed than told these particulars) being closed, he invited his prisoners to share in the repast his party were about to make after this day's important service. Flora declined this invitation by gentle gestures, and Hugh by sullen silence, while Norman replied in French, that he had other business. Pedilla alone, though, in all probability, ignorant of the discreet Scotish proverb, "Better the end of a feast than the beginning of a fray," practically acted upon it; and, ceasing for the

time to bewail his captive mules, uninvited joined the carousing soldiers.

The bravery, gaiety, good-temper, and military enthusiasm of these soldiers gradually thawed the frost-work national prejudice had reared round the heart of Norman; and as they continued to journey together, he felt a sort of vague disappointment in discovering that French soldiers were not all become the fierce savages which the newspapers of the day represented them. To expect good principle, or uniform good conduct, in a soldier, was going rather beyond the mark; and he found little to choose between the lawless brigand of Bonaparte, and the more polished musqueteer of Louis Quatorze. The *Carmagnole* and *Marseillois hymn*, had indeed been acquired; but that licentious gaiety, which lent imaginary grace to former periods, was by no means forgotten; and the favourite song was still,

> "Attendant la gloire,
> Goûtons le plaisir."

Our travellers had been two days under the guidance of their self-appointed conductors, when they first saw the distant spires of Saragossa flashing in the sun of a bright noon. Sa-

ragossa, the recent scene of so many heroic prodigies! Norman turned to Flora, and pointing forward, exclaimed, " Saragossa! how glorious! A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at the view of thee!"—The infant, struck by his animated gesture, quivered its little limbs with eager joy to reach him. He held it high in the air, saying, " Yon, Hector, is a spectacle for a hero's child."—A momentary joy fluttered round the lip of poor Flora. The heart of Norman promised him friends in this city, and scarcely could his reason fear enemies.

The military police established in this obnoxious city was at this time peculiarly rigid. Norman was no sooner within its walls than he was deprived of all his baggage,—separated from the widow of his friend,—and placed in close confinement. Torn from the sheltering bosom on which she had rested her helplessness, the faculties of Flora were now roused to combat with the ills of life; and this compelled activity, by abstracting her thoughts from the world within, proved, on the whole, a wholesome exercise.

An opportunity soon occurred of sending the prisoners into France, along with some sick officers and soldiers returning home, and

a detachment of troops travelling towards Gerona. The day which again united the prisoners was gladly greeted, though on it commenced their journey towards the scene of a long, and it might be an interminable captivity.

Those who had plundered them of their baggage, under the poor pretext of examining their papers, wanted not reasons for retaining the spoils. From the sale of his own watch and Hugh's, and the gold that encircled the pictures of those he called his parents, Norman had flattered himself that he might raise a small sum for the unavoidable expenses of a long journey. Now, in the desperation of that impending poverty, which he felt only as it might affect Flora and her child, he adopted the desperate expedient of writing to several individuals in Saragossa, of high rank and known patriotism, describing his condition, and avowing his necessities, with that vehement frankness which a proud and delicate mind employs in revealing a long-hidden anguish. These letters, written on the eve of his departure, necessarily passed through the hands of his guards; and the uniform answer, as might indeed have been anticipated, was a formal denial, sometimes

accompanied by an expression of surprise at so strange an application.

With new and bitter feelings, closing his eyes in calm disdain, Norman turned from the sight of poor Flora, seated, with her infant in her lap, on a baggage-waggon, which followed this grotesque party from Saragossa. This was a slight circumstance to her; and when she thanked the young French officer who procured this slender indulgence, she smiled at the reproachful glance Norman cast upon her, and smiled a second time as she saw him gradually draw nearer to this sick young man, and in dangerous places seize the reins of his restive horse, and lead it forward.

Norman was just about to shake the dust off his feet, as a testimony against this inhospitable city, when the party was suddenly alarmed by a cloud of dust, from whence emerged, with Cossack-like impetuosity, a small troop of Guerillas, who, disengaging themselves from a light though clumsy carriage that galloped after them, and throwing a packet which they carried at the head of Pedilla, burst into a peal of laughter at the alarmed appearance of the Frenchmen, and as abruptly wheeled off. Norman was the

first to unriddle this seeming mystery, by eagerly snatching at the packet, which was addressed thus: ' From the Guerilla Chief of Catalonia to his English Friends." A sum of money, not very large, but at this season most welcome, was the only thing contained in this abruptly delivered packet. Norman immediately placed Flora in the vehicle that he doubted not was intended for her; and very quietly putting up the money he had received, turned a deaf ear to the angry remonstrances of M. Duval, who, now recovered from his panic, demanded, in name of the Emperor, whatever had been received by the prisoners. Bearded even in sight of the walls of Saragossa, and dreading the future visits of these fierce-looking Guerillas, M. Duval would willingly have gone back for fresh orders, had not the other officers hinted the unpleasant consequences which might arise from this, and succeeded in persuading him that it might be quite as well to fall into the hands of a Guerilla party, as into those of a military commission. M. Duval marched onward, keeping a better look-out, and contenting himself with angry remonstrances against the Arab-like mode of warfare recently adopted in Spain.

In vain did Norman mould every cloud and bush into a distant Guerilla party, ready to aid his struggle for freedom; for the motely squadron which he followed reached Gerona without interruption; and there dropped all that had been interresting to him, the young friend of Flora, and the detachment which he headed.

Instead of pursuing the route originally intended, M. Duval,—the fear of Guerillas being still before his eyes,—took a more central and less-frequented road in approaching the Pyrenees.

Gradually ascending for three successive days, our travellers were at last embosomed in the very centre of the Pyrenees. Past all danger from the Guerilla parties now forming in Catalonia, M. Duval proceeded quite at his ease. It was the interest and the delight of Norman to lengthen out this journey; for escape was still his cherished hope, and the bravadoing captain was in no great haste to lay down his command, and enter on the dull garrison duty that waited him in dismal Flanders.

Though this little gentleman never failed to make requisition in name and by authority of his Imperial master, even this powerful

name procured but sorry accommodation. But the eyes of those who had eyes to behold the wild magnificence and terrific grandeur of the surrounding scenery, were amply repaid for the privations of the other senses. Flora, who had evidently drooped since she had been borne from the milder air and more equal temperature of the lowlands, was sometimes beguiled into an involuntary expression of admiration as these sublime scenes unfolded before her.

Norman had been deprived of Craig-gillian's pistols in Saragossa; but, on better acquaintance, he was permitted to carry a fowling-piece belonging to one of the party, as he was often fortunate enough to make very desirable additions to the evening repast. It was now wholly entrusted to him; and he was permitted either to linger behind, or walk forward, whether in pursuit of game, or to sketch some bold feature of the mountains, which Monimia's hand might yet extend. Flora was the sure pledge of his return.

On the afternoon of the third day that they had travelled in the Pyrenees, he was far in advance of his party. The mountains through which the road wound, narrowed, and seemed to close over his head; and by an abrupt de-

scent he entered a ravine of considerable extent, forming altogether the most magnificent pass that he had ever beheld. Lenny and Bealach-nam-bo dwindled into insignificance in the comparison. It seemed as if the mountain had been rent from its summit to its base, to afford a channel to the river, which roared many fathoms beneath. Rocks piled on rocks, in every fantastic form, threatened the traveller from above, while, suspended in mid-air, he held on his perilous way by a path concealed from his view, and opening as he advanced. Trees and shrubs of every size and species sprung from the crevices and shelves of these rocks, throwing around this sublime pass all the charms of shade and colour, and all the embellishment of rich foliage. The summit of the cliffs was crowned by meeting pines, which might have waved there in solitude before the mountain burst asunder. Now their heavy masses of shade, nearly excluding the view of the heavens, deepened the gloom of the tremendous ravine they shadowed. The first emotion of Norman on plunging into this defile, was thrilling admiration; but even here, locked up, as it were, in the jaws of an abyss, his second thought was freedom. With Hugh, and his wolf-

dog by his side, and Flora and her child behind him, he felt as if he could have defended this pass against an host of foes. As it was, the chasm yawned beneath, the party, lulled into security, must in this narrow path advance man by man,—he stretched his neck, he strained his eyes, deep into the river that toiled through the opposing rocks,—turned away, and shuddered, that an idea so dark should, even for one moment, have stained his mind. Was there no hope left? —His eye impatiently measured the cliffs;—even if the chasm were passed, they appeared insurmountable,—yet in such places there were often caverns, fissures, or recesses that might afford temporary security. He recalled the marvels related in Highland legends, —the stories which had delighted his boyhood, —the narratives of Wallace and de Bruce,—and of those devoted reformers, whom the Scottish peasantry, not unaptly, term the martyrs:—he thought of the crags of Cartlane, and the rocks of Cora Linn, equally dangerous, if not so fearfully stupendous, as this pass. Idea flashed after idea, with the rapidity of invention and combination in moments of powerful feeling.

"O for a single plank to span that chasm!"

cried he, and ran forward in search of some spot accessible to the foot of man, by which he might scale the cliffs, and tear down that pine-branch, which might support his footing with Flora and the infant Hector. He darted round the acute face of a precipice, and on a platform of earth, of a few feet in diameter,—which seemed to have been the base of an immense block of rock that had tumbled down since the path was hollowed out,—discovered a kneeling female, sprinkling, from a rude vase which she held, what appeared to be a new-made grave. The young girl looked up, shrieked, started, and fled. Norman as quickly followed. She glided round another jutting rock, and crossed the chasm on the slender trunk of a tree which here united its sides. Norman paused in mute rapture; and the girl having gained a precarious footing on the opposite side, with great quickness and presence of mind, turned to destroy her perilous bridge. He cried out with threatening gestures; she still persisted; and levelling his fowling-piece in another direction, he fired off, while a thousand sullen echoes mingled with the shrieks of the terrified girl. He sprung over, and found her panting with fear at the base of the cliffs,

which she attempted to scale in the manner common to all inhabited mountain districts, by climbing from height to height, clinging to ropes formed of twisted fibres of trees, fastened to those tough knotted roots which sprung from the fissures of the rocks. It was the *ladders* so well known among the mountains of Switzerland, the Alps of Savoy, and the hills of Scotland,—and Norman blessed the sight.

His first care was to sooth his agitated companion; and his was not a face, or form, or manner, to alarm the most timid female nature. The young girl appeared entirely unacquainted with the French language, and but little more familiar with the pure Spanish of Castile; but her rapid gestures, and her brown eyes sparkling with increasing interest and intelligence, shewed that she soon comprehended his situation and his wishes. She also attempted to tell her own little story in a strange mixture of the Catalan and Spanish tongues. The universal language, however, predominated; and Norman learned that this animated speaker had been bedewing with consecrated water the grave of some beloved object, a lover or a brother, who, in assisting

his countrymen to defend the pass, had fallen, and been buried there.

Norman followed his young and agile guide up the *ladders*, fixing his footsteps in rude niches cut into the face of the rocks. He discovered a wide upland tract of country, uninhabited, marshy, and barren. Having, by every gentle en[illegible], engaged the young S[illegible]iard t[illegible]ait his arrival on this spot, he descended, removed and concealed the frail bridge, and flew back to Flora.

The party had not yet entered the gorge of the defile. It was the wish of Norman to divide their strength, but his first object was the safety of the child. As he was often accustomed to carry Hector in his [illegible] together, he now took him from Flora, and whispering Hugh to follow, ran forward with Luath, in seeming play. Again he placed his bridge,—crossed the chasm,—and climbed the ladders. The Spanish girl was no where to be seen. He stood for a few moments in distracting suspense, and then formed the resolution of binding his little charge to a tree. This was quickly accomplished; but no sooner was the little smiling prisoner abandoned, than the most dreadful apprehensions took possession of the mind of Norman:—Should

he burst the bands which held him, and creep to the ledge of the precipice,—birds of prey, —wild beasts, which the late carnage might have attracted to this spot,—a thousand forms of danger haunted his imagination; and had not Hugh at that moment appeared, it is probable that he might have given up his enterprise to have once more clasped the child in safety. To the Piper he instantly communicated his project, and retaining Luath, dismissed him to Hector.

The headmost stragglers of the party passed on carelessly, smoking and singing; but it seemed an age of time ere M. Duval appeared, dancing down the defile by the side of Flora's vehicle, shrugging his shoulders, and exclaiming at every new step, "Ah, Madame, vat a place dismal dis be."

"Stand on your life, Monsieur," cried Norman, suddenly springing forward, and seizing the sword of his quondam gaoler, whom he pushed before him across the chasm, and left in charge of the growling Luath.— "Apparently, Monsieur is in earnest," said the petrified Capitaine, who wanted neither courage nor address, though a naked sword behind, and a yawning deep beneath, left

him little opportunity for the display of either.

"Your conjecture is just, Monsieur: *Chaque un a son tour*,"—said Norman, smiling. "The game is now in my hands, and life and freedom is the stake." He flew back to Flora. Some of the soldiers were now in sight; the Captain raised his voice, and Luath opened his tremendous jaws. "Mon pauvre petit homme," said the Captain, in a caressing voice; and, lest Luath might be unacquainted with French, he added, "*My pooar leetle vellow*," and made one step forward. But though a Highland dog, Luath discovered all the surly fidelity of an English mastiff; and remaining firm at his post, he compelled the Frenchman to remain in silence where Norman had left him.

Meanwhile, Norman having lifted Flora in his arms, was again seen bearing her across the tottering bridge, and at the same instant Hugh descended; and some of the soldiers advancing, discovered the durance of M. Duval, and gave the alarm. "Courage, dear Flora!" cried Norman, placing her in safety at the bottom of the cliffs. "The ladders! behold! One other effort for freedom;—home, friends, liberty, and your child, are beyond

these cliffs !"—Soldiers appeared on the faithless bridge; Norman and Hugh flew towards the point of danger,—and Flora attempted to ascend by the ladders, but her shaking limbs refused to obey her will, till she heard the cries of her child from the top of the precipice, and made another effort.

Mid-way up the rocks, she clung to the root of a tree, gasping for breath; when, far, far below, she suddenly heard the shouts of enraged and struggling men, blended with the roaring of the waters, and the tremendous howling of the wolf-dog. She beheld the figures of Norman, of Hugh, of Duval and his soldiers, the glitter of swords, and the flash of fire-arms, by hideous glimpses slanting from the deep shadows that enveloped the bottom of the gulph. Still more appalling were the growling echoes that, in a thousand unearthly tones, returned the unhallowed sounds that rose from its depths; the shrieks of the drowning,—the crash of the falling.

The energy of terror alone preserved her sensibility; she gathered breath to crawl upwards, and, perceiving her child in the arms of a young woman, sunk almost lifeless on the ground. But not long was she permitted the indulgence of this helpless inaction. An-

other and another figure flitted before her eyes, neither resembling the soldier of England nor of France. Fierce, brawny, ruffian-like,—those rude forms seemed but too well to harmonize with the scene she had just witnessed;—the hair which covered their faces, lent new ferocity to the eyes that glared through its heavy masses. Their half-naked limbs, and the skins that imperfectly covered their bodies, well assimilated with the murderous weapons stuck round their girdles, and the dreadful purpose that gleamed in their dark looks.

"Oh, my friends! Oh, my infant!" cried Flora, stretching out her imploring hands,—"Oh spare the innocent blood!"

"Pedro! Bertrando!—my good friends!" cried a voice from behind,—the voice of Norman. "Flora, my poor Flora, compose yourself,—we are free; these are patriot soldiers; my comrades, in the fastnesses of Biscay:—follow me, Bertrando." He again descended, followed by the Guerillas. The garments of Norman were in some places dabbled in blood, and "the rage of a man" had not quite left his countenance; but he lived, and to Flora he seemed as an angel of heaven. Hugh and Luath remained by her side; her child

again nestled in her bosom, and a passionate burst of tears relieved her aching heart.

"We did for one good half-dozen of them, I warrant," said Hugh; "and got back all our papers, and Colonel Hector's pistols too. Was she not a clever girl now, that ran for our old comrades? though it was all over before they came, and the Frenchmen tumbling in the water like as many pellochs."

"Alas, poor fellows!" said Flora, "that have travelled beside us for this many a day; would rather that we had all died prisoners." Hugh was too well bred to dissent from a lady, but he hemmed a contradiction.

The fray was now concluded. Some of the captors were in their turn made captive. Pedilla rose from his knees, and, in the name of the English party, took possession of M. Duval's baggage for his own peculiar use.

The prisoners were committed to a numerous party of Guerillas to be conveyed to the head-quarters of the chief; and Norman again joined Flora, triumphantly displaying a packet, addressed to himself, in the handwriting of General ——. "Flora, was not this worth contending for?"—He tore open the envelope, and perceived the handwriting of the Lady! Breathless, and with womanish

emotion, he turned aside, and pressed this precious packet to his lips,—his bosom,—his eyes! This was not in him an eastern custom—it was a northern impulse. It was impossible to open these letters while any human eye was upon him; and he plunged into a neighbouring thicket. The letter of the General was from Cadiz, and of recent date; but Norman could not stop to examine it. He tore open the epistle of Lady Augusta,—glanced over its contents,—looked at the date, the signature, the post-mark, and again read it over more slowly. He then carefully folded it up, and returned to Flora with news of *home*. Her enfeebled condition, and the irritation produced by the events of this trying day, had so unhappy an effect on her spirits and her health, that his first care was to find some shelter for the night, which was now fast coming on. In the neighbouring mountains were caverns and subterraneous dwellings, in which the Guerilla chief had his magazine, his hospital, and a place where he made his gunpowder; and thither Bertrando offered to conduct his former leader. In the absence of any better plan this was adopted; and a litter, formed for carrying the wounded, was provided for Flora.

During this night-march, which proved very fatiguing and tedious, Norman learned that his unknown benefactor, the Guerilla chief of Catalonia, had sent out various parties to intercept M. Duval, though none of them had been fortunate enough to fall in with him; and that the chief himself, with some gentlemen of his train, and a strong party, had on that very morning left the rendezvous which they now approached, for the declared purpose of rescuing the English prisoners. The gratitude and curiosity of Norman were equally excited by this account; and he hoped that, before he left Spain, he might find an opportunity of acknowledging the goodness of the Guerilla chief.

It was nearly midnight before they arrived at the end of their journey; and Flora, completely exhausted, was borne in the arms of Norman from the litter to the farther end of a cavern, long, narrow, and rugged; its high and vaulted cope, only guessed at from the sooty films that, depending from it, waved to to every gust of wind which swept through the low and arched entrance. All the disgusting detail of a predatory and almost barbarous life hung against its sides, or lay scattered in heaps on the floor; broken fire-

arms, rude cooking utensils, the flesh and skins of animals, and the uncouth habits of men.

The heavy eye of Flora wandered from these objects through the murky perspective stretching before her. A kiln, in which barilla was burning, blazed at the entrance of the cave. The strong, but fitful illumination it cast on the projecting points of the cavern threw the adjacent recesses into gloomier shadow; while the grotesque figures which, in various attitudes, stole into light, when tinted by the cadaverous hue produced by the flaming alkali, seemed rather a congregation of spectres celebrating their nocturnal orgies, than any assemblage of living men.

"I cannot rest here," she cried, "though I die with fatigue."

Norman saw with great pain her flushed cheek and painful respiration, and a second time he smoothed her uneasy pallet; and for his own sake, and the sake of her little one, implored her to seek repose.

"Oh, Norman!" said she in Gaelic, "what should I refuse to you? my oldest, now my dearest living friend. I cannot thank you, Norman, my brother; but I will bless you,"

for very tender have you been to me; and my God, and my father's God, deal with you as you have done by the dead and by me."

The eyes of Norman swelled with softness as this sweet and suffering creature turned round, and, sighing, sought to compose herself to rest.

In a little while all became still in the cavern. Some of the Guerillas went off on an excursion, and others retired to various corners to woo that repose which was never coy to them. A rude curtain of skins divided Flora's chamber from the parlour, kitchen, and hall of the band; without it, sat Norman. Hugh and Luath were snoring on each side of him: he trimmed his lamp, and again unfolding the letters of Lady Augusta,—one of which had been written so far back as the time he was in Portugal, and the other not long after the battle of Corunna,—he read as follows:

CHAP. XLVII.

Home, word delightful to the heart of man.
GRAHAME.

Lasting was our abode together,
During two generations that departed like leaves.
The sapling that the foot would have crushed,
Have we beheld with age decaying;
Streams shifting their channels;
Nettles in the abode of kings.
TRANSLATION OF A GAELIC POEM.

"OFTEN have you grieved with me, now rejoice with me, my beloved Norman,—our Monimia is my inmate, my boarder;—revere her considerate goodness,—the lovely tenant of your little attic chamber." The Lady next adverted to those events which had fixed the residence of Monimia in Eleenalin, with which the reader is already acquainted, and then went on.—" Many persons may think, and some will say, that narrow circumstances have

led her hither; but I folded this charming girl to my bosom, with the proud consciousness that her own warm heart, and clear judgment, brought her back to Scotland.

"You may guess, then, that this has been a sweet season in Eleenalin. My dear old woman has been in nice good health, so has all her household; even her bees, she bids me tell you, have joyed in this summer's universal gladness; and your old favourites, the little singing birds, which always loved us, have become more frequent and familiar than ever. Numerous swallows, also, have had the good taste to fix their tiny domiciles in the thatch that over-arches Monimia's window. At dawn their twittering note is so cheerful! —But they have another claim on us: Mary tells Moome that they have passed over Spain; and she looks at them so kindly, and the mind of ten years, and of ten times ten, taking the same wild flight, sees these airy travellers skimming over the head of our far-distant Norman, to nestle round the window of Monimia. Could you peep in through that window, and now see your little abode hung with gay, light paper, and dainty white furniture,—its neglected roses again trained, and clustering round the low case-

ment, and its flower-vases breathing fragrance from every recess,—you would wonder what fairy wand had called forth so much simple elegance from the wonted litter of books and papers, and trophies of the chase, and dried plants, and specimens of minerals. A Frenchman would say, 'A woman dwells here.' Yet I can perceive, that, from tenderness to Moome, many of its ancient ornaments are spared. Your rough drawings, and the little book-shelf that hung behind your alcove-bed,—even your old fowling-piece, is permitted to cumber the apartment of the elegant Monimia: and never does poor Moome pass any of those memorials without involuntarily stopping to give them a polish with her apron. We can then see that she 'is in heaven for you;' but she quietly passes on. I am also charged with good news of Hugh's garden:—your own is a little Eden,—our Monimia its blooming Eve. The laburnums are trailing their 'streamy gold' on the waters of the lake; the globe-flowers throwing out their 'silver balls,' to mingle with the gentle surf that breaks on our quiet shores; —not so quiet, however, as to be altogether untrodden. Many poor visitors, with long memories, have done the honours of the High-

lands to our Monimia; and some fine ladies from the Fort have also paid us, what Moome, in her lack of English, calls a *visitation*,—a word which Monimia has adopted as singularly happy in this application. But Craig-gillian, as you may believe, is our most welcome guest. He never fails to ride over when he receives a letter, and our young ladies are careful to return his visits. Poor Fitzconnal's harp, from the Castle, has also lent its aid to increase our store of domestic pleasures; and we have got a great addition to our little library. You know that Monimia, like our friend Joseph Surface, is a coxcomb only in books.

"Thus am I again, dear Norman, restored to all my cherished habits and pleasures; above all, to free communion with a pure, and young, and intelligent mind.

"But I forget that it was of business I was to write to-day,—and I fear that I may talk long enough of business before you dare listen to me. You don't know that we have got the lease of Glen-Albin from the poor henpecked Montague. It was Craig-gillian's wish; and when Hugh and yourself have gathered enough of glory and laurels, we intend to reclaim you to the better glory of be-

ing our grass-keepers. Meanwhile, Craig-gillian's black Archy is the most faithful steward that ever wierd women possessed.

"But Craig-gillian is to write you of these matters,—let me then pass to a better topic,—my honest Macdonald! who writes me, that he has been so successful in late speculations as to resume payment. I am, I own, pleased with this, a little for our own sake, and very much for his. The esteem of your fellow-men, and an honest fame, I have always coveted for you, dear Norman, but never great riches. We shall have wealth enough for happiness:—would then, that you were restored to us, since she, for whose sake alone we ought to value distinction, feels and thinks as I do.

"Fortune placed our young friend very early on those glittering summits of society, to which distance too often lends enchantment. She soon found that they were barren; and reason and choice have conducted her to the green and sheltered valley, in which alone beauty and fertility are found united. I am pleased that, in forming her estimates of life, Monimia has had so wide and so diversified a field of observation; and still more, to find that, though her rural enthusiasm is little abated, her systems are neither so intolerant nor

excluding as formerly;—she has found that, even in the fashionable world, there is some happiness, considerable virtue, and almost all grace;—she can even express occasional regret at an entire exclusion from *good* society. I augur well of all this; for I think I have often observed that the opinions of a strong mind become fixed in the same proportion that they become just. She now practically knows, that her own little circle of friends, and her own favourite modes of life, do not include all that is pure and felicitous; but she feels that they exclude much evil, and that they are best suited to her. In this quiet home, endeared by affection, choice, and duty, she has placed her happiness; and when a woman like our Monimia is wise enough to place her treasure in her home, she will generally find or make it there."

In another place, she described the flow of her day, cheerful and social,—and the various occupations of Monimia, in superintending their little household, educating her young charge, and cultivating her own talents. "But I must give you an idea of us," said the Lady; "for I know that it will be an engaging one to you. It is a holiday in Eleenalin, and the

hour is evening. My Monimia has just ended the lady-like duties of her tea-table. You know that I am too proud to take this refreshing, and almost intellectual meal, from menial hands, although on holidays we had servants, as we have not; for then we permit our maidens to visit their friends, and Mary, so proud and so important, is our sole attendant; and, like the youngling princesses in ancient story, even brings us pure water from the fountain. I need not tell you, that we are all very diligent readers and hearers of the newspapers: But perhaps you would not guess that Moome has become a student of geography in her old age;—and this is our present employment. Her notions—for every body has notions of the relative situations of countries—are strangely wild; and Monimia is, with sweet earnestness, tracing a map of Spain and Portugal on the tea-board; and now Unah puts on her black-rimmed spectacles to study the position of the armies. 'But I had a notion, darling, that Spain was over by the way of Strath ——.' 'Ah, no! just the reverse—down rather by Glenlennan.'

"'Well, it always lies by the way of Strath ——, in my own mind; and I can't put it out of that, dearest.'

" On the whole, I perceive that it is not easy to put preconceived notions ' out of that :' There are no spectacles for a dimming mind, dear Norman.

" ' But put on your new spectacles, if you please ; you don't see clearly with those, Moome,' said Monimia. ' Yes, darling, but they are very well.'—' Not well, if you can't see.'—' Yes, jewel, they are very well.'

" Monimia is neither Highland nor Irish enough to know how any thing can be very well, when small trouble would make it really so ; and, bent on giving the information Moome so eagerly desired, she insisted a third time.

" ' I had these, dear, from Ireland,' said Moome, in a quiet tone, for she makes no parade of her affection. ' Ah then !' cried Monimia, rubbing them very bright, and peeping into her old face with playful kindness, ' you see nicely now, my Moome.' Monimia's dark eye caught my smile, I fancy, and a thousand innocent shames flitted over her cheek ; but quickly recovering from this lovely confusion, and fixing her mildest look on Unah, she slowly repeated, from my favourite bard,

"And still to love, when press'd with ill,
In hoary age to fear no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Moomie!"

"Am I not a good old woman now, to wear out my own poor eyes in telling you so long a story about Moome's spectacles? But I must finish the outline of a picture, which I leave you to fill up, by telling you that your little cousin is floating in your old swing, hung to that very elm tree on which Hugh—the most faithful of the Hughs—from year to year recorded your amazing stature, generally adding an inch or two; but we forgave him, for it was done in kindness."

How soothing to the wanderer, at this midnight hour, to picture out the distant home thus described, even in its minutest arrangements, and to figure the distinctive attributes and employments of each loved individual! —to peep through the honeysuckle which embowered the window of the small parlour; and, in the favourite recess, to see the Bible of the Lady, and the work-basket of Monimia, and in it the selected volume of the

day!—to behold the calm, mild, dignified aspect of Lady Augusta, as in the true throne of happy old age, the parlour arm-chair, she sat surrounded by her little family!—to revert to the neat low figure of Moome, twirling her spindle at the feet of her Lady—her lively eye, her courteous smile; the features of a green old age, decently shaded by the clear lawn, and its whiteness tamed by the edging of the black velvet hood which Monimia's hand had fashioned; while that form of loveliness started up before the eye of fancy, with recollections so quick, vivid, and thrilling, that it seemed like a supernatural influence: And when this transport subsided, it was still so soberly blissful to place his Monimia by the side of Lady Augusta, instead of baffled fancy pursuing her through strange and unendeared scenes—to place her there, and to worship her! And Norman could also see Monimia lift the latch to recal the playful fugitive from her airy sport, and his aged Braan bound forward, and close his pleased eye, and arch his graceful neck, to meet the pressure of her caressing hand; and he could see every eye meet on the lily hand that rested on this old favourite; and the knitting-needles stop, and the half-spun thread twirl

backward, and hear the low sigh, sacred to himself, which rose from every bosom. Norman could have drawn all this, and, in the silence of night, when no eye was upon him, he could have wept over it. How delightful the possession of an imagination thus haunted by images of beauty and affection;—but how blessed that heart which is drawn towards them, "by the cords of love, and the bands of a man."

The other letter was written after a vague rumour had reached Eleenalin that Macalbin had found Flora in Astorga; and that after a fortunate escape they were now in Lisbon, only waiting the re-establishment of her health to return to Scotland. After a long detail of domestic events,—few in number indeed, for the history of their feelings was that of their lives,—the Lady adverted to Craig-gillian, that old man, whose childless age was going down to the grave in sorrow. "So many tender feelings," said she, "blended with the veneration he entertained for the exalted being he had the honour to call his son, that the whole composed an affection as rare as beautiful in its character. The privileges of nature appeared to be suspended by the majesty of virtue; and the father seemed ready to

bow his grey head to receive the benediction of his child."

"Our Monimia is a very frequent visitor in the Glen, and we have a double motive for sending over little Mary. Our fair friend carries the point of honour so far, that I am not sure if she would not grieve to see her pupil, at any age, renounce the errors of the faith in which she is instructed at Glen-gillian. At a late visit, by chance, or perhaps it might be by benevolent design, Monimia happened to select, for her pupil's lesson, that portion of Hume's history, which records, by far the most beautiful funeral oration that I know out of sacred writ,—ORMOND's, for his noble OSSORY: 'I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Europe!'—Craig-gillian is no bookish man—, but next day he made Mary seek out this passage, and he folded it down."

After mentioning some other trifles, which the heart cherishes and the world scorns, the Lady continued. "Before the young people went abroad, they had their picture painted by your friend, the wandering artist, whom our good stars once led to Eleenalin. Its arrival, last year, produced great rejoicings in the Glen. It was the first of a new series, and

Craig-gillian looked on it with the pride of family and of affection. I need not acquaint you, that the last series, which probably was of no great value to any body but our worthy neighbour, was destroyed, when the castle was burnt by the orders of *Duke William*. You have not forgot the butcheries of Culloden, nor that the sorrows of HECTOR THE HUNTER had a very real cause.

"But to the painting: It is a masterpiece of beautiful art, because it is an animated and faithful transcript of beautiful nature,—our sweet Flora, arming her lover for the field, looks on him with woman's fondest pride; while he regards her with that quiet bland smile, which was all and only Hector's. The painter had never seen the accompanying scenery; but I think he had not the eyes of a man who could not understand poor Flora's description of the banks of her Monzievar, and of that beautiful spot where Hector had chosen his grave in the days when he first told her that he loved, and made her too happy by the revelation. Alas! that fate should have denied him that grave which choice had sanctified.

"Many a far-travelled pair of brogues were doffed last year, that the wearer might be in-

troduced to the picture;—even the well-remembered beggar was ushered up stairs by good Craig-gillian; and if none of the servants had time to indulge the followers with this sight, Craig-gillian, though he chid their folly, always had time to gratify their wish.

"Last year, a sad fellow,—a *genius*,—too clever to be good for any thing,—who had twenty times left Glen-gillian, petitioned to be again received with his family, and was refused. It was vain to plead, for Craig-gillian had pardoned till mercy became weakness; now he would neither relent at his prayers, nor smile at his wit.

"Why should I look for grace but from a gracious face," cried this *genius*; and off went brogues and bonnet, and up stairs he marched, followed by Craig-gillian, and, with many humble reverences, and much blandishment, addressed the young laird. As may be supposed, the answers he received were heard by no ears but his own. He stooped before the picture in the attitude of a most respectful listener, his features varying from time to time, as, to the infinite amusement of Monimia, he replied to the imaginary interrogatories of Hector's image, which he at last engaged to listen to his whole story, and the many good

reasons that had urged him to every change he had adopted. After many bows and expressions of thanks, he was walking off with an assumed air of high satisfaction. This was the critical moment; and Craig-gillian laughingly inquired what Colonel Hector had said? Peter well knew his ground.—" I'll tell you what he said, Sir:" 'Well, well, honest Peter,' says he, 'since that is the way of it, bring your cattle and *roof-timbers* over to Glen-gillian to-morrow, and tell my father it was I that bade you.'—'And, troth, Peter Morrison is not the man to sit Colonel Hector Monro's bidding: So, good day to you, Sir; and I'll be here, bag and baggage, to-morrow, by the screech, I warrant me.'

"'I think you are obliged to Hector, friend,' said Craig-gillian,' still smiling; 'though I must say, this is the first time that he ever granted what his father had denied.'

"Far different was the scene that Monimia witnessed last week. Craig-gillian's truly Highland home knew no solitary joy, and consequently, my dear Norman, it never knew a solitary grief. An humble female friend, who had a daughter serving in the family, was there on a visit. Stealing up stairs, unperceived, and without observing Monimia,

she threw herself on her knees, and in her native idiom passionately addressed the image of young Craig-gillian, glowing with life, and health, and joy. 'Brave and beautiful!' exclaimed poor Marion, 'it is the wound of this heart to feel that you are now cold, cold,—far from Monzievar,—sleeping with strangers!'

"Who would not love such a people, dear Norman; need I tell you how Monimia loves them?"

After the conclusion of her letter, the Lady was compelled to add: "I am importuned by little Mary to send you a copy of the joint productions of Moome, and herself, and Monimia; and as my frank will include the whole, I need not be obstinate. You are to know, that when Monimia attended Aunt Margaret on an excursion among the Isles last autumn, she had the *good fortune* to pick up a *fairy hammer*, in the site of a ruined chapel, in the little island of ——. She lately sent it as a curiosity to ——. Unah, who was highly gratified by the attention and courtesy which this gentleman displayed towards her traditionary lore and its venerable possessor, when he visited Glenalbin, strung together a long-winded Gaelic rhyme on the occasion, filled with wonders and hyperbolical compliments,

and this Mary and Monimia have englished; in which garb it is indeed as unlike the original as can well be imagined. I confess it is not easy to embody in any language the conceptions of a bardess so imbued with localities of all kinds.

"I need not tell you that the *Gaël* has no acquaintance with Oberon and his Queen. Our mythology is neither devoid of fancy nor elegance; but this branch of it has certainly never passed through the strainers of Spenser's and Shakespeare's imagination.—Our splenetic and jealous *Shi'ich* can never hope to equal those airy, elegant, sprightly, nimble, and obliging little beings, the 'soft embodied fays' of England; nor is it to be supposed, that those wayward sprites, who wander through the dark forests, and frequent the resounding torrents of the Highlands, can at all resemble the lovely tripping elves who, by summer moons, were wont to frolic on the sylvan banks of the Devon, or the Allan, the Yarrow, or the Esk. Amongst our lonely heaths, and shapeless lakes, and mist-clad hills, imagination is apt to darken, exaggerate, and distort the objects on which it loves to speculate; amid the charming, confined scenery of the Lowland streams, a gay-

er fancy delighted to gaze on nature through a reversed telescope, which represented every thing as little, and lively, and sweetly engaging. Besides, the fairy must resemble the man. The Lowland fairy was not of Lowland creation, or—but I'll not say it. Our *Shi'ich*, were entirely our own, moulded after our own ancient image. They have never lost the impression, but still continue faithful and devoted friends, but vengeful and vindictive enemies, and, like their inventors, abundantly jealous of the interference of strangers with their peculiar affairs.* But I must give way to my young historians of our national faith.

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* Though the Lowland fairy is far more amiable and refined than its Highland neighbour, in border tracts, they still possess many attributes in common, particularly the fondness they all feel for young infants and ladies in the straw. Along the base of the Ochils, on both sides of the mountains, and in the vales of Earn, and Allan, and Devon, many fragments of fairy freaks are still floating. Every child knows the adventure of the smith of Tullybody, who, busy at work in one end of the house, heard the fairies, as they flew up the chimney in the other with his wife and child, singing in concert, with great glee,

> "*Deedle linkum dodie,*
> *We've gotten drunken Davy's wife,*
> *The smith of Tullybody.*"

In the same neighbourhood, puny infants, or, more properly, changelings, were blown up the chimney by the incantations

LINES *sent to* ——, *with a* FAIRY-HAMMER* *found in the Island of* ——

By altar wreath'd with ocean-weed,
In yon far islet grey and lone,
The maid who owns tradition's creed,
Found tiny axe of Oberon.

---

of the wise woman, who, at the same time, issued her *habeas corpus* to Fairy-land, and compelled the genuine infant to be brought up to court, and restored to its legitimate guardians.

It is to be feared, that wherever the ploughshare has defaced their emerald ring, those tricksy spirits disdain to trip it. They have all fled, and their memorial is fast decaying, along with that of the olden race, by whom it was so zealously cherished. Their latest appearance was to some young maidens, who repaired, late on a summer's night, to the banks of one of those streams to sprinkle water on the family linen. Many causes have concurred to root out the fairies.—"I look east the haugh, and wast the haugh," said an old man, looking mournfully round him, on a fine evening, "and a' our auld neebours are awa, and the land's a' *writers*."—The fairy-people, every where avoiding *college-bred* gentlemen, have as uniformly followed the *sma' lairds* as if they had been formally

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* To find a fairy-hammer is lucky, and to possess it is useful. I have seen it employed in the same manner as the famed *lee-penny* was of old; or that celebrated stone brought from Fairy-land, which is in the possession of the family of S——t of A——.

Sway'd by the sleight of fairy wile,
Of yore it rear'd Titania's tower;
Then save from fate obscure or vile,
Give refuge in thy minstrel bower.

And know, this axe of wond'rous power
Has seen an hundred ages flow,
And from the oak, at midnight hour,
Has cleft the mystic mistletoe.

Chieftains have started in their booth,
On greenwood bough to hear it ringing,
Blest their lone rest, and deem'd, in sooth,
'Twas echo of the sea-maids' singing.

---

ejected by the new proprietors, many of whom would doubtless be happy to retain, on any terms, this fanciful little tenantry.

Even witches have degenerated in character, as well as decreased in numbers, in these lees of time; although vulgar prejudice still seems singularly propitious to their malignant ascendancy. What comparison between the dull malicious crone of a modern village-hearth, and that witch of the Carse of Gowrie, who, in language not much inferior to the wierd sisters of Shakespeare, could issue such a conjuration as the following, while she pulled at a hair-rope, along which streams of milk were flowing:

"Mare's milk, and deer's milk,
And every beast that bears milk
Between St Johnstone's and Dundee,
Come a' to me, come a' to me."

And still on ———'s sheeny tide,
* Those sea-maids sing, and braid their hair,
'Neath the green wave in circlets glide,
And find their homes and lovers there.

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* The common people in some of the Hebrides have an indistinct notion of beings who inhabit the depths of the sea. When they perceive pieces of matter with which they are unacquainted floating on the waves, they readily call them part of the roofs of the subaqueous dwellings, which, like their own, may perhaps need pretty frequent repair.

There are still remote traditions of the wanderings of the royal Bruce in the Highlands, though confused with those of Montrose, and even of Prince Charles Edward;—so soon does tradition bewilder itself. The adventure of the bracelet of Bruce is still remembered.

The *Calliach nan Cruachan bein*, as she is called in Gaelic, is an old lady, who resides on the top of Cruachan: In other words, she is the demon of the storm;—and fancy could not have chosen for her a more appropriate residence. When any thing ruffles her temper, she gathers me an handful of whirlwinds, descends in tempests to the lower regions, at one stride crosses Loch-Etive, which she lashes up to a foaming fury, and, till her rage abates, effectually prevents all passage at the ferry of Connal. In Highland *diablerie*, the *Calliach* is uniformly a greater favourite than the *Bodach*.

The common people in the isles adjacent to Staffa, say, that this island rests on five huge pillars, the shadows of which are thrown on the waves at sun-set. It is not easy to tell how, nor is it proper to be too inquisitive in such cases;—Highlanders might well answer,

"We have a vision of our own,
Oh, why should we undo it."

Such wildering theme our night beguiles:
We sing *thy* Bruce's sad sojourn,
Or how *our* Donald of the isles
Brav'd the red fight at Bannockburn;

An old soldier, who had belonged to the Breadalbine fencibles, formerly lived on this singular island; and he described it as rocking beneath him, on stormy nights, like a ship at sea, so that he could " hardly keep on the pot." Old people talk of a small island to the south-west of Iona, which has disappeared within the last sixty or seventy years.

Since the first part of this tale was printed, I have had the pleasure of seeing the poem of Rokeby, and was somewhat amused to find, that a superstition, practised so recently in the isles of Scotland, coincides exactly with one formerly known in Lapland. The gentleman, whose servant is mentioned as having purchased the power of raising the wind, was an Hebridean laird. I mention this in vindication of my claim to faithfulness in the imperfect and disjointed account of Highland superstitions interspersed through these volumes.

Antiquaries might perhaps trace this superstition to the time when the isles were under the sway of the Danes. My entire ignorance of such matters forbids me to form a conjecture on the subject. I know, however, that the islanders, from some recollection of this period of their story, when at sea call the isles by their ancient Celtic names, instead of adopting the modern appellations bestowed by the conquerors. This is thought *lucky*, but the practice is not universal.

I am sensible that even native Highlanders may object to peculiar modes of superstition introduced into this tale, as having no place in their particular Glen or Strath. Though the grand features of Highland superstition pervade the whole country, and

What happ'd when the DIRE HAG, provok'd,
On Cruachan's crest her whirlwinds rear'd,
When Staffa on its pillars rock'd,
And the green island disappear'd.

---

tinge the manners of the whole society, its minuter touches everywhere vary with local circumstances. It is quite obvious, that inland tribes, though well acquainted with the *kelpie*, can know little practically of those beings who inhabit the depths of the ocean, or of the boding swell of the ninth wave; nor can islanders, who never saw a bush, have much faith in the powers of witch-elm, or slips of venerable forest-trees, which, in other places, cure the tooth-ache, defy the evil-one, and perform many other wonders. The outline is everywhere the same. It is well known that the doctrines of Highland superstition are not subjects of idle speculation, but matters blending intimately with the whole scope of Highland life, in every occurrence between the cradle and the grave; the minute strokes and local colouring must therefore necessarily vary in different districts. When a desired event cannot be accomplished by one agent, another must be employed.

The remote Highlands and Isles are now indeed become the grand emporium of Western superstition. To various relics of Paganism, is added much of the deceptive mummery of the worst times of Popery; and these again have been closely interwoven with that peculiar local faith, whose mysterious elements are mist and sound. Yet from these dreary elements, it must be acknowledged that this melancholy and imaginative race have originated the most daring and beautiful fictions of the western world;—the bright, shifting, ethereal, and blessed spirit, moving on the sun-beam;—and the dim, fantastic, and vindictive ghost, that rides on the blast of midnight,—with all their air-woven variety and shadowy modifications.

Encaved, we list the ninth wave's swell
 Sob on the broad Atlantic's breast;
And ay with nimbly mutter'd spell,
 From fairy-ill the night is blest.

And here, of wild and wizard force,
 RHYMES never breathed on lowland ear,
Loose the wide winds, change nature's course,
 And make the sheeted dead appear.

And still the visionary man,
 Who broods all day in haunted glade,
At midnight on the mountain's van,
 Holds converse with his elfin maid.*

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* The *Leannan Shi*, or fairy mistress, alluded to in the above lines, is not yet quite forgotten, though mortals so highly favoured are very rare in these degenerate days. I have heard of a young man in Uist, who wandered from isle to isle, to avoid one of these unearthly beauties, and at last went over to Ireland; but in vain. As a desperate remedy, he married; which so strongly excited the indignation of his fairy love, that on the wedding-night, when the usual hour of assignation came round, he was compelled to leave his bride to attend the *Shi'*. If I recollect aright, the persecution terminated soon afterwards.

Many persons in Mull do still remember a poor fellow who was long estranged from all the comforts of society, and at last worn out of existence by the melancholy grandeur of his destiny, in being, from an early period of life till his dying hour, the chosen favourite of a fairy. Whenever her mandate came, poor Allan was compelled to obey. It was generally in the night;

O come! enthusiast minstrel, come!
And rouse thee with our witching spells;
Or wander by the warrior's tomb,
Till softer theme thy spirit quells:—

---

and besides being dragged from the cheerful circle assembled round his master's kitchen hearth, he was often obliged to leave his bed at midnight, and, in the most dismal weather, wander over the most dismal country after his *Leannan Shi'!* His wayward fortune was quite well known, and most implicitly believed; but I never heard that any of his companions had the hardihood to follow him in his nocturnal wanderings. The *Bean Shi'* is supposed to impart the knowledge of future events to her lover, the medical virtues of herbs, and so forth. Some predictions that were exactly fulfilled, established the credit of Allan's story; but indeed its truth was never questioned. The general tone of this poor visionary's mind appears to have been wild melancholy, overstrained and wretched; yet considerable vanity must have mingled with his misery, and some degree of unconscious knavery, if such a thing be possible, with that grievous self-deception under which he lived and died. This was principally evinced by his *predictions*, which were indeed far too artless for a people of little faith.

It was, I think, by the advice of a surgeon that this poor man enlisted during the last American war. His fairy love followed him across the Atlantic, and was the first being he saw when he touched the American shores.

Though Allan was the paramour of a fairy, he was also a Highland soldier; he was severely wounded in an engagement, and his life despaired of. The *Leannan Shi'*, who, it may fairly be presumed, was not likely to desert him in sickness, and after an effusion of blood, assured him that he would live and return to Mull; he did return, and died there, believed, pitied, and per-

Catch the high strain traditional,
  Sing glory shrouded in the grave;
Let thy wild harp's enchanting fall,
  Blend with the wail of ———'s wave.

Chief of the harp of wizard frame,
  Albyn the lofty hest has given,
That thou shouldst pour her ancient fame
  On all the wandering winds of heaven.

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haps a little envied,—though surely there was never a more unhappy example of the misery attending unequal alliances.

In former times, young women, at lonely shealings, were occasionally the selected favourites of fairy lovers. The presbyterian clergy, however, who latterly appear to have conceived a bitter, and even superstitious aversion to all manner of popular delusions, have long put a stop to this supernatural intercourse. As the fairy-lovers completely evaded their discipline, and failed to appear at the *session* to expiate their offences, either by penance or mulct, a double portion of severity and disgrace was directed against the frail damsels who had hitherto, like the mistresses of princes, triumphed in the imaginary splendour which veiled their frailties. Thus was the fairy-lover banished from the Highlands, to live only in songs and tales, or to be remembered in the suspicious genealogy of particular families.

With this romantic belief, and several current traditions of the Highlands, I had originally interwoven the story of "Hector the Hunter," for whose abrupt disappearance I now take the liberty to apologise. It related to a very interesting period of Highland society,—1745. Since the first part of this tale was printed, the *fanciful* story of those times has been told with spirit and grace which only one pen can reach.

For she has felt, in kindling mood,
The witchery of thy magic lay
Urge high the tide of clannish blood,
Which ne'er till *then* own'd lowland sway.

Then come, enthusiast! fearless come,
And rouse thee with our witching spells;
Or wander by the warrior's tomb,
Till softer theme thy spirit quells!

CHAP. XLVIII.

Here still beneath eve's soft-consenting star,
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet.

BYRON.

NEXT morning Flora awoke from feverish slumber, alarmingly worse; and her friends became apprehensive that she even might die in these deserts. The paternal chateau of the Guerilla chief of Catalonia, with its dependent village, was about five leagues distant, and there was a convent of Benedictine nuns in the same place. The nameless decencies of civilized life mingle fondly with whatever relates to its close; and that poor Flora should breathe her last surrounded only by men, and in the haunts of predatory soldiers, was even worse to her friends than the death that threatened her. Towards noon, therefore, when she appeared somewhat lightened, the litter was again brought out, and she was placed in it; and so fluctuating was the na-

ture of her disease, than in two hours afterwards she descended, and walked a considerable way leaning on Norman's arm.

By the time that they had travelled the first long and dreary league, through every mountain vista they caught momentary glimpses of the smoother glades of an inferior chain of hills, which were gladdened with cottages, and corn fields, and herds of cattle. They continued rapidly to descend, and soon entered natural woods of chesnut, and evergreen oak, wild olive, and walnut; and sometimes the path led round cliffs of variegated granite, in whose crevices the almond and sumach struck root; or was bordered by flowery thickets of myrtle, gum-cistus, and lauristinus.

When the yellow gleams of the setting sun threw their mellow glow over this pomp of vegetation, gilded the broken surface of the rocks, and sparkled in the torrents that swept down the woods, the heart of Flora yielded to the spell, and she again alighted. They entered a deep ravine, and soon heard the chime of the convent bell,—the clock of the chateau,—the barking of dogs,—and the hum of cheerful voices on the wind,—the voices of women and children so long unheard, and Flora blessed them.

A peasant who had been gathering the acorns of the evergreen oak in the woods above, now accosted them with the wonted salutation of "God be with you;" and from him Norman learned that he might readily obtain accommodation for the lady, either in the chateau or the convent, though the owner of the former was at present from home.

The transparency of the atmosphere, by bringing every object near to the eye, had deceived the travellers as to the distance they were still to measure; and before they reached the village, the last blush of day faded from the west; another and another star flushed into tremulous brightness, and the moon rose over the dark woods that formed the back ground of the picture lying at their feet, where the ravine widened, and held in its bosom the village, the chateau, and the convent.

Norman walked forward with the peasant, to secure a favourable reception to his sinking companion; and with Hugh, who carried her infant, she sat down on the banks of the stream which still divided them from the opposite village.

"Glen-gillian!" said Hugh, trying to amuse

her:—"Yon *ould* castle, Craig-gillian's; and that little chapel, the mill;—these our own cattle wading in the stream;—and the cabins by its margin—and these again, peeping from below the high trees, the huts of the cotters. But that beautiful stream, with all its myrtles and roses, was never like Monzievar; nor that guitar, to my own ears, like our own *cro-challin* at the folding."

"Ah, no!" said Flora: "Yet here, too, is a scene of peacefulness;—war has not yet been here."

It was the eve of a festival. The peasants, in the picturesque dresses of Catalonia, were walking about, conversing with each other, or sitting by their doors, enjoying the cooling freshness of the hour. A group of young people had gathered round an itinerant musician, who, thrumming his guitar in unison, was singing the heroic ballads of the country; the history of the Infantes,—the exploits of the Cid,—and the conquest of the moors by Ferdinand and Isabella.

Though the Piper was not celebrated for minstrel love, yet "he, I ween, was of the north countrie;" and the motive which now urged him to sing, might have excused even

a ruder lay than that which he spontaneously poured forth in Gaelic, in praise of Flora's favourite stream, and which was long afterwards put into English verse.

" STREAM of the Stranger! thou art fair,
Through myrtle bowers gaily meand'ring;
But I have seen, mid mountains bare,
A stream in wilder beauty wandering.
Yes, thou art fairer, dear far,
Stream of my heart, lone Monzievar!

On Monzievar hangs VALOUR's tower,
From far the way-worn pilgrim cheering;
By Monzievar blooms BEAUTY's bower,
Warm, Highland welcome kindly wearing:
And nestle close, 'neath rock and scaur,
Thy peasant homes, lov'd Monzievar!

Stream of my heart! through arching boughs
Even now thy lulling wave is wending,
With carols blithe, and whispered vows,
And murmurs of my pine-woods blending:
For now the lovely folding star,
Brings *gloamin* hour to Monzievar.

Now breeze-borne from thy upland glade,
By starts is heard the wild-buck belling,
And fitful from thy hazel shade
The cushat's wail romantic swelling.
Alas, that sounds of woe should mar
The voice of love on Monzievar!

Stream of my youth! now tricksy elves
In ringlets round thy grey cliffs ramble,
Dip the small foot in flow'ry shelves,
And in thy fairy lakelets gambol,
    Or chase the beam of evening's star,
    Quivering on haunted Monzievar.

'Tis past:—and on thy banks lone stream
Is heard no more the voice of gladness,
The herd-boy's song, the minstrel's theme;
Each sound and sight is woe and sadness:
    For ruthless desolating war
    Has reft thy joys, sweet Monzievar!

Stream of the wild! at twilight pale
Who love-led roams thy dewy correi,
Since *he* thy faithful clan bewail,
Fell, bravely fell, in stranger's foray:—
    Peace to the brave who sleep afar!
    Hush thy wild wail, lone Monzievar!"

* * * *

It was neither in the convent nor the chateau that Norman chose to place Flora; for, on entering the village, he was met by the young girl who had travelled so many miles to water the grave of her brother in the pass; and she, in the name of her grandfather, tried, in her imperfect language, to invite the English lady to pass the night in their cottage. A respectable looking old man, who had been hobbling after the fleet steps of Angela, now

accosted Norman, and, in good Spanish, repeated the invitation, and led the way to where Flora was seated; while Angela, on hospitable thoughts intent, flew home to arrange the upper chamber, into which the expected guest was soon afterwards conducted.

This cottage was a little way beyond the village, at the foot of a steep avenue which led to the chateau. Both its architecture and interior finishing were superior to the dwellings common in Spain; and Flora's little chamber, glazed, and ornamented with Dutch tiles, and furnished with mats and chairs of the esparto rush, had an air of neatness and accommodation very rare indeed in that country. Their host, likewise, both in language and manners, seemed far superior to the peasants of the village; and the travellers soon gathered that he had long been the confidential servant of Conde de Castillon, who had provided this pleasant asylum for his old age. His only daughter, the mother of Angela, "was with God and her son," young Angela said; and her father was with his Lord, fighting the battles of Spain.

The cottage of Andrea could not accommodate the whole party, and Norman and Hugh followed their grey-haired host to the cha-

teau, after it had been earnestly represented to them, that the Conde de Castillon would never forgive his old domestic, if the chateau, and all that it contained, was not offered to the English travellers.

Having lulled her little child to sleep, and dismissed Angela, Flora placed herself at her casement, fixing her eyes on the blue and starry heaven it was often her wish to reach.

"How natural and how beautiful is that sentiment which makes saint and savage alike seek in yon serene and lovely heaven for all that was ever pure, and lovely, and beloved on earth," thought Flora :—"A mother, for the babe she lost in infancy,—a widow, for the husband of her youth."

An imagination, nurtured in all the wild yet soothing credulities of the Highlands of Scotland, and religiously submitting to their mysterious influence, involved all nature in the grief of a bereaved heart. Amid the murmurs of the night-breeze that swept over the wood-tops, and, "hollowly howling," died away in the valley, Flora could hear the tones of the beloved voice; and from the thin vapour that hung over the stream, mould that form on which fancy for ever brooded. Wrapt in this wildering and visionary mood, Flora

would not have exchanged its mournful enchantments for all the day-dreams of a prouder philosophy.

The clock of the chateau above now struck the hour of midnight, and immediately a young peasant started from under the sycamores by the cottage-door; and, while he struck his guitar, sung, in extemporary verse, the beauty of his mistress, and the hopelessness of his love. Flora well knew the customs of this gallant and romantic land, and she listened with interest to the praises of the young Angela, rejoiced to find that, even in one village of Spain, the roar of the cannon, the clash of the cymbals, and the voice of lamentation, had not yet quite drowned the tinkle of that instrument which is consecrated to love.

As the young peasant ended his bootless serenade, Flora went to rest.

She was awakened from a more refreshing sleep than she had enjoyed for a great while, by the murmured cooings, and the little fingers of the playful and happy creature that twined round her neck. At such times there was nameless bliss in existence; and for a moment she seemed to clasp life and her child together in the same strong embrace.

She was up and dressed before Norman, who had been walking with old Andrea, entered the cottage. In ascending the stairs Norman heard her, in a low voice, singing a Gaelic psalm—he beckoned Hugh to listen. It was that beautiful pastoral psalm which forms the first intellectual exercise of every little child in Scotland that has been educated among those who still inherit the primitive manners and fervent piety of our first reformers. Flora had learned to lisp out this psalm on the bosom of her father, long before she could distinctly speak; and she was now half-conscious of a wish to live till she could teach it to *her* child, and till she could tell him what a man *his* father had been,—what a son, and what a soldier!—and bless him, and charge him to resemble that father.

She looked up as her friends entered, and seemed greatly invigorated. Her child was on her knee; and, with one of those shifts which affection suggests, she was also contriving to mend some article of his well-worn wardrobe.

Hugh and Norman exchanged a cheerly look.—"You are better to-day," said the latter, touching her emaciated hand: "Once we had you home to Glengillian, Flora, drink-

ing goat's whey, we'll soon get you round again."

"Aye, that we will, dear," added the Piper, feeling revived hope, and seeking to impart it. "If Moome had but the nursing of you, and you had your foot on the *gowan* again, I'll warrant me—"

The shake of Flora's head, her smile, and her sigh, checked Hugh's spirit of prophecy.

"But you don't inquire after my adventures in the haunted chambers of yonder chateau," said Norman, smiling; "though I assure you, it is a very fit theatre for the freaks of any ghost you ever heard of, from *Caen-beg* downwards. By the time that I had followed old hobbling Andrea and his flaring torch across wide courts and lofty columned halls, and ascended flights of stairs, and descended others, and travelled round sweeping corridors, and heard the wind whistling through long galleries, and saw it waving old banners, and descended more stairs which led to a chamber large as a church, gloomy as a tomb, and hung with ragged tapestry, I was quite in the mood of seeing sights, and hearing noises,—trap-doors creaking beneath my tread, and boards opening behind the tapestry by a spring, and

discovering stairs leading the Lord knows whither.

"I should have told you, that the patriotic nobleman, to whom we are so much indebted, never found any use for the worm-eaten magnificence of the state apartments of his castle; they were accordingly long given up to the sole use of the ghost of a certain ancient Countess, (who, it seems, founded yon convent as an expiation of the sins of her youth,) till the necessities of the country compelled her descendant to convert his whole dwelling into barracks, magazines, and hospitals. All this I learned from the attendant which old Andrea sent to me, whose father well remembered the foreign lady that the Countess had either murdered or caused to be murdered. I ought to say, that his loquacity can only be accounted for, by the circumstance of his father being a Frenchman, who followed this same Countess from Paris to Castillon. The joint impressions his tale, and the dismal aspect of these apartments, made on my fancy, clung to it even in sleep; and all night long did I wander through vaults and subterraneous ways, following our own Lady, again in the spring of life, and a solitary prisoner in this castle in Catalonia, with old Andrea

for her gaoler. The Conde, however, at length released us from durance; the scene suddenly changed to Eleenalin, and all was joy, for—" Norman did not finish the sentence.

"It was a very natural dream," said Flora.

"Some people have a wondrous knack at dreaming sensible dreams," said Norman; "but mine are always so perfectly incongruous, that I am rather proud of this one."

"And so you may, dear, I warrant there is something in it," said Hugh: "I wish to my heart we were beside Moome, for she would not be long of reading it, I warrant me, and finding good in it too."

"I wish we were," replied Norman, smiling softly, "and I would try to read it myself. And now, Flora, will you consent to rest a few days in Castillon, to give my dream time to unfold. I long to return our united thanks to the Conde, for all the kindness he has done and intended to do us."—Flora expressed perfect willingness.—"I am certain," added Norman, "that the Conde de Castillon is an excellent man, as well as a good patriot. One may always judge of a man's character from the condition of his estate and his tenants, provided they have been long enough under his controul to assume

any character; and his are admirable. This romantic village, perched like an eagle's nest in the bosom of the rocks, is entirely of his creation. Look, Flora, at the picture of rural comfort which is spread around us. Those substantial cottages, and trim gardens, look more like the best parts of Switzerland than the mountains of Spain. That brown, pretty Angela, gathering mulberry leaves to feed her silk-worms, and those neat young women that we see by their father's doors, weaving lace, and singing in concert, do not diminish the interest of the picture."

"Arcadian figures in Arcadian landscape," said Flora.

It was the season of shearing the lambs; and the young girls whom Norman had admired as the chief ornament of the village, were seen to join the shepherds in the meadows below. The stream that here leaped from cliff to cliff till it dashed over the stupendous rocks which abruptly rose, and walling in the romantic village, divided it from the plains, flowed through these meadows with a placid current, —its pebbly channel gleaming through the sparkling wave, like the most beautiful Mosaic work. Sheep shearing is the *vintage* of every pastoral country, the season of heart-

swelling gratitude for those gifts which man best repays when he receives and tastes them with joy. Flora had last seen sheep-shearing in Glen-gillian; and with this recollection full in her mind, she directed the morning walk down the steeps towards the meadows, which were still spread with blooms, and broken here and there by a few plum-trees and mulberries. Contrasting with the dun, though luxuriant pasturage, sprung the jonquil and hyacinth, the amyrillis and aspodel, the wild tulip and the pansy violet, "wagging their sweet heads;" while the sunny rocks that bordered the waterfall were inlaid with vivid mosses of every vernal and russet hue, and fringed with blossoming myrtle, tamarisc, and oleander, dipping their graceful and flexile sprays into the wave they half concealed.

"Sit down here, dear Flora, on a rustic throne, and admire the bountifulness of your namesake to this gay region, while I bring the good *Padre cura* to visit you." Norman placed her on a turfy knoll, under the shade of a lofty chesnut-tree, in view of the sheep-shearing, and pulled a handful of the gaudy flowers that sprung around, to amuse the child. "The good father was absent last night at the caverns, on the duties of his faith," continued Norman.

" There is something wonderfully venerable in the character of a parish priest, Flora,—even the Catholic priest, who, from having neither wife nor child, save his flock, may sometimes give up his whole heart to them.

The priest was something of a physician. He ministered to the simple ailments of the villagers; and he humbly said that heaven was pleased to bless his endeavours. He now looked with hopeless compassion on the fair and faded form which, amid all the spring of surrounding nature, seemed alone sensible of decay.

Flora was especially pleased with the parish priest, who talked with her in French, while Norman was climbing the surrounding steeps, or conversing with the peasants. He was a reverend looking, thin old man, who, quite absorbed in the miseries of his country, continued fervently day and night to wield the only weapons for her defence with which the gospel of salvation arms the minister of peace, —secret prayers for her prosperity, and active humanity towards her suffering children. Over a countenance strongly expressed, and peculiarly Spanish in its general outline, was superinduced an individual character and expression well suited to these holy functions.

Flora said it was such a face as a skilful painter would have given to the beloved disciple; purified by suffering, sublimed by piety. "It confirms all that you have said," said she, "when I see that the Conde has given such a father to his people, and chosen such a friend for himself. I was so weary and worn, dear Norman, and rest is so grateful, and his consolations are so refreshing to me, that in the primitive phrase of my dear father, and of his fathers, the heroes of Drumclog, I could now say, "There is a drop of dew for every pile of grass."

They were invited to dine in the parlour of the convent. The nuns crowded to the grate; the younger examining the dress of Flora, the elder ladies inquiring the fortune of the war, and all earnestly recommending themselves to the patroness of Spanish maidens—Holy St Barbara!

Evening came, and the Guerilla chief was not returned, though, in the course of the day, a party escorting some French prisoners arrived, accompanied by a few Portuguese soldiers whom the Guerillas had rescued.

From this party Norman learned that the Conde had penetrated far into the mountains,

with the hope, as was whispered, of intercepting a rich booty belonging to the usurper.

After Norman had bidden Flora adieu for the night, he walked some time in the court of the chateau with the priest, conversing occasionally with M. Duval's party, through the grates of the strong room in which they were confined, and sometimes dropping a good-natured expression of pity for their situation. At those times he could not help observing something peculiarly invidious in the scowling and side-long glance of one Portuguese soldier; and wildly vengeful in the fiery scintillations that darted from the deep-set eye of another; especially when the boastful captives vaunted their atchievements in Lisbon, and ridiculed some of the popular superstitions of Portugal. The physiognomy of the one was such as the imagination might have shadowed out for him "who does murder for a meed." It might have assigned the other to an enthusiast in evil, looking for his higher reward from the land of his birth, or the saint of his worship. Such men might have followed the banners of Pizarro and Cortes;—the one from the sordid love of lucre,—the other from mistaken zeal for God.

The parish-priest, who seemed at this time

to be upheld by the fervour of his spirit, again set out for the caverns, to smooth the way of some wounded wretch through the shadowy valley; and Norman was ushered by old Andrea into his ghostly chamber, and left with the garrulous attendant of the former night.

"Ah, Senór, I hope you did not whisper a word of what I told you to old Andrea,—not that I care, Senór, but old Andrea has his way, so has the Conde for that matter; but a vassal must not speak of his lord, Senór, or I could tell strange things.—My father was a Frenchman, Senór,—aye, you are looking at the picture.—In this very chamber, Senór," he lowered his voice, and looked eagerly round.—"Andrea's father was not always so rich—if I thought my word would never be heard, I could tell strange things." Norman perceived that the French half of Sancho's mental constitution was itching to be at work; but instead of giving it any encouragement, he replied by quoting a Spanish proverb equivalent to,—"A close mouth catches no flies."—Sancho was hot as a Biscayan, though talkative as a Gascon; and in huge wrath he flung on more faggots, swept up the hearth, and departed.

It was long since Norman had enjoyed the quiet and security of a private chamber. He secured his door and drew to his own fire-side. A fire is so animating in a large gloomy apartment, especially when the wind is howling abroad, and the rain dashing on the casement, and a man is solitary and far, far from home; it is like the soul to the body. Norman stirred his fire,—spread Lady Augusta's letters before him,—the pictures of his mother, and of him he called father,—and that small copy of the Pleasures of Hope which belonged to Monimia. He arranged all these instruments of idle enjoyment in fifty different ways, and viewed them in as many positions, and at last lapsed into that mood when

> " Fancy, ludicrous and wild,
> Soothes with a waking dream of houses, towers,
> Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd
> In the red cinders."———

Now he studied the head of a Mameluke, and by a slight transition it became that of Phelim Bourke. From this idling he was recalled by a creeping foot-fall in the gallery that led to his chamber. He hastily swept up his treasures, and abruptly throwing open his door, discovered the deep-eyed Portuguese soldier, who started at the light. • • •

• •

"Senór, do you sleep here to night?" said he, bending forward, and earnestly scanning the shadowy extremity of the apartment. His whispers ran in mumbling echoes along the gallery. He appeared desirous to advance into the chamber, and Norman, from a motive of curiosity, gave way one pace to favour his design, while he replied, "And if I do?"

"Frenchmen only sleep in this wing, Senór."

"What have I to fear from them,—or from any one?" replied Norman.

"Nothing, Senór."

"Then, why change my apartment?"

"Senór, I must not tell."

"I am not to be influenced by reasons that cannot be told," replied Norman, somewhat haughtily;—and he waved his unbidden guest to leave him, which the soldier immediately did. Having again secured his door, and pored for some time over this mysterious warning, Norman went to bed, and, as was usual for the last five weeks, without undressing.

CHAP. XLIX.

My son ! my son ! the voice of nature cried,
Would that for thee thy father could have died.
CAMPBELL.

FOR some hours, Norman slept quite soundly. But he fell into another state; a load was on his breast, every moment its weight became more deadly. The hag that rode his slumbers, now assumed the form of Duval, and now of Sir Archibald Gordon; and, by another transition, became the Portuguese soldier, who held his throat with a grasp so suffocating and powerful, that his whole being straining to this point could not unlock the horrid pressure. Life and death hung on a little minute. By a mighty effort he burst the spell, and, wide awake, perceived flames darting through the floor of his chamber, now filled with thick black smoke, while wild uproar

and continued shrieks ascended from the imprisoned Frenchmen beneath. Norman knew that Portuguese incendiaries had committed this foul act. But there was no time for thought; or, rather, action and thought were now one. He flew through the gallery, and bursting open the door of a closet in which the Piper slept, groped round, and, catching him in his arms, like another pious Eneas, bore him from destruction. At the foot of the grand stair-case he gave the Piper an unceremonious rousing shake, and left him. The fire had not yet reached this stair; but on every hand was heard the crackling of rafters, the falling of beams, and the voices of men breaking through that loud, hissing, and continuous din which attends a mighty burning, and issues from the flames like the terrible voice of the destroying fiend. No sounds could be more sublimely overpowering than those which Norman now heard, especially when the last shriek of human agony ever and anon yelled from the midst of the flames. He flew down the long gallery, and up the few steps that led to the prison door of the French soldiers.

"Incendiary fiend!" exclaimed a man in the Spanish tongue, who was rushing down

these stairs; and, at the same moment, Norman felt a sword plunged deep into his side. Men and lights advancing danced before his failing eyes in an indiscriminate mass of confusion; and another voice, which had power for an instant to arrest his flitting spirit, cried out in English,

"Oh, Sir! Oh God! you have murdered your own son!"

Norman, covered with his own blood, was sinking on the stairs, when he was upheld by some unseen arm. He raised his eyes on young Craig-gillian! He turned them, now heavy with deadly langour, on another warrior form, that stiffened with pale horror as it gazed on him. A film came over his sight; but he still heard Monro, wildly exclaiming, "Norman! Oh my best friend that ever I had, is there no help?—Your son! your son!—Conde de Castillon, will he bleed to death?"

The soft hand of Flora was supporting Norman's head when he felt returning consciousness, and with her other hand she poured some liquid into his mouth, with which the priest supplied her. It was day light. Norman did not attempt to speak; but as the dim and distorted images of the past became more distinct, he turned his eyes every way round

the darkened apartment. Hugh was kneeling at the bed's foot, his face wrapped in the coverlet, and Craig-gillian stood there! It was then no deception of failing sense,—it was warm flesh and blood that stifled in a father's bosom the laughing crow of little Hector, when he first perceived the opening eye of his favourite play-mate, and leaped and struggled to reach him. A sigh that almost amounted to a groan was heard from a dark and remote corner of the chamber, and as Craig-gillian slipped on tip-toe across the floor, and withdrew with his son, Norman perceived another figure turned from him, and kneeling in the attitude of earnest and silent devotion. Flora stooped towards him. He attempted to speak; but his eye again bowed down beneath the langour that crept over all his senses.

"And why should I live if he dies?" were the whispered words that next roused the attention of Norman.—"Leave me in peace, Craig-gillian!—Have I not lived long,—and far too long, since I have seen him, the kindest, the bravest, the gentlest, fall by the hand ——? Oh, Craig-gillian, my poor Lady! Her brother murdered by her husband!—her grandson by her own son! O let me die in

peace, Craig-gillian !"—Hugh impatiently waved off Craig-gillian, who was attempting to lead him from this chamber.

A father,—the son of the Lady! but even this was not Norman's predominant idea.—"My uncle Hugh, live and bless me;" said he in Gaelic. That low, imperfect, and painful voice made every heart bound, and each person sprung to the bed-side. Conde de Castillon and Hugh rushed forward together. Hugh's blood curdled at the touch he thought murderous; and he recoiled with a look of horror and aversion so marked, that the miserable father, smiting his forehead, and groaning in agony, turned away, lest he should meet such another withering and abhorrent glance from his own son, and live.

"Father! my father!" cried Norman, in extreme agitation; and the Conde, touched by an irresistible impulse, again sprung towards him, and clasped the form that involuntarily rose to meet his embrace. "My son! my son! forgive me!" exclaimed he; and sunk, pale, speechless, and almost lifeless, on the wounded bosom of his son, whose blood again burst forth.

Craig-gillian led the unfortunate father a-

way, while the priest attempted to staunch the bleeding.

During that long night, Hugh was still kneeling by the bed's foot. Flora and Craiggillian, silent, and hand in hand, were also there; and Norman could hear a restless and agitated step in the anti-chamber, now pausing at his door, and now hurrying away.

By the next morning, surgeons and physicians from a great distance had reached Castillon. They were presumed to have skill far superior to a simple parish priest; and as a proof of it, an oracular sentence was immediately passed on the young Englishman. When they learned, however, that he was the son of the Conde, they appeared inclined to restrict the libel to an arbitrary punishment, and to compound for death by perpetual illness.

Next night, Norman could perceive that the priest and the Conde were his nurses, and that Hugh was still there. During the greater part of that night, the two latter conversed together in English, whispering now about the Lady, and now about the birth and the various adventures of Norman, over whose cheek a smile sometimes stole at the simple art with which the Piper tried to

prepossess the father in favour of the son, and to conciliate his regard by all manner of inconsistent praises lavished on this eighth wonder of the world. He was glad, however, that Hugh had forgiven the Conde; and lest he should disturb their whispers, he affected to sleep.

At one time, during the night, he perceived the Conde leaning on the bed-post, gazing stedfastly upon himself. This, then, was his father—a nobleman of the first class—of great virtues—the son of Lady Augusta Macalbin! Her features were there, above all, her powerful eye: Yet the Conde appeared far older, and, Norman was reluctant to think it, far less amiable than the Lady. Stormy passions, though long passed away, had left portentous traces on his countenance: the calmness of age was, like the fettered torrent of the volcano, fixed, but still telling how high the destructive tide had risen, and how furiously it had rolled. His expression of countenance had been gathered amid the intrigues of courts and the excesses of camps; her's, in the mountains of Scotland.

It was fortunate for Norman that extreme debility prevented his mind from pursuing

the trains of thought which this contrast suggested.

The Conde sat down by the bed-side, holding in his hand the picture of Geraldine Fitzconnal, which had been taken from the bosom of her son.

"Oh unhappy Geraldine!" said he: "Was it for the hand of your husband to steep your image in the blood of your only son? Great God! who mysteriously visitest the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, teach me, while I tremble at thy judgments, to bow to thy will. The same spot, holy father,"—and he turned to the priest—"the same spot that witnessed the cruelties of the Countess de Valmont, is mysteriously chosen for the catastrophe of that night when her blood rose against itself, and the last of her race fell by the hand of him whom her ambition first depraved. He, holy father, who neglected an innocent, and injured, and widowed mother, lived a childless father, and finally became the destroyer of his own son. Great God! thy ways are wonderful—wonderful in judgment among the children of men."

The fluttered breathing of Norman, convinced the priest that he heard and understood the import of those vehement, whispered

exclamations, and he prayed the Conde to withdraw and compose himself; reminding him of the mercy of that God whose justice he was constrained in so trying a manner to adore, while he trembled.

To Norman and his friends it was an affecting circumstance, that the picture of his mother, which he constantly wore concealed in his bosom, shonld have protected his life from the sword of his other parent. The gold rim of the miniature, broader and far more solid than modern fashion allows, had turned aside the sword's point in a slanting direction, and it touched no vital part.

The priest had indeed said this from the first; though fever, and an excessive effusion of blood, might, he feared, produce consequences equally fatal.

Some symptoms of fever appeared on the subsequent day; and the priest insisted that the Conde should no more enter the chamber of his son.

When a week of this kind was expired, Norman, surrounded by physicians, still lay hovering between life and death; the weakness of nature lulling thought to sleep, as often as it brought the crowded images of

the last few days before poring, yet fatigued attention.

About this time he missed Flora from his bed-side, and seldom perceived Craig-gillian there. It was into the attentive ear of Hugh that he breathed a scarcely audible inquiry after that dear and endearing creature, who had sat by him even when extreme weakness compelled her to accept the assistance of others in reaching his chamber. Hugh made an eager signal, and ran to summon Craig-gillian. Flora was also confined to a sick couch. Her disease, which had assumed so many alarming characters, was found to be what physicians call a *vomica*. It had now reached its dreadful crisis, and the event was favourable. All this did Craig-gillian now whisper into the ear of Norman.

"It was lucky in one way, dearest," whispered Hugh, "that you were half-killed at the same moment Craig-gillian came; for though the worthy minister took all care in the telling of her, she would have died on the spot, or gone mad for joy at any rate—and myself, to hear you was what you was, though it was no news to me—my heart warming to you the first moment I ever saw you lying on Moome's knee in Ronald's house, when that poor lady, whom God

himself led to Glenalbin, that our clan might have a head left—But alas! alas!—However, let them keep the lands, we have the men; and did we live in the good ould times, our *swoords* would make them good to us yet.—But when, dear, think you, will the Conde send myself home to let our Lady know? By the bones! I would not linger.—'Macalbin's come home!' would Moome cry, in the surprise. 'Ewan Piper Mach-piper, since it is yourself, you are welcome; and God send us good news.'—'Macalbin *is* come home!' would I cry; and Moome would be in a high passion, thinking I took it upon myself to joke with her.—'Hugh Piper,' would she say, 'ill does it become your father's son to compare himself to his master. To the stones be it told, that I lived to see the day when your graceless face durst laugh at what makes all my sorrow'—and then she would take up her apron to wipe her eyes, and my own heart could never stand that; I would tell the whole truth, and she would look so comical.—'Hugh, dearest, Och God bless you! and forgive myself for scolding an honest man's child,'—continued the delighted Piper, mimicking the manner of Moome: Then would I say a little slily, 'You see you may be too ready to

take me up so hot when I say, '*Macalbin's come home.*'

"Macalbin's come home!' would she again shout: 'Och blessed sound!'—and she would soon tell all about the last *creagh* Macalbin your own great-grandfather made, down by Rannoch and that way; and all about the day of the *Pass of Stones*, as you have thousands of times heard her"—

"And therefore need not trouble you again," interrupted Craig-gillian.

"Trouble!" exclaimed Hugh, "God bless you! that is no trouble to myself. I would rather speak of it than any thing else in all the whole world. There was Sir Norman, returning with a drove; threescore head before him, and all his *following* behind—the stoutest and the bravest men that ever left the West. Then would the glen ring again with Macalbin's pibroch, and the women and childer run out to give them welcome, and follow on to the castle;—targets clanking,—claymores glancing,—pipes playing,—cattle lowing,—men shouting,—and four-and-twenty yards of the Clan-Albin tartan waving from the broad shoulders of every *pretty* man. Then would the watchman give the signal, and all the ladies run to the bartizan to count the cows,

while we all drive in to the hall;—and then what a joyous welcome from the ould bard Macclairseach! 'Welcome to Dunalbin, brave Chief! welcome to the Chief that is crowned with victory!—Fill the cup to him, whose bounteous hand is filled with the spoils of the strangers;—fill to the first of the race of Albin of the spoils, whose full hand runneth over.'—So we would all dance and sing together, and weep for joy, and laugh for gladness; and tell all the tales of our own clan; and how no other clan was ever half so brave or so ancient. All the women and maidens would be there, and there would be no want of ale or usquebaugh; and plenty of cattle, hung by the heels, to feast our own people. We were not always the fools to send our cattle to the Lowlands, and starve at home;—no, we rather *lifted*;—but I warrant they provoked us to it. So, after being all jovial for weeks together, and the cattle well through, the Chief would dismiss every one, (except the lads of the belt,) with a good share to his wife; and having stuck their claymores in the roof, the *followers* would fall to work, and hunt, or fish, or herd—for war was but their pastime, I may say; and the blessed sun himself never rose on a happier people or braver times. To be sure,"

added Hugh, in a lower tone, "the parliament had made no laws about claymores and philabegs at that time;—there was neither turnpikes nor guagers. Moome herself was but a young maid then."

"Pr'ythee, sweet wag, said Craig-gillian, smiling, "shall there be a gallows standing in Glen-Albin when thou art chief? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the law?"

Norman smiled, and Craig-gillian let the curtain fall, as the only means of arresting Hugh's eloquence.

The high interests entrusted to the Conde de Castillon, and the exigences of the times, compelled him to tear himself from the couch of his son, even before the cautious physicians had declared the probability of his ultimate recovery. Daily, and sometimes hourly bulletins of health were however dispatched after him in all directions by the priest? and he had at last the double felicity of learning that his son was likely to live, and that his own soul was free from the taint of blood. On the night when he arrived at Castillon with Craig-gillian, and from a distance discovered his castle in flames, he had indeed imagined, that, in plunging his sword into the

bosom of his son, on the stairs of the prison, he was doing an act of needful justice in ridding the earth of another of those incendiary ruffians whom he had seen goading their victims back into the flames from which he had delivered them :—But what mind of sensibility can ever hope for returning peace, when it reflects that, though the motive was pure, the conduct was rash, and the deed fatal ?

Be it recorded, to the honour of those imprisoned soldiers, that not one of them attempted to escape from him whose generosity had relieved them in this extremity. They assisted in subduing the flames, repaired to the chapel of the chateau at the bidding of the Conde, and quietly remained there till their prison was refitted.

CHAP. L.

O what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers commanding one another's fortunes!

SHAKESPEARE.

"SHALL I begin at the very beginning," said Craig-gillian, sitting with his little son on his knee, and looking from Flora to Norman, who, pale as statues, reclined on opposite couches in the chamber into which Flora had been carried on her first visit to her friend.

"Yes, from the very beginning," said Norman, though he had little to learn that was new;—for the whispers of the Piper, the unconnected observations of Craig-gillian, and his own shrewd guesses, had made him acquainted with many of the particulars that Craig-gillian now sketched.

He said that the report of the wounded men around him, on the field of Corunna, was

perfectly correct. He had been carried off by a small party of the enemy's cavalry, that had made a dash forward on this point.—Darkness came on, and some of these men having torn every thing from off his faded uniform that gave it value, and rifled his pockets, threw him into a ditch two miles from the spot where he had been left. The nipping frost wind made his wound smart exceedingly, and pain restored sensibility.

"I shall never forget how I then felt," said he: "I was devoured by a raging thirst; my parched tongue rattled in my mouth when I attempted to make myself heard. Can you believe it, Macalbin? I could have wept like infancy when I heard footsteps near me, and found that I could not articulate."—Flora wept it now.—"I was like some poor wretch left on a desert island, that sees the ship fast disappearing, in which hope, and life, and all that is precious, are embarked."

Instead of seeking safety on board the English transports, Craig-gillian's Highland servant had formed the singular resolution of becoming a second "wandering Jew," and of never returning to Glen-gillian without his master. Accordingly, he returned to the field of battle, and wandered about all night.

As if by miracle, Craig-gillian outlived that horrible night, and he imputed his preservation to a cordial more exquisite than ever luxury furnished to the voluptuary,—the snow flakes that he caught on his parched tongue as they fell around him. Among the things rifled from his pockets, was a letter written in behalf of his wife, to a gentleman of Astorga. The dragoon who had taken it, deemed it of sufficient consequence to be given to an officer who understood English. This Irish officer had that same morning seen the Highland servant approach the French sentinels with an old pocket handkerchief tied to a stick as a flag of truce, inquiring for his master with every symptom of heart-felt anguish; and he had saved him from being made prisoner.

With the humane design of preserving Colonel Monro from the indiscriminate sepulture which follows a battle, this Irish officer sought him out. A faint spark of animation still lingered in the body, which PHELIM BOURKE, and two of his renegado countrymen, assisted Hector in bearing to Corunna, which was now evacuated by the British. Another *countryman* was procured to dress the wounds of Colonel Monro,—and

he breathed,—he lived,—he rapidly recovered, during the three days that these Irishmen concealed him in their quarters.

Till Bourke was compelled to leave Corunna he refrained from discovering his country or his name, lest the delicate honour of a British officer might shrink from the suspicious kindness of a *traitor*;—but then he could no longer forbear to ask an explanation of the mysterious words of Macalbin; and Craiggillian learned that Norman was the son of the Conde de Castillon.

He was immediately visited by Colonel Fitzconnal, the exiled father of the sweet little girl he had seen with Monimia in Ireland. Fitzconnal confirmed all that he had heard, and heard all that he had to tell of Norman Macalbin,—an orphan boy reared in a Highland glen, and yet the undoubted offspring of Geraldine Fitzconnal and the Conde de Castillon.

The unhappy Fitzconnal, who, like Craiggillian, had been torn from a wife and child—a wife that pined for him, and died because she saw him no more,—could well understand the distress of Colonel Monro; and he at once agreed to keep the secret of his real situation, and even to aid his fixed purpose of

returning to Astorga. But long before Craig-gillian was in a condition to travel, this poor exile, whose idol was a real or an imaginary national independance, had flung down his arms in disgust before the walls of Saragossa, and returned to France with the intention of retiring to America.

As the Irish servant of Fitzconnal, whom he had left sick at Corunna, Craig-gillian traversed a great part of Spain, till at Saragossa he heard of the captivity of his wife and his friend, and that they were already on their way to France. Craig-gillian had now but one hope, the Guerilla corps forming in Catalonia under the Conde de Castillion. All communication betwixt this obnoxious nobleman and his brother-in-law Fitzconnal, had been jealously watched for the last six months; and the Conde, when Colonel Monro joined him, was still a stranger to the existence of his son. Some of those bold spirits who followed Norman through Biscay and Navarre, had now, however, joined the mountain chief; and so much was he interested by their account of the young Englishman, and the purpose of his daring journey, that when informed by some of his spies of the departure of Duval's party for France, he sent what suc-

cours were in his power, regretting that more important concerns forbade him to attempt the release of the captives. But when he first learned that this young adventurer was the son of Geraldine Fitzconnal,—the pupil of that widowed and desolate mother, whom, in the hey-day of blood and of ambition, he had neglected, and now imagined beyond the reach of filial atonement, what were his tumultuous feelings! In every direction his roving parties crossed and intercepted the great routes leading to France through Catalonia; but both Craig-gillian and himself feared that it was too late, though they never slackened in the pursuit.

No young Scotsman is sent abroad into the world without one unerring guide of his way. His *Bible* is generally the parting gift of some dear and revered friend,—venerated for the important matters it contains, even while the ardour of ambitious pursuits lulls better thoughts but too much to rest, and cherished at all times along with the purest and happiest recollections that accompany the adventurous wanderer from the mountains of Scotland. Norman's small bible was the death-bed gift of Buchanan, who, to display at once his learning and his friendship, had written

on a blank leaf, in the lapidary style, and in the Latin language, the name of his pupil,—his age,—the place of his abode,—and some complimentary sentences. The loss of this little memorial at a *venta* in the Pyrenees, the day before the prisoners reached the great Pass, caused Norman much regret at the time, though it fortunately afforded his father another clue to his discovery, as it fell into the hands of the Conde and Craig-gillian on the same day that he effected his liberation.

The self-reproaches which remorse wrung from the Conde, rather than any regular narrative, acquainted Norman with all else that he longed to know, and feared to inquire. The Conde had grown up under the eye of that ambitious woman, who, finding she could not dissolve the marriage of her son with Augusta Macalbin, secretly adopted the fruit of these ill-starred espousals. The Chevalier de Valmont died, as his mother had represented, in that remote bastile to which the prostitution of power consigned him; and his wife disappeared so mysteriously from the chateau de Castillon, that, in the traditions of the place, it was still said, she had been carried off by some unhallowed means. The Countess knew better. When her grandson attained the age of fifteen, she

acquainted him with his birth, and those family honours and riches that might become his, on the simple condition of renouncing forever a mother who believed him dead, whose alliance had disgraced their family, and blasted the best hopes of his father. The young man hesitated. Without the Countess he could never establish his legitimacy,—his mother believed him dead,—she had therefore nothing new to suffer,—an adventuress who disgraced the illustrious family with which intrigue had connected her: The voice of nature rebelled against this surmise; but the young Chevalier de Valmont, proud of the name he was born to inherit, and eager to establish a claim to distinction, resting on a surer foundation than the favour of the Countess, consoled himself with the reflection, that to his mother he was already dead; that his prosperity must indeed be her chief desire; and he accordingly took the sacrilegious oath prescribed to him by the remorseless woman, who had injured her victim too deeply ever to cease pursuing her with rancorous hostility.

At the proper age, or somewhat beyond it, young De Valmont entered the service; and the Countess, like other Parisian ladies, from a woman of intrigue and fashion, and a *bel e-*

sprit, became devout; and having taken a theatrical farewell of the world, that is, of the higher circles in Paris, retired to a convent which she had founded in Castillon for twelve nuns.

The Countess was but half a French woman: again in Spain, her character became Spanish; and, torn by the consciousness of concealed guilt, the last years of her life were spent in the edifying practice of flagellating herself with a hair scourge before a picture of her son. Had the crime of blood not been darkly hinted at, the simple sisterhood, and the good inhabitants of Castillon, would have been highly edified by these pious exercises;—but who can avoid shuddering at the murderess? The Countess lived to a great age, in her life and in her death exhibiting that inexplicable mixture of grandeur and debasement of spirit, heaven-defying pride, and abject superstition, which is the peculiar growth of bigotted countries. At her death her grandson succeeded to her fortunes in Spain; and shortly afterwards the reigning monarch revived the title of his Spanish ancestors, and conferred it upon him.

The young Conde was at this time basking in the brightest sunshine of prosperity; high

in favour at the gay, refined, and profligate court, in the precincts of which he had hitherto lived, as well as at the equally profligate, though dull, sullen, and obsequious state prison to which his allegiance had lately been transferred. Under the polished exterior of a French courtier, and the gallant vivacity of a French soldier, the Conde concealed the vehement passions and overweening pride of a Castillian grandee; an ambition as daring as hers who had formed his mind, and hardly less dark. Occupied even at this early age by projects wide as his vast capacities, the Conde still forgot a widowed mother, abandoned to solitude and obscurity, if not to penury.

Madrid proved to him but a dismal sojourn; he had too much talent, taste, and activity, for his compatriots;—he had, by some centuries, taken the start of them, and they could not forgive it. He was too proud to follow, and far too impetuous to lead; and scarcely had he attained the dizzying summits of political greatness, when the intrigues of the reigning favourite precipitated him into the gulph of oblivion. No man is so utterly neglected as a discarded minister. While time and chance gradually throw a veil over other persons, studied mortifications and insults at

once bury the fallen great man under the rubbish which caused his overthrow.

The important years which lead a man from twenty-six to thirty, had been spent at the court of Madrid—the next ten years in a kind of honourable exile at Castillon. And here the spring of his early exhausted mind revived, and he began to yearn after something to love worthy of being loved; something to think about, capable of exercising a rational mind; something to desire, which was able to awaken a manly ambition. When ten years of solitary expiation had atoned for his offences, the Conde *incognito* visited Lisbon. When in that city, accident led him to shield the life of Roderick Fitzconnal, not the father, but the brother of Geraldine, from the dagger of an assassin. Fitzconnal was on his way home from America, in bad health, when this attempt was made on his life. In a few months Geraldine Fitzconnal, in all the power of loveliness, and adorned with all the graces of youth and innocence, came to Lisbon to attend her sick brother.

Youth, beauty, talent, were mere drugs to the sated voluptuary,—he had tasted of them all, and exhausted their delights; and he now thought that if any thing feminine could have

stimulated his palled senses and imagination, it must be something that touched the brink of all he hated; something that gave him the rare delight of strong sensation in perceiving into what a fiend woman may be transformed. The bowl and dagger of Spanish jealousy, therefore, for a little while, supplanted the graces of French coquetry in the favour of the Conde. But, unhappily, this soon wore off; the most frivolous comedy was in real life far more tolerable than the tragedy of Tom Thumb the Great, if perpetually repeated. The Conde returned to his original faith: French women were the most cultivated, the most charming, and almost the most beautiful of their sex; and French women delighted not him. It was in vain, therefore, that the mind-illumined face of Geraldine, and her faultless form, exhibited the high-wrought perfection of animated beauty; the Conde would examine the one with the cool eye of a painter, and pronounce on the other with the accuracy of a statuary.

Senór Velasquez—for such was the assumed name of the Conde—a brave soldier, the preserver of her brother, handsome, well informed, and gallant, joining the dignity of a Spaniard to the grace of a Frenchman, was

an object of very different interest to the youthful Gelardine. She soon became a study to him. Were those affectionate, artless, and playful, though guarded manners, the result of exquisite art, or more exquisite nature,—Could the mere character of her sex, guided by natural talent, teach this little girl, educated in the wilds of Ireland, a system of manners as winning and ingratiating, and infinitely more flexible and varied, than the artificial graces of the highest Parisian female circles, trained from one generation to another in all the wiles of fascination,—every daughter receiving the accumulated arts along with the increased jewels of her mother, and in her turn transmitting them to her daughter, together with her own acquisitions. The Conde could not quite resolve the problem; yet the difficulty of solution in so far cured him of that palsy of the heart and fancy with which he had been so long afflicted. It would, however, have been impiety against nature to doubt the existence of that attachment, strong, tender, and dèlicate, which every look and motion of Geraldine displayed for her brother, and the absent members of her family,—particularly for her sister Bourke. The Conde had now attained his fortieth year; and

he could not say that he had ever known the happiness of being loved for himself alone, nor even the delight of being deceived into so charming a belief.

In the lack of all that the heart clings to, he had been conscious of dislike to the vulgar wife of old Andrea, because she had withdrawn from him some portion of that animal fondness which attached the old man to the boy he had attended. The family leagues with which the Conde was familiar, were rather coalitions for spoliation and mutual aggrandizement, than that beautiful combination of affections, and ties, and habits, and duties, which mitigate the real ills of life, exalt its enjoyments, and purify its pleasures, and almost create the felicity they bestow. It was in the humble lodging of Fitzconnal that a new heaven and a new earth opened to the view of the Conde. He was too proud, and withal too distrustful of human nature, to become the dupe of his own vanity; yet he perceived, that in the inmost bosom of Geraldine there beat another heart, more impassioned, more glowing, more devoted, than that which prompted her sisterly kindness; ready to leap from its heaving prison as often as he ventured to approach its sanctuary with the language

of wooing invitation. Chance revealed at the same instant to Geraldine and the Conde the genuine feelings of their hearts: he was beloved for himself, and felt like one born again from the dead. Pleasure, fame, ambition, faded away; and not for the fruition of all they had ever promised to his young and aspiring mind, would he have exchanged the first-fruits of the innocent heart that he had unweetingly taught to throb with passion for himself, while he still seemed an obscure and impoverished individual.

The mind of De Castillon was now effectually roused from the torpor succeeding early exhaustion; and when the first ardours of the passion to which he gave himself up with all his heart and soul were spent, ambition again took its turn. A few months had flitted away in a rapturous dream, ere the Conde began to reflect, that he had committed the very same error for which he often in idea condemned his own father,—connected himself with an obscure foreign family, unable to promote his designs, or extend his alliances and his influence.

While the smile of Geraldine was still chasing away the cloud that gathered on the forehead of her husband, accident led him to re-

new an interrupted acquaintance with a French gentleman residing at the Court of Lisbon, who soon drew him into a political intrigue that again excited the displeasure of the Spanish Government. An order was obtained for his arrest; but Fitzconnal found means to convey him on board of an English vessel just leaving the Tagus. His wife followed soon afterwards,—but they met no more! And the loss of all that he had ever loved, finally corrected his ambitious mind, and shewed him the emptiness of that vanity and vexation of spirit which he had hitherto laboured to treasure up. For some years after his misfortune he travelled, and afterwards retired to Castillon, and giving himself entirely up to agricultural and literary pursuits, spent a life of usefulness and quiet. The Conde had not been at Court for fourteen years, when the interests of his country dragged him from retirement; and the events which preceded the war prevented his return. By those among the nobility who purchased hollow security by the most abject submission to the usurper, the Conde had long been styled a dangerous man, a *Frenchified* Spaniard, who neither feared king nor devil. He had ever smiled with contempt at these charges,

and pitied the delusions which gave them currency. His evil fame, however, for a short time limited the sphere of his exertions. He returned to his own province, where he was known and loved; and in the midst of his prosperous tenantry, by a solemn act of self-dedication, devoted life, talents, and fortune to his country, vowing never to lay down his sword while the winds of his paternal hills fanned the banners of an invader. His plate was melted down,—his family jewels were sent to London,—and an act of the provincial junta permitted him to alienate his estates, and sell them out in any way he chose. "Let it be recorded on my tomb," said he, in answer to the remonstrance of a friend, "that I lost the inheritance of my ancestors, and conquered for their last descendant the grave of a free man."

His little army amounted to 800 men.—It had been equipped, and was to be supported by the slender sums arising in this convulsed period from the sale of his lands.

If he now repented his precipitance, he never once said so; nor did he degrade his son by the suspicion of selfish regret. When Norman, however, affixed his signature to those deeds, which could not, now that he was known

and acknowledged, be legally completed without his consent, the Conde pressed his hand in silence, and appeared to feel the full value of this sacrifice.

When the first gush of natural feeling was expended, and Norman declared out of danger, Craig-gillian was astonished, and Flora grieved and mortified, to perceive with what engrossing eagerness the mind of De Castillon returned to the affairs of Spain, almost to the exclusion of every other claim or duty.

A Spanish estate, and much less an empty Spanish title, were no objects of ambition to Norman. He had found a father, and he honoured him; but strong filial attachments are not the growth of a day. His opinions, his habits, his associations, his hopes, his prejudices, were all Scotish; and it did violence to every feeling of his nature to consider Spain as his country, or Castillon as his permanent residence. Besides, and every nerve thrilled with pleasure at the reflection, he was no longer master of his own choice.

By a sort of tacit agreement, the discussion of those points was waved by all the parties; and Norman was for the present addressed by the name which he had always borne, and which he wished never to surrender.

About this time the Conde received letters from one of the Spanish deputies in London, informing him, that bills to the amount of L.7000 were lodged in his name with a banker in the city. He immediately executed a new will, by which he divided this sum equally between Lady Augusta de Valmont and Mary Fitzconnal. To his son devolved his high-sounding titles, the walls of his chateau, and of another mansion in Arragon, a good collection of books, and a few excellent pictures which the Conde had collected at great expense. "The world is all before you, my son," said the Conde; "but if every thing fail, you have, like your father, the London market;"—he cast his eyes mournfully round his cabinet. "No, no," said Craig-gillian, smiling, "Pictures don't eat,—we can afford to keep pictures even in Scotland."

De Castillon was to lead his little army in a desperate assault against Rosas, while the English attacked it at the same moment from the sea. At midnight he visited the chamber of his son. He stood at the bed-side, shading his face with his hand:—"If I should never live to see,—to implore,—yes, you my dear son, will be my mediator with my mother;—I shall find a way to her heart

through yours." He stood another minute and repeated: "Bless you, my son;—to her whose generous love distinguished you, carry a father's blessing. A soldier's honour and his sword is all the inheritance with which I can endow you, Norman,—but you are already far richer than ever I could have made you." He lingered a little longer, as if he struggled to say what was strongly on his mind, and found it impossible; and abruptly repeating, "Bless you my son!" he disappeared.

On the evening of the second day following, he was brought home a corpse to Castillon! His desperate undertaking completely failed, and it was with great difficulty that his Guerillas recovered his body.

The first time that Norman left his chamber was to follow the funeral procession of his father, at midnight, to the family vault beneath the chapel of the castle. The servants of the family, the tenants, the nuns, and Guerillas, were all assembled in this vault. The death of the Conde, their respected protector, was wept, together with their own forlorn state, for they were now in hourly expectation of a visit from the enemy. Norman was supported by Craig-gillian and old An-

drea during the service, which the feelings of the spectators, and the condition of that part of the country, rendered at this moment peculiarly impressive. The coffin of the Countess de Valmont was the last that had been placed here. Her grandson's was laid beside her's. Many of the poor people, who were preparing to fly, they knew not whither, exchanged their hurried adieus over his remains.

When this melancholy ceremony was ended, Norman entreated to be left alone for a little while, and he was indulged. He kneeled down, leaning on his father's coffin. He beheld the end of all flesh. Grandeur, honour, ambition, were perished from the face of the earth; and he shed a few natural tears ere he could direct his attention beyond it, and reflect, that, though dust returns to dust, the spirit returns to GOD who gave it!

His friend led him back to the chateau, and left him in solitude, while he took measures for a sudden departure. When they met again, Norman talked of his father with great calmness,—as of a parent, whom he must ever revere and remember, though his death rather brought moments of devout meditation than the agonizing sorrow which such an e-

vent must, in other circumstances, have occasioned.

The person second in command to De Castillon had now assumed the guidance of the Guerilla corps, and he offered his whole force to escort the English party to the coast. Several frigates were at this time cruizing off Rosas, which he thought they might easily reach. Part of the Conde's property, which now devolved to Norman, was therefore packed up in all haste, and sent to the coast by Craig-gillian's orders; and the rest, consisting chiefly of books, given in charge to old Andrea and the priest, to be conveyed to the strong-holds in the mountains till quieter times.

With a natural feeling of regret, Norman, still an invalid, was borne from the spot where the memorial of his father was sweet.

The English frigates had all along maintained a pretty close communication with the shore,—landing parties at various points during the night, and favoured in all their attempts by the people of the country. A boat was therefore in readiness to receive Colonel Monro and his friends; and their Guerilla guard of honour saw them reach the ships in safety before they returned to the mountains.

to allay the fears of the good *padre cura* with the grateful intelligence that his poor worn-out patients had at length found

> "A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
> Peace and repose, a *Briton* and a friend."

All this they truly found in Captain M——'s ship, where they remained for a fortnight; at the end of which period they obtained a passage to Gibraltar, in a schooner that was sent with intelligence to the Governor. Though the season was now far advanced, the little voyage proved delightful. The first day's sailing afforded the most beautiful views of Monsterrat, rearing his jagged head to the third heavens,—the coast of Catalonia,—and, in the extreme distance, the islands of Majorca and Ivica, like dun vapours floating between the shadowy ocean and the ethereal sky. They all along kept close to the shores, and the luxurious climate of the south of the Peninsula rendered the latter half of the voyage equally charming. On viewing the coasts of Valencia and Granada, all the romance of Norman's character was called into play. Still suffering under severe indisposition, he lay from morning to evening on the deck,

soothing his fancy with dreams of Moorish fountains and palaces,—knights and ladies,—tilts and tournaments,—and all those voluptuous enchantments, and shifting and brilliant colours, with which imagination invests the age of chivalry in this charming country.

It was late in October before Norman was deprived of the profitable occupation of building castles in the air, or, as the French more aptly say, "Castles in Spain," by the landing of the vessel.

When Craig-gillian, with the friendly assistance of some British officers, had placed his invalids in comfortable lodgings, he waited on the Governor, to whom he was previously known. From the Governor he heard that his regiment was now embarked for Canada; and that, having been reported dead of his wounds, another officer had succeeded to his appointment. Craig-gillian had already written to England. A number of letters lay on the table, sent round this way to find their way into Spain; among others, Craig-gillian observed a packet, addressed to Norman, in the handwriting of General ——, which he immediately claimed, and received.

"'Tis from Allan Drummond," said Norman, throwing aside the envelope. He burst

the seal, and, after drawing a long breath, added, " and dated from Eleenalin."

" And is every body well?—and in Glengillian, too?"—Every body is well," replied Norman. " Then you may go to your chamber, and tell us more afterwards."

When upwards of an hour had elapsed, he returned to his impatient friends to whom he gave the voluminous letter, and again withdrew to his chamber, which he was still unable to quit but for a few hours in the morning.

Flora first snatched the letter: Craig-gillian complained that she read slow,—he read far slower, and, by mutual consent, it was spread out between them.

Eleenalin, 20th September 1808.

" MY DEAR MACALBIN!—Aye, you may stare! but here I am; and if you don't believe me, I'll describe your Imogen's chamber, ' such things, and such.' If, however, you take it for granted that I am here, I shall proceed to more important matters, and, lest I should never begin, begin at once, and, if possible, preserve my secret till the proper time. The many long letters that I have sent after you, to Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, ' or

elsewhere,' may never have reached; so take another sketch of my mishaps.—I was not quite dead when we landed at Plymouth from Corunna; though many a worthier fellow was. Mary came to me, and her care soon restored me. I had just joined, when we were ordered to a blessed place, called Walchern, where poor Marshall, the Lochwinnoch man, that used to talk about 'reason and revelation,' and 'the root of the matter,' was killed at my side. Ellis lost his right leg; and Pat Leary and your humble servant caught the fever, recovered, and relapsed. I am suffering under it still. Ellis is starving, and keeping a gentleman's gate, somewhere about Norwich; and *Pat* is in the same thriving way in some *outlandish* part of Ulster.

"From Holland I was landed at Leith, and carried to my brother's house in Edinburgh; and again poor Mary came to me from the Highlands. While sick in Edinburgh, I scraped up an acquaintance with your queer old friend Montague, as I have the honour to be a cousin fifteen times removed to his lady wife.—And this brings me to the second head of my discourse.

"He needed none of my instigation to rebel against his lawful sovereign; for never

was citizen bent on an honester purpose, if any one would but guarantee indemnity for the past and security for the future; in other words, if Monimia would agree to reimburse part of what his limb of quality had squandered, and if I would stand by him against the tongue and talons of my lady. I could not help demurring to the first proposition; but for the latter I frankly undertook.

"Mrs Miles Montague had taken forcible possession of all her husband's papers. I wrote for counsel to Eleenalin, and good Craig-gillian himself brought me an answer in behalf of Monimia. We accordingly put the affair into the hands of my brother, who is, you know, learned in the law. Before he took severe measures, he exhausted every means of entreaty and persuasion; but Ursula, considering that possession is nineteen points of law, kept possession, and to law we went. My patience was soon completely exhausted by forms and delays, for which I could see no manner of use; so the first morning I could crawl, I dashed in upon Ursula, turned the house upside down, and vowed I would send the whole system to the right about, unless I obtained all the papers relating to Monimia. Poor Montague fled at

last; and, after much wrangling, and many tears and imprecations, and affected hysterics, against all of which I stood soldier-proof, the lady gave up the papers I wanted. I never was engaged in a more entertaining scene. During her fits she squeezed me so lovingly in her arms, I daresay wishing herself *Apega* for my sake,—and pinched Montague by the ear till he roared again. That I might be wanting in no point of courtesy to a lady, I soused her well with water; and, lest she might harm herself, held her from pure kindness in an embrace almost as ardent as that which she bestowed on me. At last she condescended to recover, and begged to be released.

"We had now, without troubling *Doctors' Commons*, got possession of Mr Montague's will, and ascertained that Monimia, on completing her twentieth year, was entitled to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds! Most unfortunately, however, her guardian is no longer worth so much in the world, either belonging to her or himself; though it is shrewdly guessed, that, besides her house and plate, and equipages, Ursula, seeing her lord so mulishly honest, has laid up a snug thing in some corner.

"By the positive orders of Monimia, who

could not endure the thought of distressing Montague, we compounded for twelve thousand pounds; and the poor Holbornian, out of his snug half plum, has saved about fifty pounds a-year: my lady is bound over to keep the peace, and openly retains six times that sum. Monimia came to town to sign releases, &c. &c.; and the first act of her power was to settle a thousand pounds on her little adopted daughter, and on Montague an annuity of a hundred pounds. He actually shed tears of gratitude on receiving this mark of generosity, and he appears to regret the loss of his fortune more for her sake than his own; but that, after all, is impossible. He is now the careful stewart of his young sister at Dunalbin,—and he declares himself in heaven. He consoles himself with remarking, that his wife was neither an Englishwoman nor a member of the church of England, so he shall probably escape her in the other world as well as this. Though Montague be a mere low-born Englishman, the whole of the clans cried shame on her; her insolence, bad temper, and undisguised rapacity, indeed, exceed belief. It is yet more incredible, that he had not escaped her clutches above ten days, and had hardly begun to get sleek and comfortable,

when, as he smoked his pipe one evening, he began with great exultation to give me a history of—a genealogical tree, do you call it? which cost him fifty guineas last year; and, through all the red and green zig-zags imaginable, proved his wife to be related to most of the great families in Scotland. I could have seen him hung upon it.

"On the invitation of Lady Augusta Macalbin, Mary and I attended Mrs Montague back to Eleenalin. I was elevated and delighted with all I heard and saw. Fourscore and ten years!—the Lady triumphs over the power of Time. I no longer wonder that you were fashioned for a hero, Norman; the glance of her royal eye could make a hero of myself. I at first imagined that it was her majestic stature, and *primeval* grandeur of deportment, and perhaps something in her story, her dress, and her residence, that took so strong a hold of my fancy. It is more than these,—she is the living emblem of those lofty and patrician times that are forever passed away, when the porcelain of the earth was not yet debased by mixing with its clay, when well-born Highlanders were not yet tamed into esquires and justices of the peace. Have you ever been struck with the account of a noble and very

aged Scotish matron in Boswell's Johnson,—the Countess of Eglinton? or with the more animated picture of the venerable descendant of our royal Bruce, in Currie's Burns? Like the ardent bard, I could have kneeled at her feet, and, at the touch of that inspiring sword, have started up a loyal cavalier. 'Where is the world, Norman, into which these ladies were born?'

"*Apropos* of cavaliers,—Our brave Sir Archibald Gordon having put in leg bail, most honourably broke his parole one morning last spring, and by way of Jersey reached England.

"He was admonished by the higher powers to return to France, and my chevalier became sulky. His aunt prayed, his friends remonstrated, the officers of his regiment *respectfully* represented the hardship of their case, and the higher powers threatened; my knight became mulish and insolent, and, by his obstreperous conduct, effected a cashiering.—May I fight him now on the old score?—No, cashiered, disgraced, shunned, despised, his blood would stain my honest sword.

"I had lived in Eleenalin four days;—Moome had bathed my feet, and tucked me up o'nights, and brought me goats' whey in the

mornings, and sung me old songs, and told me old tales of my proscribed chief, the Duke of Perth, finding refuge in Glenalbin in 1746, in the character of a pedlar selling spectacles; and I was beginning to get plump and rosy, when my spirits were thrown into a sudden ferment by seeing the estate of Dunalbin advertised for sale, with all its 'red deer and roe deer, grouse and ptarmigan, caperkailie and salmon, extensive moors, and fine trouting streams, peculiarly suitable for an English gentleman of fortune.' Mary and I echoed each others sighs, when we thought of a Scotish gentleman, without fortune, to whom it would be far more suitable; and earnestly did we wish that the beautiful country, on which we gazed so admiringly, were in the possession of the friends we loved so dearly. The same idea entered the head of good Craig-gillian, and he wrote to town privately to inquire the *upset* price of the estate. Forty thousand pounds! and a great deal more expected :—we might as well have thought of paying off the national debt. —Our whole funds were Mcnimia's fortune, a few hundred pounds the Lady has lately recovered, and the price of Brora; for Craig-gillian was willing to part with that delightful retreat for the pleasure of seeing the Lady reign in the Glen, and resign her sceptre in

the fulness of time to a true-bred Macalbin. She all along damped our ardour; for all the patrician longings she awakens, she seems most coolly reasonable herself. An estate so burdened was, she said, worse than no estate. *Her pride* would be more gratified by seeing you an independant *tacksman* than a dependant laird.

"Gordon, who was extremely unwilling that the estate should be sold, contrived, from week to week, to adjourn the sale. Above all, he was resolved that Macpherson, whose *grassums* have been his bane, should not become the purchaser; and Daniel was equally stout in opposing his *umquhile* master. The sheep-farmers, for whom Gordon drove out the native tribes, have to a man become bankrupt. Other proprietors, forseeing the impending mischief, reduced the rents, obtained during the reign of madness, a fourth, a third, and, in some instances, a half. Sir Archibald, under the influence of his worthy adviser, would not abate a sixpence, and accordingly he lost all. Thus are the exiled Highlanders revenged. Think not, however, that the good modern practice is, abandoned. Pray tell me, Norman, if the power which can, in one day, depopulate a wide territory, and drive the

descendants of those who, for countless ages, have been its inhabitants, into miserable exile, does not approximate pretty closely to that which holds the population of an estate in perpetual vassalage? Yet we have known the former prerogative vigorously exercised by those liberty-mongers, who have the most edifying, and truly English abhorrence of the latter. The Russian noble says at once, 'You shall stay and be slaves;' the liberal-minded proprietor of an Irish or a Highland estate, only observes, 'You shall go and be damned.' Yes, Norman, though you should be offended, I will say that, besides old castles, and old chieftains, and old times, I do still more and more love old systems. I love *power*, and the kindness by which it was tempered. But it is paralyzed; and in its stead we have influence, temporizing at court and tyrannizing in the country,—digging in the dark, and undermining all that is fair and noble,—crawling and insinuating itself everywhere, and everywhere leaving its slimy trail. Our ancestors had, to be sure, the power of pit and gallows, and its reputation contented them; our moderns flourish a petty courage of whip cord, and they smack it about our ears continually. How I wander!—Craig-gillian dined with us

one day in Eleenalin. It was the first time he had left home since his irreparable loss. Our discourse was, as usual, quite traditional. From *Ocaan Ro*, the Irish ancestor of the Monro clan, we descended to the time when the Glen-gillianers broke off from their tribe and settled in this neighbourhood, and the chieftain of Clan-Albin bound himself to protect them by night or day, though they came to him with blood on their hands, if it was not the blood of his tribe, *i. e.* promised that nobody should rob them with impunity, save himself.—What a blessed principle is female curiosity! Next day Monimia went with my Mary to Dunalbin, to search, in a place that the Lady described, for the fusty paper which recorded this compact. She searched, and searched, and found—what think you? I need not bid you worship her who has been the instrument of restoring the Lady to her father's halls! Many a broad league of his lands, who could ride sixty miles on a stretch on his own ground, is irrecoverably lost; but it is only in *wadset* that the Gordons hold Glen-Albin and Gallanavorach. These estates were pledged in 1745 for the trifling sum of three thousand pounds. They are redeemable by females, failing male heirs; and, finally, by any legi-

timate descendant of the family of Macalbin. The Lady, and some of the old family dependants had a vague notion of the existence of such an agreement; but there was no satisfactory evidence to be obtained, and she never had spoken of it. The melancholy events which for some time cut her off from all communication with her family, deprived her of the hope, and, I suppose, of the wish to reclaim an inheritance descending to her in consequence of the timeless or violent deaths of seven brothers. But when Monimia threw herself, in extreme agitation, on her bosom, saying, 'Lady, this paper,—if I am not deceived,—this paper, which I found in the secret repository you mentioned—' Yes, my love, it gives us Glen-Albin; and I shall see, before I go hence, the children of my affections beneath my father's roof.'

"It was a jubilee in this country when the deed was recovered,—so dear is the memory of the family of Dunalbin to these poor Highlanders. I am to set off for town to-morrow, and have already written to my brother. Before three months, I hope to see the Lady presiding in the hall of her fathers. Before three years—but I'll not tell what I expect to see before three years—Only do you return, my

dear Norman, and be as happy as wealth, and worth, and love, and friendship, can make you.

"My uncle has never recovered our disastrous retreat; he now talks of retiring, and of purchasing Brora!—a happy hearing for me. I can't contrive how he has scraped together so much money;—but he began life in the Havannah times; and I, lucky dog, have married an heiress without knowing it. This farm is valued at six thousand pounds,—no bad look-out for a half-pay captain of foot;—but my prospects are mending. Is it not Pope that says, he hopes it may be with *parties*, as with the monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may be human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts, fishes, and serpents? I hope so too, and indeed believe it. Like the melancholy Jacques, I could moralize this now into a thousand similies, provided I had time and paper.

"The ladies of this house are, one and all, employed in writing to you, as usual, through the General; but I shall let this take its chance by Gibraltar. Present my respectful compliments to Mrs Monro. Craig-gillian is extremely anxious to see his little grandson;

for we have lately heard that there is such a gentleman in this good world.

"Just on the wing for Edinburgh.—God bless you, my dear Macalbin, and send you back to Glen-Albin. So prays your faithful,

"ALLAN DRUMMOND."

Norman could not feel a more lively joy at this intelligence than did those friends, who now hastened to his chamber, and grasped his hands in expressive silence.

"I should die to-day," said Flora. "And yet, Norman, to think that they do not know my happiness. Oh that we could fly to Scotland, to fill up the measure of their joy!"

"As I suppose you don't intend to do the thing you should do," said Craig-gillian, smiling at his wife; "and as you can't well fly without the help of canvas wings, I think I had best inquire about a vessel. Norman, is Drummond's cordial potent enough to make you weather the voyage? I don't see why I should not eat my Christmas dinner in Dunalbin, as my grandfathers wont to do three hundred years ago, and let three generations of Monroes pay their deferred homage to their lord."

"This would be quite in character, were it Flora, or sanguine Drummond, who spoke," said Norman; "but for you, Craig-gillian, to cut before the point—" "It is I, nevertheless," replied Craig-gillian; "and, wind and weather favouring, I shall dance at your wedding in Dunalbin castle on Christmas day in this year of grace 1809, or forfeit what you please, provided you surrender yourself to my command."

"The prospect is far too flattering for me to refuse," said Norman, "as either way I must be a gainer."

CHAP. LI.

Ah, little did thy mother think,
The day she cradled thee,
To what lands thou should'st travel,
Or what death thou should'st die.

SCOTISH BALLAD.

ONE of the few projects on which Norman allowed his mind to dwell, was, to detach Bourke from the service of France, and prevail with him to retire to America. That division of the French army to which he was attached, was now in the neighbourhood of Cadiz; and, anxious as Colonel Monro was to reach home, he owed too much to the unfortunate renegade to resist Norman's entreaty. They accordingly sailed for Cadiz. When they landed, that city was still in a tumult of joy, for a success obtained over the enemy in an affair of cavalry, which the English had gained, and the Spainards as usual claimed. One of the most remarkable circumstances of this partial action was the illustrious madness

of an Irishman in the service of France, who, after his troop was completely routed, threw himself into the hottest of the fight, courting death, and dealing destruction; proudly disdaining the mercy that was offered; and boldly declaring his name, his country, and his wrongs. His horse fell; and, after a desperate resistance, he was overpowered by numbers, and, covered with many wounds, was made prisoner. He had been sent to England, in the same vessel that carried home the account of the affair, though it was feared he could not outlive the voyage.

To bid BOURKE farewel,—to sooth his last moments with the voice of a friend, Norman wished to reach England. He appeared so deeply affected with this new misfortune, that both Flora and Craig-gillian, though they had at first opposed his departure till the convoy should sail with which they were all to go home, consented to his engaging a passage in a running ship, bound for Dublin.

He left Hugh with his friends, and, after three long weeks of tempestuous weather and severe sickness, had the pleasure to be awakened one morning by an Irish seaman exclaiming over-head, "Hail, old Howth! good luck to you once more!"

From the newspapers of the day, he too soon learned the fate of Bourke. It had been judged expedient that he should be sent to that part of the empire where the example of his punishment was most likely to prove beneficial to others. He had, therefore, been tried by a special commission at the town of C——, in Ireland.

The sentence was such as every man must have acknowledged to be just, however much he might have regretted its necessity. The time allowed him to prepare for death was almost expired; and Norman feared that he would see him no more. Without stopping in Dublin longer than was absolutely necessary for acquiring information, he again pushed forward, and at seven o'clock in the evening reached the stage nearest the town to which he travelled. Here he could find no horses; they were all engaged by the neighbouring gentry, "as there was a ball in C—— the night, and an execution to-morrow."

"And is this the time chosen for a ball in C——?" said Norman.

"Sure it is; for though not the regular ball at the sessions, a great many lawyers and officers are there hanging a rebel!" The big-coated men, lounging round the inn-door,

groaned with one accord. To them Norman applied for a guide, determined to set forward on foot. As they all intended to see the execution to-morrow, nearly half-a-dozen of them chose to accompany *his honour*; and the escort, though it ensured his safety, certainly did not contribute to his quiet, during a walk of sixteen miles, along a level, sandy track, by the sea-shore.

By eight in the morning, the sheriff and several gentleman of the county were assembled in the town-house to concert measures for preserving the peace of the town, and rendering the spectacle as impressive as possible. Though the morning was rainy, with a boisterous east-wind, crowds of country-people had already arrived, and through every avenue they still rushed in. Several troops of horse were also marching in,—field-pieces were planted at commanding points of the streets,—and the town was filled with armed orange yeomanry. Norman repaired to the prison-doors with the first peep of dawn, but he was refused admission; and it was not without much difficulty that he at length obtained an order for admittance from the sheriff.

It was now nine o'clock; the execution was

to take place at eleven. He flew back to the prison. The place in which Phelim was confined, was a vaulted subterraneous apartment, called the Stone-room, which, from the want of a bedlam in the county, was commonly used for confining the furiously mad. The gaoler cautiously threw back the harsh-sounding door, and Norman perceived the prisoner leaning against the wall in conversation with a priest, and quite prepared for the catastrophe of the day. He was dressed in a green habit, similar to the uniform which had been worn by the rebel officers; and though emaciated and pale from his wounds, and from long and close confinement, he had never appeared so interesting, either in the bloomy flush of his better days, or during those evil times on which it was his fate or his crime to be driven. The wise may lecture, and the plain may fret, but *beauty* will find its way to the heart. When allied to those lofty characters of manly intrepidity and austere composure, which were now stamped on the countenance of Phelim Bourke, who would struggle against its influence?

His quick eye instantly knew the figure that broke through the gloom of his prison-house, and, shuffling forward as rapidly as

his heavy fetters would permit, he extended his chained arms, exclaiming, "My cousin! most kind, and most welcome to me!"—Norman could not reply, nor could he longer restrain his feelings: he fell on the neck of the prisoner, and sobbed, rather than articulated, "O Bourke, to find you thus!"—

"Is to find me less miserable than I have been for a great while," replied Phelim.—"Macalbin, this is father Ullic; who was the friend of all your friends and of mine." He introduced these strangers to each other, and, for a few minutes talked with considerable pleasantry on various subjects. He was already acquainted with the death of the Conde; and, after inquiring minutely concerning Norman's fortunes, he turned the discourse to himself, solely because that topic appeared the most engaging to his friends. No man could, apparently, have a better feeling of the solemn situation in which he was placed. Alike remote from exultation and despondency, with calm and manly resolution he seemed prepared to meet the fate which he neither deprecated nor braved. He spoke as one who has made up his account with life. He regretted that boyish folly had led him to enter the service of England; and, though he appeared

quite insensible to his crimes against that country, he said he sincerely lamented that when an horrible catastrophe left him no alternative between the degradation of living a scourged slave, or redeeming his honour at the expense of becoming a daring outlaw, he had so rashly engaged in the service of France. From the self-reproaches of the priest, Norman learned, that the same imprudent generosity and perverted reasoning, which marked every important act of Phelim's life, had led him to enter the English service, when at the age of seventeen he indignantly fled from the priest, to spare the sister of Leary the disgrace of being turned out of doors, for an attachment which Father Ullic had interrupted with more propriety and decision than knowledge of the character of the head-strong boy confided to his care.

In talking farther of his early service, Bourke said that till Gordon became colonel of the regiment,—Gordon who had led that party which a few years before razed his father's house !—he had been perfectly thoughtless and happy. The officers had, till then, treated him with great kindness and distinction, as their equal in birth and education, if not in fortune ; and he had been at all times permitted to do and

say what no one else durst have presumed to hazard—fatal indulgence! He added, that in all likelihood he might have dreamed out his prime of life the contented soldier of England, had not that black shame arisen, which, in a single moment, converted the milk of human kindness, that flowed through his bosom, into the gall of bitterness. The torturing and ever present recollection of that disgrace, which, he now vehemently declared, time, nor space, nor God, nor man, could ever obliterate, while he retained consciousness of being, had stung into a thousand strengths that busy devil which national prejudice and family wrongs, remembered too well, and resented too keenly, had first admitted into a heart which nature had fitted for the resting place of a very different inmate.

Bourke's last moments of life were wearing fast away. A Romish priest, who had been appointed to assist in his devotions, entered the dungeon.

It cannot be denied that a small portion of mere earthly curiosity does sometimes mingle with the pious zeal which actuates holy persons in their attendance on the dying moments of illustrious criminals. Father Costello, from this or some less excusable mo-

tive, had incessantly persecuted the unhappy prisoner to reveal plots and treasons of which he certainly had no knowledge, and which probably had no existence. Phelim had already *confessed* to Father Ullic; he had nothing political to reveal, and Father Costello importuned in vain. "The fatal moment draws near, my son," said he; "I hope that God has at last granted you to see the enormity of your crimes, and that you feel a fervent desire to make all the reparation in your power."— "Father Costello, I trust that I feel as a man ought to feel," replied Phelim, with an air of calm dignity. "Do not deceive yourself, my son,—there is no hope left,—make your peace with God by a full confession of your crimes. I am commissioned to hear all you may have to reveal."

"Father Costello," said Bourke, smiling ironically, "a secret might be pleasant, and perhaps useful, I am sorry that I have none."

The pertinacious priest, not yet repulsed, again importuned. "Brother, this is unkind to a dying man," said Father Ullic, mildly, while Norman looked the indignation he could not express, and Phelim, with an air of suppressed contempt, turned away; but still his tormentor followed him, urging confession.

"Brother, this is cruel," said Father Ullic; "how precious are these moments to him."—"Aye, ten times precious," thundered the priest. "You must die, my son, within the hour you must die; for you there is no mercy on earth, seek it in heaven by an avowal of your crimes."

"Then leave me to seek it there," replied Bourke sternly; and he calmly added, "Father Costello, I am a young, and you are an old man, but life is doubtless sweet to us both. I am about to lay down mine. I could wish to die in charity with all men,—and I have great need that the prayers of all good men should accompany me on the dark journey on which I am untimely sent. I and life are parted,—I have nothing to reveal. Give me your prayers, Father Costello, or leave me to my own thoughts." He made a signal to Father Ullic, who approached, and they joined in prayer. Father Costello withdrew,—and Norman kneeled down by Phelim; and his heart, if not his voice, devoutly concurred in the petition they proffered.

While they still knelt, the bell of the prison-tower suddenly swung forth the sullen prelusive knell;—the deafened roll of the muffled drums, and the hum of the multitude,

told that all was ready !—O never had silence, to the sense of Norman, been displaced by sounds so appalling.

Bourke sprung to his feet.—"Hark ! I am quite ready !" He assisted the priest in rising; and hastily adjusted something about his own dress. He gave his watch to the priest, and all the money he had in his pockets, requesting him to distribute it among the persons who had attended him in prison. He polished his seal for an instant on the sleeve of his coat, and presented it to Norman. The arms of his family were cut on it,—of that family he was the last descendant—he looked at it earnestly for a moment.—"Have you, my dear Bourke, no other commands for me, which I shall have a melancholy pleasure in fulfilling, when——" "All is over, and I am happy," said Bourke, smiling, as he finished the sentence, which Norman could not finish. "Yes, be kind to poor Pat Leary, whose first fault was loving his master's son better than his own prosperity. He has been hereabout since the day of the trial; though he has never been permitted to see me, I have often heard him without. I know his brogue well: When he knocks at St Peter's gates I shall know him by it."—Phelim was not the

first catholic that Norman had known, who held his faith sacred from every thing save the powers of his own ridicule.

The outer gates of the prison were heard to grate on their hoarse hinges. Bourke turned hastily to his aged and very dear friend, and knelt to crave his benediction. At this moment alone the intrepidity of his mind yielded to the softness of his heart. "Often have I offended you, dearest father," said he; "and many times have I grieved you. Had I followed your precepts, I might have lived a happier, and died a better man,—but you forgive me. Let your forgiveness be the earnest of the forgiveness of my 'Father which is in heaven." The priest wept and trembled, while on the head of his ill-starred pupil he poured forth mingled prayers and blessings. The sheriff now entered, accompanied by several officers and gentlemen, who, from various motives, wished to see the prisoner. He received them all with easy politeness, and cheerfully replied to many well-meant, but ill-timed interrogatories, though he endeavoured to cut them short by telling the sheriff that he was quite ready. That gentleman, who had throughout treated him with great humanity, told him to make his own time; and inquired, if

there was any thing he could still do for him. Phelim thanked him, and said, there was nothing. The sheriff hinted something about the impropriety of his dress, and hoped that he would not think of addressing the multitude, whose intemperate resentments he knew so well how to inflame.—" I mount yon scaffold to die, not to commence orator," said Phelim; " 'tis somewhat too late for that. My deeds must speak for me now. As to my dress," continued he, smiling, as he glanced his eye over it, " blame my poverty." He assisted the man who struck off his fetters; and that done, threw his freed arms round Norman, whom he held for some time in silence to his bosom. The unsubdued firmness of the prisoner, when contrasted with the agony that struggled in the throat and convulsed the features of Norman, who resembled him so much as to be taken by strangers for a younger brother, deeply affected the spectators, and many of them shed tears, while Bourke shook the hands of those who stood nearest him, and bade them farewell. He again declared that he was quite ready; and recommending his friends to the care of the principal gaoler, was the first to move forward. Norman and the priest

could not part with him till it should become horror to remain; and, in defiance of his entreaties that they would spare themselves, they persisted in following him. Now that they touched on the dreaded moment, every individual, except the prisoner, involuntarily lingered, and the sheriff again entreated him to make his own time. He bowed, and moved forward, supporting the tottering steps of father Ullic.

The melancholy procession proceeded very slowly, through close lines of military, to a temporary scaffold, which had been raised at the upper end of the principal street. Bourke conversed at intervals with the sheriff and the priest; and, with his habitual gallantry, bowed repeatedly to the weeping females who filled the windows. But the voice of Pat Leary, who struggled to burst through the lines of soldiers, affected him far more powerfully at this moment than the pity of the sex he had loved so dearly. "Ha! poor fellow, I could have wished to see him once more."—The sheriff offered to have him called. He sighed slightly, and answered, "Tis too late now."

He mounted the scaffold with a quick, light step; and, having assisted the priest,

moved forward with undaunted firmness, while a shout from the multitude greeted his appearance. The sun suddenly shone out; and he raised his eyes as one who had been long shut out from the view of that glorious luminary, and who now beheld it for the last time. With the rapid and piercing gesture peculiar to himself, he next glanced over the multitude. "God bless you! God bless you!" sobbed those who stood nearest, and the low sound crept to the verge of the crowd, rose like the rushing of a mighty wind, and died away as he devoutly joined with the priest in the last prayers. It was one of those awful moments when time is visibly beheld flowing into eternity, and the stillness of death reigned throughout the immense multitude. The 'boldest held his breath,' in fearful expectation, as Bourke, slowly rising, took his farewell look of the earth, and the heavens, and of every living thing! The executioner approached, and he waved him back with a hasty gesture, as one who loathed the contamination of his touch. He closed his eyes; his lips moved, as if, in secret prayer, he commended his departing spirit to the God who gave it,—and an almost divine composure dwelt on his uplifted countenance. The fear-

ful celerity with which every feature of Phelim's countenance, and every muscle and articulation of his frame, obeyed and revealed each wild and changing impulse of his ungovernable will, had often struck a dread, not of this earth, to the heart of Norman. It did so now, even before Bourke, with the swiftness of thought, drew a small dagger from the sleeve of his dress, and, plunging it twice into his bosom, snapt it in the wound! A shriek of agony, mingled with a shout of exultation, burst from the multitude;—the drums beat loudly,—the horsemen charged forward,—and the executioner and the bystanders flew to prevent the completion of the suicide.—"O God, be merciful to this wretched man!", was the involuntary exclamation of Norman, who ran to support him.

"Norman! Norman! judge me not so harshly," cried he, stretching out his hands, with that sad and terrible strength of expression, which recalled the night when Bourke, first feeling himself dishonoured, had implored that no eye would look on him.—"If I owed my forfeited life to England, with my own hand I have paid it down. Let them mangle my worthless carcass as they will; but the touch of a hangman's rope shall

never a second time degrade that living body which is the habitation of my free and Irish spirit!——Off, hangmen,—slaves.—" With the strong effort which he made to push back the persons who closed him in, he burst from the arms of Norman,—fell forward—shuddered for a moment—and was at rest!

Resentment was done in Norman:—he pressed his quivering lip to the brow of the unhappy suicide, and fled, he knew not whither.

At the alehouse of a petty village on the sea-shore, about six miles from the fatal town, he halted, from mere inability to proceed. Feverish in body, and in mind stunned and wretched, he threw himself upon a bed, recalling all that had passed as a hideous dream, from which there is no awaking. In the evening he was roused from this distempered stupor, by the clamorous voices of people in the kitchen below. They had returned from the execution. Living or dead, there was none so brave, nor so *gay*, as the last of the Bourkes of Bally——. They proudly exhibited pieces of his green dress, which had been torn into innumerable shreds, and distributed as relics among his countrymen; and triumphantly related, that though many fled

in horror when the bleeding head of the traitor was held up to the public gaze, many more repelled the foul accusation, and threw it back on his executioners. Norman earnestly listened to these fierce and deluded, but most affectionate creatures, while they madly treasured up wrath against the day of wrath; and fervently did he pray, that this might be the last Irishman, whose wayward fortune should half justify his crimes, and teach the heart to rebel against the judgment, when it attributes to individual perversity what may in part be ascribed to an unhappy and unnatural state of society.

CHAP. LII.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign land?

SCOTT.

NORMAN had agreed not to go home till the fleet arrived, and till he was joined by his friends. He wrote home, however, a very de-tailed account of his adventures since the death of his father; for Colonel Monro had already acquainted the Lady with the life and the death of her son. He also wrote to Father Ullic; and having resolved to wait the arrival of his friends in the metropolis of his native country, set forward for Edinburgh.

The first day's journey was nearly ended, when Norman felt himself so uncomfortable in his airy, Irish chaise, the glasses of which some former traveller had broken, "out of cu-

riosity," as the post-boy told him, that he alighted to warm himself with a walk. The day was closing as he entered a huddle of mud cabins, which shewed no external mark of vicinity to the White mountains. He had for some time perceived before him a tall, meagre figure, with a military step and air, driving, or rather carrying forward, a worn-out garron, which dragged a small clumsy car, laden with turf. The ingenious conjecture of the Englishman, who concluded that the poor of Ireland enjoyed the reversion of the garments of the beggars of England, was fully confirmed by the ragged regimentals of this figure, who alternately threatened and coaxed his steed by the name of Captain, and then, in despair, set his own shoulder to the car. Our traveller was quite sure that this was the person of whom he came in search; but he still held back. On turning the angle of this straggling street, Norman was suddenly struck by the appearance of a man on horseback, vehemently holding forth to a motely, and not very reverential congregation.—"What sort of person is that, comrade?" said he, addressing the soldier, who had now stopped before the door of a miserable cabin. "That, *plase* you, mas-

ter, (be *asy*, will ye, Captain,) is one of God Almighty's cavalry." Norman looked for a moment at the divine errant, sent out by the Mountaineers of Scotland to skirmish with idolatry in the north of Ireland, and then turned to the soldier: "I think you have been in the army, friend?"—"Aye, that I was, Sir. I have been in Egypt and Holland. I fought with Moore and Mackenzie, Sir, for the eagle. Look at this button, if you *plase*, master. 'Tis an ould coat to be sure; but it is a coat I was never ashamed of:"—And he entered on a long and animated, though somewhat *poetical* account of the exploits of his regiment. "All this was in my time now, Paddy, and I am sure I never heard of it before," said Norman. "But, God bless me, how ill you look! Is it possible that you don't know me?"

"Och, mother of Jasus! not know your Honour!—and have I then the honour and the pleasure to clap eye on you once more in the kingdom, and in the life?—Dora! Dora! Paddy where are ye? Are ye in it?"—He threw down a half-hung door, and out rushed Dora, tumbling over Paddy; and out-rushed Paddy, tumbling over the pig, which also brought a nuzzling welcome to the feet

of the stranger.—" Here is his honour! I told you I *seen* him."—The sudden joy of his forlorn eyes was momentarily damped by the recollection of the fatal spot on which he had beheld Norman. Dora curtsied, and simpered, and adjusted her dress; and Paddy shook his son,—" Where's your salute, Paddy? Salute his honour, you ill-bred pig; will ye be like the Ulster *childer*? will ye?—Young Paddy, thus compelled, made a leg, and flourished his hand to his cap *en militaire*. " Little Paddy, the arch rogue, *remimbers* your honour, I warrant him, as well as the day of Corunna, when we parted, yez,"—said the wise father.

Norman entered the wretched abode of old Tracey, who, become blind, and fallen into a harmless dotage, divided his time pretty equally between the storming of Quebec, and the floating batteries before Gibraltar. It was now that Norman drew forth the long and disastrous story of Leary. He had never perfectly recovered from the Walchern fever. When discharged he was unfit for work; and with a small sum Drummond collected for him in the regiment, Dora commenced an ale-house in this her father's native town. It would not do. They had no art of thriving;

and Paddy, in despair, became the chief customer himself. The remaining stock was *canted*, and Paddy bought an old horse and car, hoping for employment in driving turf. This proved still worse. Pat was not "acquaint," he said, "*wid* the ways of the north, nor looked on as if this was Fitzconnal's town." No man could have a more cordial hatred to Orangemen, and agents, and tithe farmers; and here he perfectly agreed with his neighbours: But then he had a warm regard for the military; and for this he was disliked and distrusted. In the want of all other employment, he had, however, joined some of his neighbours in framing a new constitution, lowering the rents of lands, and demolishing Orangemen. He could not very intelligibly describe what form of government his friends wanted; though Norman guessed it might probably be that sort of constitution which flourished in Israel, in the days when there was no king, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes. A fair held in this town had been attended by a considerable number of these leagued brethren, and also by some English soldiers, quartered in the neighbourhood. The day, as if by miracle, passed over without any remarkable feat of arms; and to-

wards its close, one of those valorous knights who proceed from fair to fair in quest of adventures, was compelled to throw his gauntlet, in the shape of frieze great-coat, into the midst of a crowd, daring any Orangeman or red-coat to touch it. The Orangemen, who were not in force, prudently drew off, and the soldiers had been cautioned against quarrelling with the country people. "I could not help giving it one kick for the honour of the button, your honour," said Paddy, "and so the row began, though not in the proper and *jantlemanly* way I could have wished. I came off *wid* the worst, and so signs on my skins the day, though the soldiers did join me at last against my own sworn countrymen, who, from that day to this, think me black-hearted to them."

An incredible deal of false swearing followed, and the animosity was embittered on all sides. Every new battle was pregnant with the seeds of future battles. It is said, that an oath for confirmation is the end of strife; but here it seemed but its commencement. A pistol had been fired through Paddy's window on several nights; and on the whole it appeared that county—was no longer a residence for him. "Not that I care for myself,"

said Leary, with manly or soldierly pride, "but Dora and Paddy, the souls."—"I am surprised that the fellow who began this disturbance got off so easily," said Norman. Leary looked hastily up, and, in a tone of surprise, replied, "Och, sorrow ail him,—sure didn't I tell your honour he got the first swear." "O! in that case, I suppose there was nothing more to be looked for," said Norman, smiling at Leary's notions of law. Leary also forced a smile; and anxious to change the subject continued, "But sure your honour didn't see the *oder* little one: Norman Bourke Allan Grant O'Shaughnassey."—Dora pulled the many-titled youth from a crib. "You have honoured all your friends in the name of this young gentleman," said Norman. "Aye, your honour," replied Leary, with gravity becoming the dignity of the occasion, "family *rasons* made me call Paddy, Patrick, an ould name *wid* the Learys; but I kissed the cross on it, that if ever I had another,—blessed be the Maker! he should have a good name and a good *edication*; for I intend him, plase God! for a drummer to your honour.—"Say a piper, rather," replied Norman, smiling: "You must leave this miserable place, and take a croft in Glenalbin."—He put an abrupt stop

to the eloquent gratitude of Dora and Paddy, by rising, and appointing the latter to wait on him at the inn, where he intended to stop for the night.

Paddy would, with great pleasure, have set fire to his whole Irish establishment, and followed his honour; and, long before Norman had concluded his dinner, the accents of a well-known voice, bawling, "Nobody says more than one *fippenny* for all the whole lot," drew him to the window. Perched on the top of a barrel, round which was strewed his whole *moveables*, Leary, unlicensed, was seen *canting* away with great spirit in the moonlight. A broken spinning-wheel, an old carved chest, and a rusty bayonet, seldom called on to perform the duties of a spit, was the sum of his household goods. Three fowls, a couple of ducks, the old garron, and the pig, endeared by two months of the closest intimacy, and which little Paddy now fondly kissed, constituted the live stock. No one could say that Leary was one of those Irish proprietors who run away to spend their revenues in other countries. Having very honestly discharged his debts, he spent every *tinpenny* that remained, like a gentleman, in treating his

neighbours; "for he hated," he said, "to carry their bad wish out of the kingdom."

Dora, her father, and Norman Bourke, &c. &c. were to go by sea; and Norman, who had no attendant, accepted the often proffered services of Leary. Young Paddy also fell to their share; and the road to Edinburgh was insensibly beguiled by the dawning wit of Leary's heir apparent, which generally required his father's explanation, and the humour of old Paddy, which needed no commentary.

In the town of Ayr, as Norman sat lingering over his solitary bottle of wine, one of those airs which thrill on the heart-strings of the wanderer from Scotland, drew him to the window. It was sung by a female voice, sweet and low, and wildly querulous; and his heart, rather than his ear, informed him, that he did not hear this voice for the first time. It was, however, by no means such a voice as generally attracts attention to a wandering syren, and Norman was a solitary listener to the ballad.

"I'm weary o' your ha's, auld lord,
I'm weary o' your towers;
The hours o' grandeur unendeared,
O but they're lanely hours.

My fingers shine wi' mony a ring,
And wi' jewels they busk my hair;
But the lightsome glance o' leal young love
Will never bless me mair.

I mind thee still, thou Atholl wood,
And him on Lynedoch lee,
Wha pu'd my snood frae the scented birk,
And my beads frae the reddan tree.

O merrily sang the bonny blackbird
Aboon our hazel screen,
And ilka leaf was stirr'd wi' joy,
And the blue lift danced between.

I mind thee still, thou fairy eve,
Whan this flichterin' heart was tint;
And how saft the sang o' the mavis rang,
Whan he tald what its flichterin' meant.

A witless bride ye bought, auld lord,
And he didna frown or fret;
But a breaking heart was in his e'e,
And that look's before me yet.

I'm lanely, lanely, a' the day,
But the night is waur to bide;
For the dream that brings me Atholl brae,
Wakes me by my auld lord's side.

O there's mony a leaf in Atholl wood,
And mony a bird in its breast:
And mony a pain maun the heart sustain,
Ere it sab itsel' to rest."

Long before the oft-repeated ditty was concluded, Norman recognised in the singer that mournful wanderer from Glenalbin, whom he had long before met in England. Though half resentful at the neglect shewn to her unobtrusive lay, the pride of blood, as well as the kindness of his nature, was interested in rescuing a daughter of Albin from this degrading employment. Some mixture of the same feelings made him shy of exposing her to the observation of Leary. He suffered her, therefore, to proceed on her tuneful tour, and following her across the river, made himself known. How supreme must that clannish attachment be, which had now power to impart a solitary rapture to the chilled heart of this desolate woman. She was the avant-courier whom Norman sent to Eleenalin.

In Edinburgh, Norman had the pleasure to meet his friend Drummond, and Colonel Grant, who liked him not the less for being the heir of Glenalbin. This information, when it reached Drummond a few weeks before,

had certainly quickened his zeal for the recovery of the estates,—his friendship it could not heighten. By the time that Norman had arranged his affairs, and legally established his claim to the estates of Glenalbin and Gallanvorah, and Leary and little Paddy had admired the castle, and the palace, and Prince Charles, as he is called,—Craig-gillian, more fortunate in his voyage than Norman, reached town, with Flora and the Piper. *Home* was now in every heart, and on every tongue. Drummond's renewed leave was not yet quite expired; and he was sorely tempted when Craig-gillian and Flora urged Mary and himself to spend the approaching holidays in Glen-gillian,—" and on Christmas-eve dance *shan truis* at Macalbin's wedding in the hall of Dunalbin, or the *Highland fling*, with old Moome for your partner."—" This is irresistible! but how is it all to be accomplished?" said Drummond, casting a look of arch intelligence on Norman.—" Leave all to me," replied Craig-gillian. " And now, if you please, hear me read my resignation: With one arm at Vimiera, and this great hole in my neck, even if my health were better, I could not hope to discharge those duties which, in this active season, will best be fulfilled when my

sword is become a ploughshare :—besides, my dear father has laid his solemn commands on me."—Craig-gillian resigned his commission.

It was now the beginning of December. To Mrs Drummond was entrusted the important charge of replenishing Flora's wardrobe, and of purchasing the grey satins and cambric hoods of the Lady, and the white satins and snowy plumes of the unconscious bride. Flora's spirits were still extremely languid, and she was also occupied with higher duties. On the last day of her stay in Edinburgh she made a solem profession of her belief in the tenets of the Catholic Church, by receiving the sacrament, in presence of her husband and Norman. Craig-gillian had all along gently warned her against precipitance, and even engaged Norman to dissuade her from rashness of judgment in a matter so important to her peace ; and he did so. But when he put her into the sedan which waited at the door of the chapel, he could not forbear testifying his satisfaction in her having, from sincere and heart-swaying conviction, voluntarily professed the faith of the family with which she was so closely connected. "There was a time approaching which the Lady great-

ly feared," said Norman. "A creature so devoutly attached to the doctrines in which she was educated, must have been miserable as soon as her children were estranged from her bosom to be nurtured in doctrines which she thought fatal to their eternal peace. Poor Flora's sufferings have not been in vain."

"I am glad you think so, my dear Norman," replied Craig-gillian, leaning more kindly on Norman's arm as they walked home. "We shall all be of one mind by and bye. I hope I am incapable of grieving my wife; I think I am not an illiberal man. But it is well that all occasion of trial is removed. I owed something to my family,—more to what I have been taught to think right; and Flora might have been made unhappy by my means, instead of repaying, as she now does, the great sacrifice my father and my kindred made in consenting to my union with the sweet heretic."

Flora was very far indeed from being a rigid or *theological* Catholic. On the afternoon of this same day, still accompanied by Norman and her husband, she visited a spot, which, from earliest infancy, she had been taught to cherish with solemn and tender respect. It was that humble monument in the church-yard of the Grey-Friars, which piety

has erected to the *martyrs* of freedom of conscience, and of civil freedom. She had seen many monuments which chronicled more splendid and commanding events in the history of her country, but none which excited reverence more deep, or enthusiasm more high, than this grass-grown and unfrequented tomb.

The travelling party set off next morning. In Glasgow they halted a single day, that Norman might indulge one vanity which feeling exalted. He regained the splendid relics of his family; among other trinkets, that ancient heir-loom, the rose-coloured topaz ring of *Brian Ro*, an Irish prince, whom *Albin Vohr* had assisted in war. Moome could sing its history and its virtues, for it had once been a potent ring; but now, alas!—

Dodone inconsulté a perdu ses oracles.

They left Glasgow very early next morning, intending to breakfast at Dumbarton. It was a clear, cheerful morning. The sun rose over those lofty mountains which, in one quarter, bulwark the Highlands. O! who that ever wandered from their bosoms has again returned, and gazed from afar on their rugged outline, without beholding it like the counte-

nance of a friend! "Welcome the blue hills of Albyn!" exclaimed Norman, gazing on the mountains of Cowal, and on those imperial summits that towered over the hills of Lennox. "Welcome the blue hills of Albyn!" echoed Hugh; and chirruping the little smiling Hector who sat on his knee, he sung to Norman and Drummond——

CHEERLY, Soldier! the gladdening sun
Springs over Albyn's mountains dun;
Purples each peak, and, bravely, now
Rests his flaming targe on the Grampians' brow:
Smiles o'er the land of the rock and tarn,
Of thine infant's couch, of thy father's cairn;
The land of the race of dauntless mood,
Who grasp thy hand in brotherhood.
Cheerly, soldier!

Cheerly, Soldier! gladsome meeting,
The warm salute, the victor's greeting,
Await thee:—Now, in blazing hall,
Go thread the maze of the flow'ry ball;
Encircled fond by a kindred throng,
Tell of glories past,—pour the heart-warm song;
Or on yon blue hills the roe pursue,
With the sweep of the jovial view-halloo!
Cheerly, soldier!

Cheerly, Soldier! She who loves thee,
Blythe welcome sings 'neath the trysting tree:
On the breeze of morn the heath-cock dancing,
On the gleaming lake the white swan glancing,
The frolic fawn in wanton play,
Chasing his twin down the sunward brae,—
Each thing of life, with wilding glee,
Shadows the bliss that waits for thee.
Cheerly, soldier!

Cheerly indeed were the feelings that now rose on the minds of the homeward band. The delightful shores of Loch-Lomond were rapidly left behind, and they entered on scenery more appropriate to the Highlands. They descended the stony mountain into the narrow vale, inclosed by high and precipitous ridges of rock, over which an hundred torrents were resounding,—or passed on through brown deserts and dark elevated heaths, stretching forward and around in dreary sublimity; while the mist every where flung round an ever-varying, but ever graceful drapery;—now amusing the eye by its fantastic wreathings, and now filling the mind with melancholy delight, as the traveller, from the mountain's top, beheld its broken billows tossing over the landscape below, and every

little eminence lifting its purpled head above the dun vapour, like an islet of the ocean. A wild bird screaming unseen,—suddenly bursting from the palpable obscure, and as rapidly dashing into its sheltering gloom,—was the only living thing to be seen here; though mimic walls of grey stone, hanging on the sides of the mountains like slender lines traced on a map, gave notice of a thin inhabitation. But in the hollows of the valleys through which the travellers wound, or in the overhanging glades that opened among the surrounding hills, a little heap of mouldering stones, a blackened gable, a patch of verdure, and the pits of a peat-bog, half-mantled over with unprofitable vegetation, told of what had once been. These *oases* in the desert were often indeed in more chosen spots, where sparkling rivulets and fairy-waterfalls dashed around,—where a narrow and sinuous arm of the sea shot up amid tall cliffs to a little sheltered bay,—or where a small, circular loch, bordered by a few irregular trees, gleamed at the base of a solitary mountain, covered half-way up with shaggy copses and crowned with jaggy peaks. Hugh never failed to apostrophise these deserted hamlets; and sometimes he was tempted to pour forth a piper's *malison* on the

churlish white farm-house, which stood in chilling loneliness, after it had extinguished the fifty neighbouring cottage smokes.

But it were long to tell all their adventures, as Hugh headed the procession through these valleys, piously remarking, that they were like the children of Israel going up out of the land of Egypt;—and how he got no sleep during the whole night they halted at Oban, for a ghost which galloped round the house, in the shape of a young colt, that had burst its straw-rope fetters;—and how Paddy Leary, an out-rider on Norman's chaise, as they pulled up a lovely glen, espied a rosy, kilted lass, in all the glowing abandon of rustic exercise, washing, in defiance of the season, in the manner which excites so much speculation among well-informed English and Irish gentlemen;—and how, in a rapture of admiration, he dashed aside the reins, which partially concealed this beautiful object from his view, and, smiting his hands together, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By the holy, you're a jewel in a tub!"—And, lastly, how at Fort —— they were met by good Craig-gillian, who fell on the neck of his son, saying, in Gaelic, "Now let me die since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive!"

In due time they received the joyous welcome of the Glen-gillian Highlanders, and the courtly salutations of aunt Margaret. But in vain for Norman and the Piper did Craig-gillian's board smoke with her choicest dainties; and that happy old man, with his grandson on his knee, joke with the still-grave Flora, and laugh with the ever-gay Drummond. No persuasions could detain them, even for one night; and as severe frost rendered it dangerous to proceed on horseback through such a country, they set out on foot for Eleen-alin, on a dark winter's afternoon. The Piper's foot seemed to have recovered its wonted spring, as he trotted over the crisped heaths, or bounded across the well-known morasses which lay between them and Glen-albin.

The heart of Norman beat quicker as they entered the glen; and at the side of the lake he paused, hardly able to proceed. Hugh took the liberty to unmoor Montague's skiff, and, rowing down the lake, shot into the bay of Lochuan. "It must be a dark night I could not find *you* out," said he, addressing the bay. A light suddenly streamed from the cottage, and Norman involuntarily touched Hugh's arm.—"Yes, dear," said the

Piper, in a faultering voice, "Let us go on, in God's name,—what should we fear?" They went round into the garden. Norman stepped over the Lilliputian paling, and, peeping through a fortunate opening of the window-curtain, the loved group instantly broke upon his swimming sight! Giddy with overpowering joy, he leaned against the casement. Braan set up a tremendous barking, which was instantly exchanged for yelping gladness; and up rose Moome, exclaiming, "*Macalbin's come home!*"—and down fell her spindle. Mary, and persons somewhat older than Mary, intent on every noise, likewise sprung up:—The wanderer entered,—the trembling frame of Monimia was sustained by his embrace; Mary kissed the boots which she clasped; and Moome curtsied, and curtsied, and blessed herself, and all around. "My Monimia!" was the low whisper of Norman, as for an instant he leaned his face over the head that rested on his bosom. She drew herself, with a long relieving sigh, from his arms; and, while he silently saluted the Lady, hung back, and looked on him. How changed, but still how dear! He appeared much taller since he had gone abroad; every proportion was fuller and more perfectly developped. The

bloom of youth was displaced by the tints of a military life; and the open smile and bright wandering glance of those irrecoverable days when thought and speech are identified, were banished by the lofty port of manhood. He looked like one who had already buffetted with fortune, and who was firmly advancing on that path which, to man, is ever surrounded with peril or difficulty. A single glance enabled Monimia to perceive this change. She had the tastes as well as the virtues and the charms of her sex; and when the Lady placed her passive hand in Norman's, there was pride as well as pleasure in the glow that mantled on her maiden cheek.

All this while was Moome with "spectacles on nose," muttering blessings. At length the stranger turned to pay his respects to his venerable friend—THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN! the beloved of her heart! "But don't think, darling, that I can love you better that you are MACALBIN.—Lady, witness for me: Yet, if the living image of Donald Dunalbin were to walk this earth, there he is before me now,—there is his face, and a blessing in it,—and all but the tartans!" The ladies next inquired for Hugh; and Norman, perceiving that he had modestly hung back, led him in.

"My poor, faithful Piper," said the Lady, "who has ever been more a brother than a servant to me!" and she kindly shook his hand; "you are most welcome to Eleenalin." "Now, God bless you, Lady, and don't say it," sobbed Hugh, "since I have lived to see this day and this night, it is more than ever the likes of me deserved from God or MACALBIN.—Unah Bruachrua, I am come to lay your feet in the grave yet." And he turned jocosely to Moome, with whom he retired, "to be made much of," and to relate and hear many a long story; particularly how Moome knew they were just at hand, as all the last night, which had been very windy, she had heard the plash of MACALBIN's oars on the lake.

Norman was then under the roof of the Lady. It was Monimia who did the honours of the late repast, over which they all lingered. The chickens were the lineal descendants of Moome's white hen; the venison dressed by her ancient receipt was part of the annual tribute of HECTOR THE HUNTER; and she told Hugh, with much dignity, that MACALBIN drank her health, and said, he had not made so good a supper since he left her.

"Shall we turn this poor fellow out of doors

to-night, my dear?" said the Lady, smiling. Monimia also smiled; and Norman drew forward his chair. "Our house is so confined, MACALBIN, and you have so fine a house waiting you over the way, which Mr Montague has been labouring to put into order for you."—MACALBIN turned his meaning eyes on Monimia;—no eyes could say more plainly, "without your smile, what are fine houses to me?"

It is said that ladies are not peculiarly fond of listening; yet true it is and of verity, that for this long winter's night, and till two o'clock in the next morning, did the Lady on the one side, and Monimia on the other, listen to the narratives of Norman; asking a hundred questions which his letters had not anticipated: and all this while did the little chin of Mary Fitzconnal rest on his knee. At length he was conducted by this little handmaid to the oft-aired chamber, where a blazing turf-fire, and the curtseying Moome, with the water for the feet, patiently waited for him. He was shocked at having kept her up so late; but he could not decline the kindness it was her pride to display. "Many a weary foot did they go since I did this for them last," said she: "But now, blessed be the Highest! that is all at an end; and they say you will send to Ame-

rica, MACALBIN, though I am not so bold as to ask?" Moome was sure that the days of clanship were now to be revived with fresh splendour. Norman insensibly beguiled her into long stories, which the Lady would have thought far too trifling for recital, though a lover loved to hear them. These narratives, blended with her own visions and dreams, and compositions in rhyme, detained them for upwards of an hour in conversation; and then she curtsied, and withdrew, "wishing him the night well beneath that roof."

Next day the Craig-gillians arrived. Colonel Monro was too delicate, or too well-skilled in female nature, to whisper his project, but he contrived to accomplish it nevertheless; and though Monimia certainly looked very demure, when the Lady announced the intended nuptials to her friends and her household, she did not appear peculiarly unhappy when receiving the congratulations of the women with the long cloaks, who poured in from all quarters to deposit with Moome the wonted presents of fowls, eggs, game, and cheeses, and to receive the gifts of the bountiful bride.

CHAP. LIII.

——— Elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly.

THOMSON.

ON Christmas day eighteen hundred and nine, did Lady Augusta de Valmont and her ancient suite, after an absence of threescore and ten years, return to the dwelling of her forefathers, to witness the nuptials of her grandson, and the re-establishment of her family: Honour, attendance, troops of friends, welcomed her return! It was a bright, blue-skied, winter's noon; the smile of summer was in the heavens and on the waters, though the wavy outline of the surrounding hills was still exquisitely defined by the frozen snows that glittered on their surface. Fantastic temples and spires of frost-work still sparkled

on the dripping rocks of Kenanowen, and the scanty rills that crept through their chinks, were heard faintly chiming beneath a glassy veil. Flocks of green plovers were wheeling overhead, and innumerable aquatic fowls rustling through the reeds and bulrushes, which waved their superb plumage of fairy frost-work on the margin of the lake. At the head of the glen, on that flat where the chiefs of old were wont to train their followers to arms and exercises, a large party of Highlanders were engaged in active sports. A huge bale-fire blazed on the mound in the midst of this *Ryff*, round which females and children, and dogs, were gathered, all interested in the festivity of the day. These persons had been hastily assembled by the Piper, from a very wide circumference, to *heat* the house, and honour the *welcome-home* of the Chieftain and his bride.

The Lady had still an eye for nature as well as a heart for man. She looked round with complacency, and forward with pleasure, to the friends who had left the castle to meet her as soon as her boat was seen on the lake. She laid her hand gently on the arm of her grandson; and, turning to the lake, looked back for a moment, saying, " May I

not say with the patriarch, 'With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and behold THOU hast made me two bands!'"

Moome had often prophesied, and very fervently believed, that this was to be the happiest day of her life; yet on this night, when she retired to the apartments of the Lady, Moome wept! she had seen her Chieftain restored,—she had seen bale-fires blazing on his hills for a splendid and fortunate alliance,—a bride as condescending as lovely, had kissed her reverend forehead, and craved her maternal blessing: Moome had beheld an immense turf-fire go roaring up the wide, ungrated chimney of Macalbin's hall, and an hundred festive dancers smiling in its light; she had heard the song and the pibroch, and witnessed the flow of the shell, and the antick joy of the presiding Piper:—the dancing blood that lagged in her own veins had begun to prance more nimbly;—and there was not a single circumstance of which she could complain—all the ladies wore sashes of the Clan-Albin tartan, and Monimia's hair was braided with the Piper's pearls, and her fingers glittered with the ring of *Brian-Ro*; and Moome knew that she would be happy to-morrow: but to-night she wept, and said, "Oh,

Lady dear, this is not the Dunalbin I have seen : Hugh is but a boy, poor man. Say, was it sad to me, Lady, to look round, and see not one, but only six, of Albin's blood or lineage, when I have seen—but no matter what the likes of me have seen, since you, Lady,—but it is indeed a long time—threescore and ten years! There was no stucco cielings, nor grates, nor carpets here then; but this was Gregor and Fergus's chamber, and these old hands pulled the heather on the braes of Guianach, which made their bed, just before they came home from Lovat's; in that corner it was —and I was a young maid then, and you, Lady, was a child, and it is all locked up in my own heart, and death itself cannot put it out of that." Moome looked round, and sighed, and then added, "This is far finer, indeed, I don't deny; though the tartan curtains we made that summer for Macalbin's bed, were spoken of far and near in their own day. The PRINCE slept in that bed; and Lady Lochiel herself sent for the set all the way from Lochaber."

To the Lady this had been, on the whole, a very happy day, though memory softened and saddened the joy it could not banish from a mind so regulated. She too had looked round for the heavy oaken rafters and rudely paved

hall of her fathers, thronged with numerous allies and kinsmen, and devoted though boisterous retainers. This age was quite gone. Comfort, and even elegance, had taken place of rough feudal magnificence. Polished friends and peaceful tenants sat round the chieftain's board;—the quiet and the grace of life had stolen on those turbulent though animating times. Yet there was something wanting to the aged heart, or rather to the recollections of long-fled youth; and there is so much of the heart in the recollections of youth, that, like Moome, the Lady was sometimes ready to look round for the world she had known, and to sigh because it was no where to be found.

It would have broken Hugh's heart if Macalbin and his bride had run away from their numerous wedding guests: But on the following week they set off for Edinburgh; and for this and the succeeding winter Norman attended the lectures of some of the professors in the University, while his wife and himself mingled *soberly* with the gay society of that enlightened metropolis. The improvement of his estate, and the consequent happiness of his people, which was now the chief object of his life, were rather pro-

moted than retarded by this temporary absence: he never saw a well-managed farm without reference to Glenalbin, and Monimia never beheld a neat cottage but it was sketched for the rising hamlet. The principles on which he formerly loved to speculate were now vigorously acted upon, as far as prudence, and somewhat farther than immediate interest directed. In his old comrade Ellis, who had been trained to husbandry, he found an excellent bailiff; and in Montague, during his own absence, a shrewd and vigilant agent. With unwearied perseverance did Macalbin, now returned home, labour to improve the condition of his tenantry. Mills were constructed, roads were opened, trees were planted by millions, implements of labour were improved, and every mode of useful cultivation quietly exemplified on his own farm, for the advantage of his people; for, with the honest pride of a manly mind, Macalbin abhorred the compulsion which even benefits. *Servitudes* and *thirlage* of all kinds, and the cheerless and listless exertions of occupation at the will of a superior, were forever banished from Glenalbin. Its Chief chose to be the friend of prosperous and active men, not the master of needy, abject, and desponding slaves.

A fair was also established in the Glen for the sale of black cattle and sheep, and those household manufactures which afford employment to females; and it was a holiday also,—there is no life without holidays. Little comparatively was accomplished, yet that little was well and wisely done; and, to the eye of discernment, it promised an aggregate of advantage, which, like the wonders of numbers to those unacquainted with their powers, can only be believed when the result is seen. Macalbin was, however, by no means bigotted in the belief that his own modes of management were the best. There were some estates far more populous, and many far more productive of the temporary means of an absentee's luxurious enjoyment; but none was better stored with well-chosen, and good, and happy human creatures. This was Macalbin's taste; and in this country no one has a right to dispute the whims of landed proprietors.

By the spring of 1810, Moome could count twenty cottage smokes rising in Dunalbin; and perceive many a blue wreath stealing up in sweet solitude throughout the valley. The hamlet had been rebuilt exactly on its old site, under its own old trees; and tenderness united with good taste, in making the Lord

of the Glen preserve its ancient, straggling, and picturesque disposition. On the ruins of every second hut a neat cottage had been reared;—the low white walls were already half covered with climbing plants, and the purples of the warm and substantial heather roofs were hardly yet faded. To each dwelling was attached a kitchen-garden; nor did the Lady of the Glen, who delighted in the innocent embellishments of humble life, and who could well estimate their influence on character, leave the little garden without its rose. These cottages were now occupied by MAC's of all clans and kindreds; for Macalbin allowed but one cause of preference in the selection of his tenants.

With mingled grief and indignation, Moome and the Piper learned that not one of the colony on the Mohawk river, save Ronald the smith, his now widowed daughter, and an old man who longed to lay his bones in Glenalbin, had accepted the general invitation given by their chief, to all who pined to return. Unah felt a generous shame of conduct so astonishing, and, save to Hugh, she could not even speak of the insult offered to Macalbin. But her heart soon returned to her kindred. "Had they then forgotten that

dearer land over hills and far away!" Ah no, Moome,—affection still bestows on every object the name dear to tenderness and familiar to memory;—your clansmen still live in *Glenalbin*,—still rear their huts in friendly clusters, still teach their little ones to prattle in the language of the Gael: And they have wept with joy and pride to hear that CLAN-ALBIN, so long eclipsed, has again emerged in splendour among the clans of their country.

When Macalbin's invitation came, the elders of the colony met to consult on future measures; and they unanimously agreed to refer themselves to their young chieftain as their natural judge. Though he still welcomed all that pined to return, he exhorted those who were happily settled to remain in peace. And they did so. These poor exiles had struggled hard, and some had yielded to adversity; but such as surmounted the first difficulties were now rich in all the real goods of humble life. The fields which these small proprietors sowed in hope, they reaped in peace; each sat under his own vine and fig-tree, free from capricious annoyance. Their decided aversion to foreign alliances preserved their ancient habits and their national faith. The pride of Highland descent was

grafted on the vigorous stem of American independence; it was still the golden age of the colony.

Unah long continued to bewail their degeneracy; but when she was forced to believe—what she thought hardly possible—that they were indeed reconciled and comfortable, she strove to think of them with charity, and with kindness of the new settlers that prospered around her. And how could Moome be long unhappy, who, now in her hundred and second year, with renewed sight and hearing, and cheerfulness that needed no renovation, dandled on her knee the fifth generation which she had seen of her chiefs! And her young Chieftain has again followed her while she pointed out Roban's grave; and given her hand and word to lay her old head there, between Roban and her child. Not to assist in an emperor's coronation would Macalbin violate that sacred promise. Her latter days, like those of her Lady, now glide on, calm as Sabbath sunshine; for she has accomplished the only other project on which her heart was set, and is satisfied. "Hugh, the son of my brother, poor man," said she to the Lady, one evening, "though the best *cratur* that ever drew the breath of life, is, for all his travels,

still but a fool for himself withal: And though every dwelling in Glenalbin is open and welcome to him, the innocent soul, from Pat Leary's *smiddy* to Macalbin's dining-room, yet home is always home, Lady, be it ever so homely. Hugh, the poor soul, will grow old some time, and must have done with his wanderings: Now if MACALBIN thought it right that Ronald's gentle Mary and the Piper should throw their clothes together ——?" Moome spoke like an oracle, as she always did, and it was done. The widowed Mary was forced to consent,—for all Glenalbin and Glengillian went a-wooing for Hugh to his first love. So, in due time, the young Lady Glenalbin and Lady Glengillian, and their lords, and many other gentlefolks, attended the Piper's wedding in Ronald's dwelling, which was henceforth to be Hugh's principal residence; and, better still, this dwelling stood on the very spot where Unah's hut had formerly reared its weed-crowned head in the centre of the ancient *bhqlie*. This circumstance was not now forgotten; often, within the last ten years, had Macalbin spent a stolen half-hour in buttressing its falling walls. On this memorable day, the Piper had the high honour of dancing a strathspey with Lady Glenalbin,

while the admiring circle knew not whether to bestow the palm on Monimia, who floated on the gaze with the enchanting grace of chastened motion, or on the nimble and glee-some Piper, who bounded so gaily, snapping his fingers, till they rattled again like castanets, that Leary trembled for the fate of the birchwood *lustres* he had suspended, and which the delighted bride's-maid, Mary Fitz-connal, had wreathed with fragrant *roid*, and garlands of natural flowers,—all in honour of this great day. It is to be questioned, after all, if this wedding was half so joyous as Mary's first espousals. Moome, and the other great ones, withdrew early: but, long before the festival terminated, Ellis danced an English jig with his wooden leg; and Pat Leary, an Irish planxty, with a pair of red shanks, now as stout as if they had never tramped through the marshes of Walchern. Ronald's smithy had been rebuilt for Leary. He had indeed told his Honour that it was nonsense,—his work-arm was broken; but his Honour would not believe it. Leary had accordingly been sent out to Glasgow, to recover its use, under the care of a good workman, and he succeeded. There was not now a more thriving or happy man in the Glen. By one of the Irish

beggars, all of which meet with a kind reception in his cottage, he wrote home to Fitzconnal's town, that he had a pig in the trough, and another in the pig-house,—a score of sheep on the hill,—and a good milch cow, his Honour's present to Norman Bourke, &c. &c. lowing in the little field beside the potato garden." Leary did not add that he was never even half drunk, save on Christmas, after prayers, in Glengillian; and on that proud day, when the bunch of shamrock in the hat, and enthusiasm in the eye, declare the son of Erin;—except when he went to Inverness to buy iron, or to receive his slender pension, at which last season an old soldier seems bound to get *glorious* by all the articles of war. Macalbin, however, did not appear to think so; and Leary, whose good humour redeems all his failings, has agreed to pay his pension soberly and regularly into the parish bank, established in the glen, under the management of Montague. After all, Leary's household, though abundantly gay and happy, is but a *hugger-mugger* kind of establishment, when contrasted with that of his old comrade, Ensign Ellis. Ellis, his wife, and their lodger, Mr Montague, live together a little way beyond the hamlet, in a delightful spot, which

Paddy, and even Hugh, have been heard, in a certain tone, to call, "Roast-beef Place," and "the English colony." It is that snug, rough-cast cottage, backed by shrubby cliffs, which fronts the traveller when he passes through the hamlet, and follows the natural sweep of that well-frequented foot-track which leads to the castle. A trim garden, before its door, slopes towards the path, from which it is divided by a low plashed fence. Copses of brushwood stretch their verdant wings on each side; and Ellis's flower-beds and vegetables, bee-hives, wattled sheds, and walks laid with gravel from the lake, are a pattern to the whole country. When, at the close of a well-spent day, this old soldier sits with Montague on the turf-seat by his door, talking of Old England, while a tiny column of smoke from their tobacco pipes ascends amid the overarching woodbine, and mingles its harsh odour with the perfume of the sweet-briar and the bean-flower, the traveller starts with delighted surprise, to find, in a remote Highland valley, the same smiling picture of rustic comfort and neatness which had charmed him in Hampshire or Kent. And when he leans over the wicket, to pay a passing compliment to so much rural beauty and good

management, Ellis takes his pipe slowly from his lips, puffs out the smoke, and, with honest pride, replies, "Sir, this cottage is an Englishman's castle!" and the surprise vanishes, but the pleasure remains. His wife presides in that small tenement, which it was the Lady's province to refit; and which, besides the school-house, forms the library and the chapel of the glen. Mr Montague, who retains a laudable abhorrence of idleness, spends some hours there every day in teaching the elder children writing and accounts,—lavishly paid by the praises which Monimia bestows on him when he dines at the castle on Sundays; or when, after visiting the village school on Fridays, she does him the honour to drink tea with him in his bow-parlour. To this institution, and the library connected with it, will finally revert those small pensions which the Lady has bestowed on some of her ancient adherents. This is likely to establish and cherish its infancy, without converting it into a merely charitable foundation; for Macalbin would be grieved to think, that his people should ever need to accept from *charity* the first best gift which a noble peasant's industry can bestow upon his child.

The Lady and her ancient dame of honour

soon afterwards retired to Eleenalin for the summer months; and Macalbin's old pupils, Colonel Grant, Major Drummond, and his lady, arrived at the castle; the young men to take farewell of the grouse and of their friend before they embarked for Spain, and the Colonel and his daughter to take possession of Brora. General ——, the generous friend of Norman and Monimia, who had now retired from active service, full of years and honour, rich in those distinctions which kings can neither give nor take away, is also the honoured guest of Macalbin: And weddings and holidays, christenings and Sabbaths, are again returned to his glen. Moome has once more unfolded her scarlet plaid, and pinned it over her coif, and decently fastened it on her breast with the ample broach, and gone * "to the stones." And the Lady has again heard the "voice of praise" floating dubious on the Sabbath air; or thrilling in wild cadence among the rocks that shelter the hill-side worshippers: And May-day and Lammas are

* Those Highlanders with whom I am best acquainted, say much more frequently "I am going to the stones;" or, "I have been at the stones," than "I am going to church." It is conjectured that this phrase may have existed since the times of Druidical worship.

returned to Glenalbin, and have brought their wonted pastoral vicissitudes. On the calm clear evening of the latter day, the Lady went forth among the graves of her forefathers, as was her custom, at that hour of the eventide which piety gives to meditation. She was joined by Unah; and they sat down together on one of those huge rocks which, like couchant lions, centinel her enchanted island. Her humble neighbours had on this day come down from the *shealings*. Their cattle were now standing knee-deep in the lake, which lay in stillness as beautiful as the repose of her spirit who gazed on its soothing calm. Young and old were dispersed in light careless groups round its margin, enjoying the eve of this holiday. The once desolate Morag, and her blind son, and the veteran Tracey, were seated there; and the feeble orphan, whom Macalbin protected, smiled on the widow whom his kindness roused once more to cheerful exertion. The evening smokes curled briskly among the trees; and the 'son of the recesses of the rocks' a thousand times repeated in softness the decaying wail of the pipe, the wandering notes of the folding song, and the soothing hum of holiday sounds. The CHIEFTAIN and his family were seen walking among these groups, wel-

coming the return of their friends from the mountains; and bestowing on each well-known individual the kind enquiry, or the expected notice. In a little while they entered their skiff, to pay the wonted evening visit to the Lady. Moome for some time quietly watched their approach; then dropped her spindle into her lap, and, in her own energetic idiom, said: "Blessed be the RACE of him who rekindled the cottage smokes, and made the heart of the desolate and the widow to sing for joy! Long may they encircle the hearth of ALBIN in peace, ere they be gathered to the rest of ALBIN in blessedness!"

THE END.

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